One of the first things to be mentioned, is to thank all the people that have helped to make this project happen. Without your cooperation, this book would have but only a very few pages.
There are several things I want to say, so just bear with me a minute while I try to explain.
I know there are many names missing and some are named incorrectly. The ones that have not been named do have a space to write in the name if you know it. If you find a person named wrong, please make corrections in your book and let me know what they are in case we make future books. After going over your book, you may find that you have a better picture, or a picture that did not get in the book originally. If this happens let me know and I will try to take care of it.

Also, some of the dates could be wrong as well.

When copying the text portion of the minute's etc., I tried to type things just the way they were written, or as closely as possible, even though some things did not make sense.
There were many more documents available, such as report cards, graduation certificates and so on, but I didn't think it would be too interesting to duplicate too many such similar things.
I hope you enjoy reading the script and looking at the pictures as much as I have. Thanks again to all of you that helped.

John O. Markham

John O. Markham
3613 Surrey Dr. N.E.
Olympia WA 98506
(360) 459-1891

March-1998

Return to
Rankin 360-259-5586

INTRODUCTION

The first few stories (or history) of this book have been put into order as to when things happened (somewhat). After that, there is no particular order, but stories have been put together by family groups.

The text pages have been numbered separately from the picture pages. The pictures have not been placed in their proper places, so if you wish, you can place them. A page is included showing placement of the pictures to better fit the text if you so desire. Pictures having persons in them have purposely not been named. However, when you get your book, and do know the persons in a picture, you are encouraged to write the names on those pictures. We also have attempted to put information below each picture to identify some facts known about the picture. Many bits of information will not be there, as we didn't have all the information needed. It would be a good idea for each person to write in any information you may know about these pictures. I would also encourage everyone knowing names, in these pictures, to call me and I will write that information in my book and pass it along to those who are interested.

There are also maps of the area. The two maps show only locations of some of the earlier homes or places. The other two maps do not show any locations. The (empty) maps are for you to circle the locations of the places that are most important to you. As an example, I would show all the various places that I have lived and write down the years spent at each location.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It's hard to know where to start, as I have had so much help in putting this book together. As you look through the index, you will see what I mean.

There are stories from more than sixty different persons and covering a period of several hundred years.

It is amazing that so many people have contributed. A lot of stories were delivered to my door either by hand or through the mail. I went to a lot of homes and picked up some of the stories. Some things arrived on floppy disc; some hand written and others typed.

Also the number of pictures that were loaned to me for this project is unbelievable. Most of the pictures were taken years ago, while some were taken as late as 1999.

Remember one thing as you are reading this book. I am not an author or a proofreader.

I don't know of any other group of people, anywhere around that would have cooperated so well in putting a book like this together.

I am very proud to be a part of this group. Thank you all so very much.

John O Markham

Sincerely: John O. Markham

BLACK LAKE SCHOOL HOUSE C. 1900

This building was originally located at the opposite (SW) corner of this property. It was moved to the NE corner of the property by Charles Wellman, using a stump puller and a team of horses, using poles on the underside of the building as rollers. The year it was moved is not known.

Contributors

Provided or Written By	Married Name	Subject	Page
Benson, Bernice	Van Mechelen	W. O. Thompson Obituary	12
Brown, Daisy	Pier	Three Poems	74
Brown, Dora	Sturdevant	Items from scrap book	76
Brown, Joe		Joe Brown @ home	51
Brown, Joy	Rosado	About Dad	72
Brown, Kathie	Mueller	Memories	40
Brown, Margaret	Weber	Sand Hill	63
Brown, Mattie	Markham	Ted Brown poem, museum, cards	85
Brown, Robert (Bob)		Card to Lloyd Brown from Ivy Pier, Music	44
Brown, Ruth		Stories/Five more things of interest	46/73
Brown, Ted		Prank, Book of memories, poems	64
Brown, Tom		Delphi	143
Brown, Warren		Just a few memories	50
Calderhead, Gem	Misener	Delphi News	162
Carpenter, Wallace		Three stories	43
Dana, Dan Jr.		Black Lake Mill	22
Gault, Geraldine	Fuller	Camp 4	167
Goldsby, Alfred		Memories from what little is left	114
Goldsby, Bessie	Elsner	Memories of my childhood	111
Goldsby, Del. Jr.		What Del Goldsby did as a kid	114
Goldsby, Eugene		Remembering	161
Goldsby, Fran	Dana	Early Black Lake/The Goldsby's, Poems	1/115
Goldsby, Helen	Spain	Black Lake Remembered	107
Goldsby, Ken		Goldsby Stories	26
Goldsby, Kimberly	Maurer	My Three Stories	27
Goldsby, Lois	Smith	Boats & Trains	24
Goldsby, Mary	Moore	Remembering Black Lake	112
Goldsby, Stanley		Aunt Miram's fish story	158
Goldsby, Virginia	Hetland	Grandparents	23
Hetland, Beecher		Time on Black Lake	23
Johnson, Eric		Get out of the bathroom	159
Johnson, Lee		Water over the road	159
Lehman, Ed		First Years around Black Lake	146
Lehman, Lila	Jones	Life at Delphi, B. L./Delphi/Rem.	131/143/161
Lehman, Norma	Weber	Delphi	145
Lehman, Sidney		Looking back, Horseback adv./Delphi	138/145
Lehman, Vina	Timmerman	Two Poems, B. L. Stories/Delphi	120/143
Lougheed, Howard		The Black Hills	162

Contributors

Provided or Written By	Married Name	Subject	Page
Markham, John		Misc./Thomp./B.L./Delphi/Rem.	5/7/87/143/161
McLaughlin, Rita	Goldsby	Saturday Night Bath	25
McLean, Dorothy	Brown	Denn Powder Co.	44
Pearson, Dan		The Pearson Place	25
Pearson, Pam	Keselburg	So I've been told	83
Pier, Hazel	Carnahan	Remembering	161
Pierin, Mary	Brown	Delphi History/Memories of Dempsey	143/149
Porter, Coral (CAP)		Grandma & Grandpa told me	50
Robinett, Edna	Wilkins	Our time at Black Lake	160
Robinson, Joan	Benson	Memories of Black Lake	45
Rossow, Ray		Delphi It./Delphi/Life Delphi	14/143/155
Rossow, Roy		Life at home and at sea	156
Spain, Kathy	McLaughlin	Song	111
Stevenson, Shanna		Homesteading Capitol Forrest	12
Swayne, Jo	Magin	Things I remember	83
Van Mechelen, Dan		House Nels rebuilt, Maurice & Helen's house	151
Van Mechelen, Juanita	Clark	Home, New Brother, B. L. School	150
Waters, Glenna	Brown	Early days at Black Lake	72
Weber, Al		Black Lake Memories	35
Weber, Dee		Mom and Dad stories	106
Weber, Doris	Voss	Black Lake Remembered	27
Weber, Doris & Marie	Voss & Brown	The Tie Mill	32
Weber, Irene	Doughty	Black Lake Legacy	34
Weber, Janice	Nantz	Delphi & Black Lake	141
Weber, Marie	Brown	1920's-1930's/ School Dazed/Peach	29/33/120
Wellman, Shirley	Rossow	As I remember	153
Williams, Nancy		1940 - 1945	148

HISTORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BLACK LAKE & DELPHI AREA

It is believed that the English Hudson Bay Company entered the Delphi area around 1800. All of the area north of the Columbia River was under the control of the English at that time. They established a trading post in Section 15, about where the Lake Lucinda Development is at present (1998). In their employ were French Canadian fur trappers, voyagers and traders. They traded in and around the Black Hills and traded with the Puget Sound Indians. These Indians made a trek each summer from Puget Sound, through the Black Lake-Delphi area enroute to Mima Prairie. They picked berries, hunted game and gathered camas roots as they passed through. Campsites were cleared along the way, including the one located at the head of Beatty Creek.

To encourage settlement, after Washington became an American Territory, Donation Land Claims were granted to privileged soldiers who had served in Civil War in payment for their services. Some of those to receive Donation Claims in the area were Thompson, Broyles, Kaiser, Beatty and Holmes. John and Ida Harlow homesteaded in the Delphi Valley in 1871. Frank Stevens, the Goldsby and Brown families were some of the first to come to this area. They and a group of other settlers arrived at Tumwater in September 1881. Frank Stevens and the Goldsby families eventually settled in the Black Lake area. The two Brown families had moved to Delphi prior to the turn of the century. Others who followed included Weller, Scott, McLane, Swan, Wellman, Markham, Dempsey, Neylon and Haeger

It is believed that Mr. W. O. Thompson (Black Lake Thompson) was the first settler on Black Lake in 1852. His claim was from ScottCreek (Columbus Park) south to what is now Evergreen Shores. He had traveled the Oregon Trail in 1850, arriving in Portland, where he built a flat-bottom boat and poled down the Columbia River to the Cowlitz Landing. He tramped the remaining fifty miles to Puget Sound, where he stayed with George Bush, who had come out with Michael T. Simmons in 1845. Thompson had no recollection of a white woman in Olympia and only two in the Newmarket-Tumwater, a Mrs. Crosby and Mrs. Simmons, although Mrs. Kindred and others were known to be there.

There was plenty of unsettled land around Olympia, but the timber was so thick, that Mr. Thompson said he was afraid he wouldn't live long enough to see a garden grow. He learned of some prairie land on the West Side of Black Lake, where he and George Bush had gone swimming on occasion. A trout stream ran across one end of the prairie and into the lake. The property he found was one half mile long and 80 to 100 rods wide. Smelt came into the creek to spawn. He also had salmon in the fall and trout in the stream. The lake was so full of suckers; the Indians would haul them away by the wagonload.

Thompson cut out a trail from Bush Prairie to Black Lake, made a scow to ferry people and cattle crossing the lake on their way to Gate City, Grand Mound or Mima Prairie. He also laid out the first road to Tumwater. He lived to be over 90 and still walked to Tumwater on occasion. His place was bought by John Guerin.

By the 1900's there were a number of settlers farming the Delphi Valley. A cemetery had been started on the Waddell Creek Road, and there were several small schoolhouses. The North Star and Buckhorn Schools were on Waddell Creek. The first Delphi School was on the Delphi Road across from the present schoolhouse building. Dr. Joseph Leonadis Brown donated the land for the first school in Delphi. The second Delphi School was built about 1910 and operated until the area was integrated into the Littlerock School System in 1942. The Black Lake School operated until the spring of 1943 and was then integrated into the Tumwater School System. The Buckhorn School closed and those people then went to the North Star School. Mr. Neylon was the school director for the better part of forty years, and Mr. Joseph Emmett Brown taught at several schools in the area.

On November 30, 1892, Dr. Joseph Leonidas Brown established the first post office. A name was needed for the community and Docia Brown (wife of Dr. Brown) suggested the name "Delphi", which she thought meant, "Land of the Gods" or "Place of the Gods". At the time, Dr. Brown lived in a house located just to the east of the present Delphi School Building and on the same side of the road as the present school building. It is believed that Dr. Brown also operated a small store at his home as well as the post office. On January 14, 1897, the post office was relocated to the home of Jasper N. Markham. This was at the same site as the Meyer Dairy location, about ½ mile beyond the present school building. Jasper Markham's son, Sylvester, carried the mail and passengers to and from town in a horse drawn stage. On December 3, 1904, the Post Office was moved to a building owned and operated by Paul L. C. Olmstead. He also operated a small store. This building was located just off the present Alpine Hills Road (previously " Brown Road"), just beyond the present Delphi Country Club. The post office was discontinued on October 19, 1923 and mail then came from Olympia.

When the Mud Bay Logging Company started operations in the Delphi Area, around 1910, there were mostly big standing firs, with some cedar being cut for shingle bolts. The first camp in Delphi was located approximately where the Delphi Country Club is now. Mud Bay's logging operations employed about one hundred men in this area. The camps were shut down in 1919, when the mature timber had been harvested. The company eventually disbanded in the 1940's and Weyerhaeuser came into the area. After the logging was completed in this area, many people left. Some farmers stayed, but found it difficult to make a living in the depression years. Only a handful of people stayed—the original settlers who had homesteaded.

In 1915, the Rochester Telephone Company, owned and operated by a Mr. Gazell, established a one-wire telephone system in the area. It ran from Black Lake, up through Delphi and Waddell Creek, which was about as far as you could successfully crank a signal. In 1925 the people in the Black Lake-Delphi area applied for a franchise to have a two-wire system and be a member of the Westside Rural Telephone Exchange. Mr. John Guerin, Herman Lehman and Joe Emmett Brown were the first directors. Mr. Gazell, of the Rochester Telephone Company, disputed their right to have this system, saying it infringed on his Rochester franchise and that the new line should be given to him. When the County Commissioners ruled in his favor, the people having the new two-wire lines on their property asked that the poles be removed and the system was then abandoned.

In 1926, the first electricity came to the Delphi Area. In order to have it, you had to buy an electrical appliance. Some bought stoves; others purchased refrigerators. Many of these were stored in garages or sheds after the electricity was installed, simply because people were more accustomed to the old-fashioned appliances.

The Delphi Area maintained a semi-remote, rural character for many years after the logging companies left. Some of the original homesteads were broken up and sold, as people moved out of the area. By 1962, the County Assessor listed only sixty landowners, many of which did not live in the Delphi Area. As time passed, many of the inhabitants of the Waddell Creek- Delphi area began establishing homes nearer to Olympia. Many settled in the Black Lake-Delphi area. For this reason a continuous lineal string of original Waddell Creek settlers and their descendants have attended the Buckhorn School, North Star School, Camp 4 School, both Delphi Schools and both Black Lake Schools. Some of the students may have personally attended classes in as many as four of these schools.

That is the reason that this book presents to you a historical transition of five schools, which are so closely inter-related.

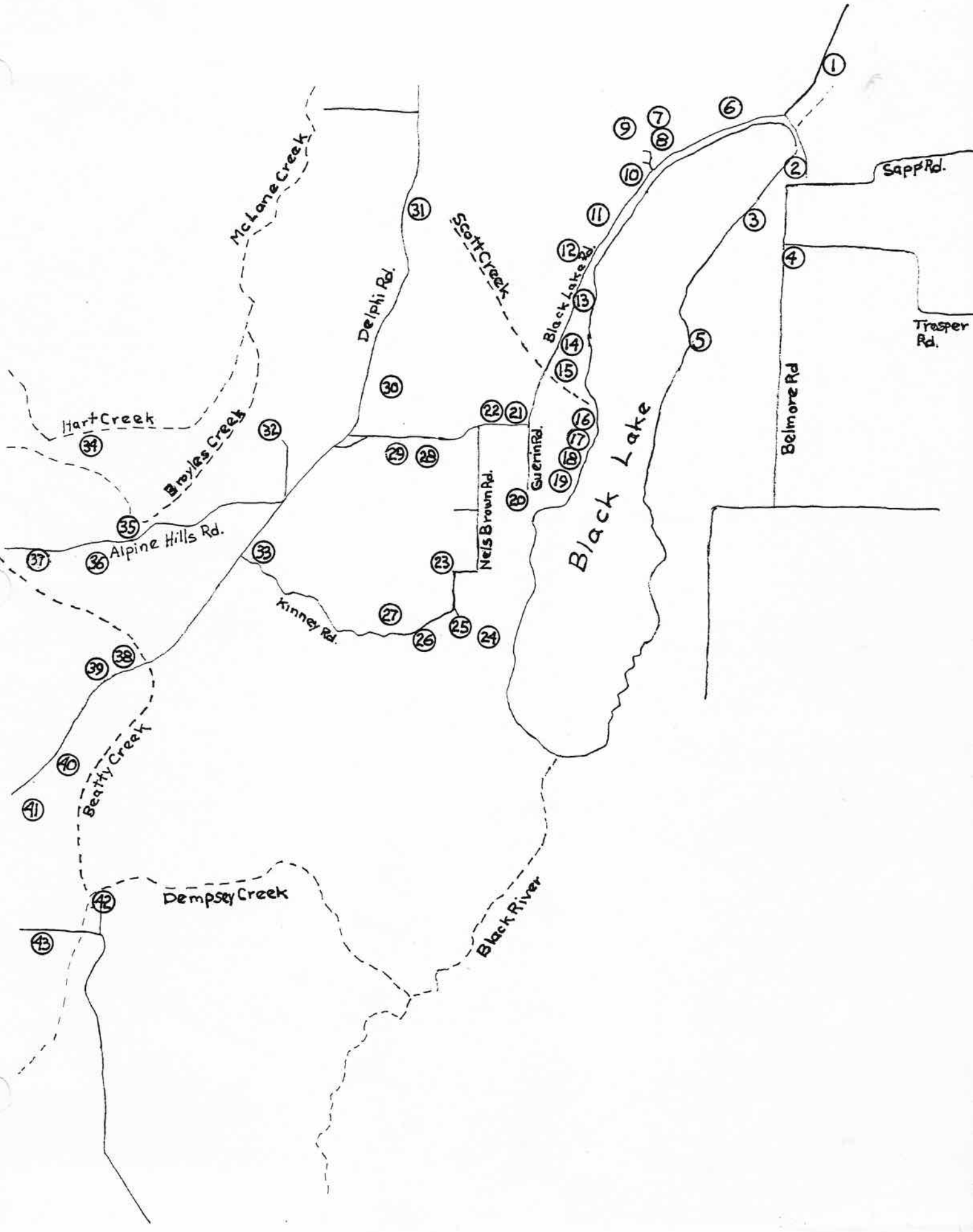
The two maps are only partially complete, as getting everyone on the map would be almost impossible. We have tried to show only the first settlers of the area. Some of these families have lived in several locations. It is our intention that when you get your book, look over the map and add circles in the proper places for the families that you want added to the map. Also, add the names to this sheet, as this sheet is also a guide to what needs to be continued.

1. Martha & Charles Carpenter
2. Black Lake Mill
3. Minnie & John Dent
4. Annie & Ed Lambert / Lambert's Corner
5. Linea & Alfred Pearson
6. Zona & Wes Goldsby
7. Frank Stevens
8. Jane & John Goldsby
9. Grace & Lloyd Brown
10. Ollie & Cap Wellman
11. Lil & Charlie Wellman
12. Mollie & Emmett Brown
13. Emma & Herman Lehman
14. Henrietta & Harry Morse / The Maples
15. Scott / Rebecca & Tib Brown (4^{th}) / Emma & Herman Lehman / Columbus Park
16. & Thomas Marsland
17. Eva & George Doolitle / Beatrice & Louis Van Leyn
18. & Lou Montaigne
19. Lydia & Charlie Weatherman
20. W. O. Thompson / Annie & John Guerin
21. Black Lake School / Mollie & Emmett Brown / Mary & Martin Lehman
22. Dora & Lewis Sturdevant
23. Mary & Hugh McLean
24. & Claude Weeks / Emma & Herman Lehman
25. Laura & Nels Brown
26. Jim Talbot
27. Florence & Rube Sallee
28. Mae & Buck Goldsby
29. Mattie & Orville Markham (2^{nd})
30. Florence & Fred Medbury
31. Sturdevant & Brown Camp
32. Nelson / & Charles Kampman / Mattie & Orville Markham (3^{rd})
33. Maude & Fred Haeger
34. Luetta & Frederick Lehman
35. & Simeon Broyles / Frank Gazda
36. Albertina & Frederick Haeger
37. Rebecca & Tib Brown (2^{nd}) / Laura & Nels Brown / Emma & Herman Lehman
38. Docia & Dr. Joseph L. Brown / Mollie & Emmett Brown / Emma & Herman

Lehman / Kate & Ross Brown
39. Delphi School
40. Mary & Martin Lehman
41. Amanda & Jasper Markham / Luetta Lehman / Meyer's Dairy
42. & Dempsey / Rebecca & Tib Brown (3rd) / Sophie & Fred Pierin
43. Nellie & Mike Neylon
44. Indian Camp Ground
45. Annie & Pete Wickstrom
46. & John Anderson / Art & Bob Shaw
47. Delphi Pioneer Cemetery
48. Emily & Art Harlow
49. Rosie & Clarence Harlow
50. Hudson Bay Trading Post
51. Zona & Wes Goldsby
52. Mary & David Provoe / Laura & Nels Brown
53. Barbara & J. W. Hendershot / Della & Frank Bloomingdale
54. Buckhorn School
55. Lydia & S.D. Wynn / Margaret McKenny Park
56. Dora & Hank Sturdevant
57. Barbara & J. W. Hendershot
58. North Star School
59. Kate & Ross Brown
60. Barbara & J. W. Hendershot / Carl Hendershot
61. Nellie & Ralph Weller
62 & A. J. Johnson / Mattie & Orville Markham (1st)
63. Mary & John Provoe
64. Katherine & Frank Provoe
65. Noschka / Beulha & Lee Hendershot / Rebecca & Tib Brown (5th)
66. Ollie & Cap Wellman / Camp 4 or Little Hollywood

The pictures that are located in the back of this book are in order, as you would see them as you go down the road, starting at the north end of Black Lake and traveling towards Waddell Creek. If you would rather have the pictures placed to fit the stories, the following is a suggested placement. Place the "P" numbered picture # before the text Page #

P 1 @ 13, P 2 @ 43, P 3-5 @ 44, P 6-7 @ 16, P 8-16 @ 22, P 17-22 @ 23, P 23 @ 158, P 24 @ 107, P 25-33 @ 115, P 34-35 @ 114, P 36-38 @ 45, P 39-41 @ 154, P 42-43 @ 160, P 44-51 @ 63, P 52-55 @ 28, P 56 @ 153, P 57 @ 27, P 58-60 @ 148, P 61-66 @ 121, P 67-77 @ 138, P 78-81 @ 94, P 82-85 @ 26, P 86-89 @ 12, P 90 @ 151, P 91-93 @ 77, P 94-96 @ 152, P 97-98 @ 120, P 99-100 @ 44, P 101-102 @ 152, P 1-3 @ 81, P 104 @ 87, P 105-106 @ 51, P 107-108 @ 120, P 109-112 @ 87, P 113-116 @ 155, P 117-118 @ 41, P 119 @ 46, P 120 @ 87, P 121 @ 86, P 122-124 @ 142, P 125 @ 51, P 126-127 @ 87, P 128-135 @ 167.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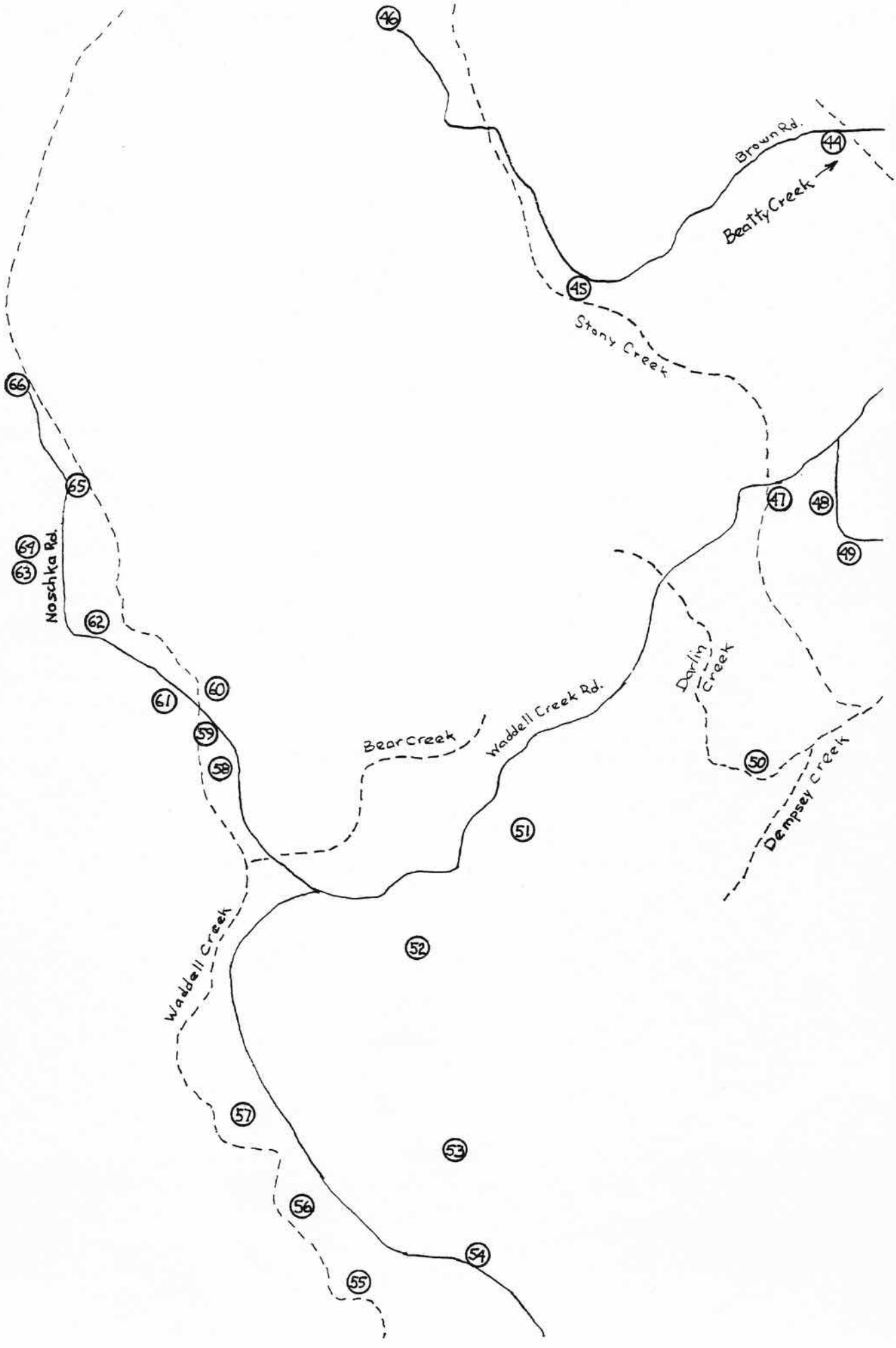
43
Sapp Rd.
Trasper Rd.
Belmore Rd
Black Lake
Black Lake Rd.
Guerin Rd.
Nels Brown Rd.
Delphi Rd.
McLane Creek
Scott Creek
Hart Creek
Broyles Creek
Alpine Hills Rd.
Kinney Rd.
Beatty Creek
Dempsey Creek
Black River


46
Brown Rd.
44
Beatty Creek
45
Stony Creek
66
65
47
48
49
Noschka Rd.
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Bear creek
Waddell Creek Rd.
Darlin Creek
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Dempsey Creek
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52
Waddell Creek
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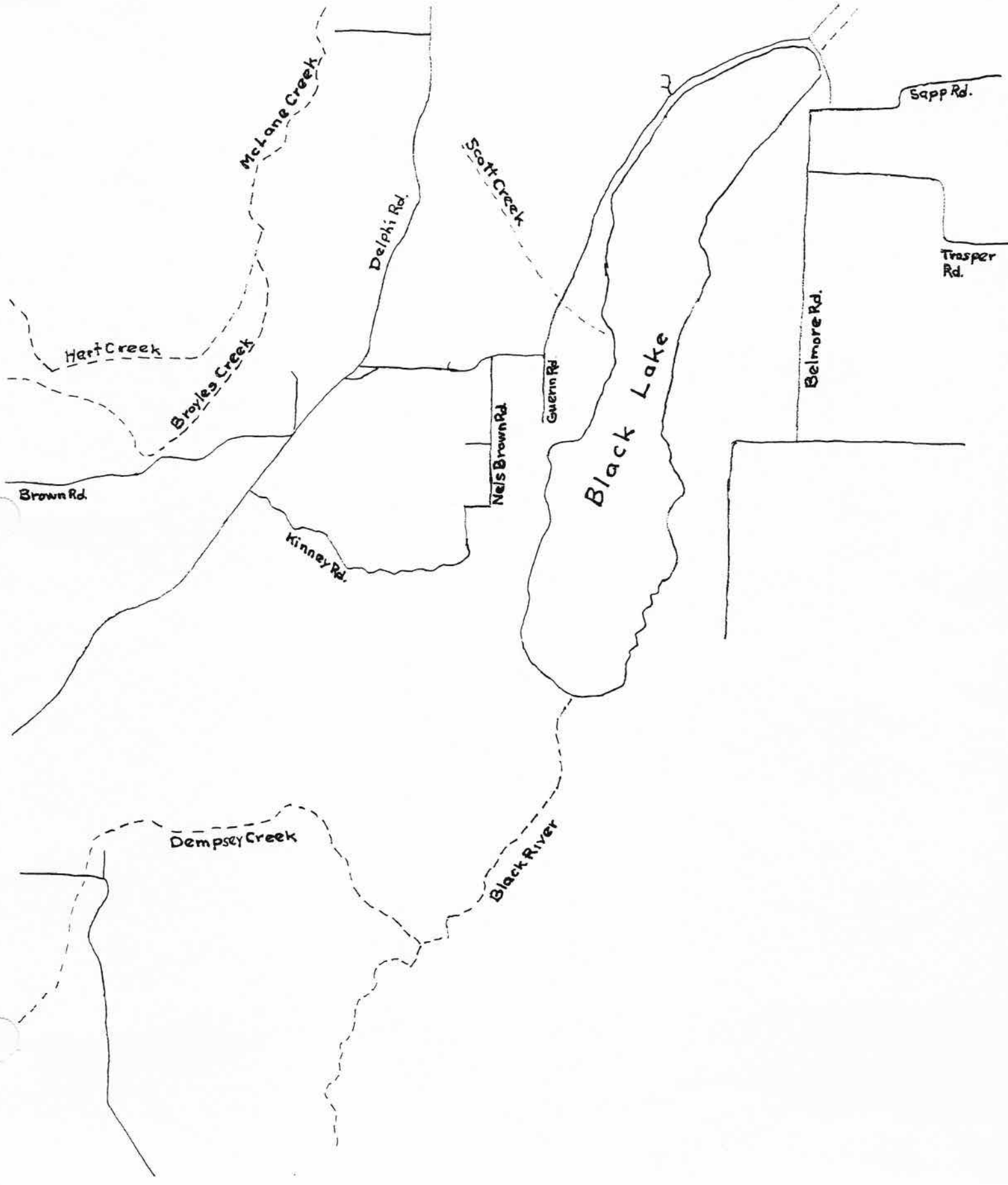

McLane Creek
Delphi Rd.
Scott Creek
Sapp Rd.
Trasper Rd.
Belmore Rd.
Hart Creek
Broyles Creek
Brown Rd.
Nels Brown Rd.
Guerin Rd
Black Lake
Kinney Rd.
Dempsey Creek
Black River

Researched by: Frances (Goldsby) Dana

EARLY BLACK LAKE

Black Lake has an ancient history. It is believed that Percival Creek, Black Lake and Black River were part of the main spillway for the melting ice from the last six or seven ice ages. They are certain it was true of the last one.

During the last ice age, this area was covered by ice that was approximately one thousand feet thick. As it melted and the glacier began to recede, huge lakes were formed at the edge of the ice. Lake Russell, Lake Tacoma, and Lake Puyallup are examples. Lake Russell extended all the way up to the Everett area, From it, the Black Lake spillway drained the water out into the ocean. Sea level was much lower because of the volume of ice contained in the glacier and Black Lake was deeper as well. If I understand it correctly, it was about two hundred feet deep.

The last ice age began about twenty to thirty thousand years ago. By thirteen to fourteen thousand years ago, the Vashon Glacier (which contained Black Lake) had melted back far enough for the Black Lake spillway to be going at full force. This continued until the glacier receded far enough for the water to exit through the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

At one point there may have been a waterfall at the north end of the lake.

As sea level rose and part of the water began to go out the straits, the Black Lake spillway ran slower and began to fill in with silt and sand until it reached its present depth of approximately 40 feet. The sea attained its present level about five thousand years ago.

I obtained most of this information from Joe Dragovich (Geologist) and Timothy J. Walsh (Chief Geologist) from the Department of Natural Resources (D.N.R.) Others from D.N.R. Geology Department have also been of great help.

NATIVE PEOPLE

It is not known if man was in this area before the last ice age, because the glacier would have erased all traces. It is known that man came just about as fast as the ice melted. There are traces that indicate that man was in Western Washington twelve thousand years ago.

Dr. Gary Wesson, an archeologist hired by the Squaxin Indian Tribe says there are as many ideas about the past as there are archaeologists. He also says that whenever archaeologists get together there are arguments. Dr. Wesson list the following facts as "The Gospel According to Gary":

- Most Native Americans in the area were related.
- They were hunters and gatherers.
- Dogs were there only domesticated animals.
- There were large populations of permanent civilizations (mainly along the salt water beaches.)

- The Native Americans moved into wooden lodges somewhere between five thousand to eight thousand years ago.
- There is evidence that they may have practiced ecological protection techniques.

In a paper presented by Lynn L. Larson and Randall F. Schalk from the office of Public Archaeology Institute for Environmental Studies: "Black Lake was one of those areas known as lands in common and used by family groups from different villages."

Black Lake was also part of a major trade route.

Spear points adzes, arrowheads, clam pits and chip piles have been found all around this area, particularly around the lake shore.

Dr. Gary Wesson says the Native Americans in Western Washington didn't have bows and arrows until about five thousand years ago. The larger spear points are from a period of five thousand to twelve thousand years old. The small, delicate arrowheads are five thousand years old and newer. The leaf shaped points are older, the intricate arrowheads with the winged backs were probably made within the last fifteen hundred years.

Native Americans had permanent villages with wooden longhouses for the winter and traveled from place to place during the warmer seasons, gathering whatever was in season. Examples are berries, fish, meat, birds and cattails. In warmer weather, they carried tents made from poles tied together and draped with cattail mats.

Black Lake seems to have been a popular summer camp for various bands. Winter lodges were found on Black River, as well as Mud Bay.

The first recorded European contact with native people of this area was recorded in a journal entry in 1792 by Lt. Puget from Captain George Vancouver's ship. In June 1792, Lt. Puget wrote:

"We found people of all ages and descriptions to the amount of forty or fifty; they beheld the approach of our boats without the least apprehension or evident signs of fear. They immediately on request began a barter for fish or whatever articles we wished for in their possession. The conduct of these people impressed me with a high idea of their honesty, for whatever they had to barter, was suffered to be taken away, without an exchange, and it would be sometimes ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before the person returned from the boats with the things he intended to give, yet the delay did not cause any murmuring or discontent-on the contrary they appeared perfectly well-satisfied of our friendly intentions"

The following day Lt. Puget described a temporary village at Eld Inlet.

*"An Indian village made its appearance, from whence some canoes came off perfectly unarmed. He pointed that we were near the termination of his arm (*present day Mud Bay*) which intelligence we found true. In our way down we landed for a short time and were received by the inhabitants with all the friendship and hospitality we could have expected. These people I should suppose were about sixty in number, of all ages and descriptions. They lived under a kind of shed, open at the front and ends. The women*

appeared employed in domestic duties such as curing clams and fish, making baskets of various colors and so neatly woven that they were perfectly watertight.

*The occupation of the men I believe consists chiefly in fishing, constructing canoes and performing all the laborious work of the village. The natives had but two sea otter skins, which were purchased, and a variety of marmot, rabbit, raccoon, deer, and bear skins were also procured. The men had a war garment on; it consisted of a very thick hide supposed made from the moose deer (*elk*) and well prepared. I have no doubt that it is a sufficient shield against arrows, though not against fire arms. The garment reaches from the shoulders down to the knees. This however was got in exchange for a small piece of copper, from which we may suppose that they were not of much value. They likely disposed of some well constructed bows and arrows, in short it was only to ask, and have your wish gratified. The only difference between our present companions and former visitors, were the extravagance of which their faces were ornamented. Streaks of red ocher and black glimmer (*mica flakes and soot*) were on some, others entirely with the former and a few that gave reference to the latter. Every person had a fashion of his own and to us who were strangers to Indians, this sight conveyed a strange farce of savageness of the native inhabitants than any other circumstance we had hitherto met with , not but their conduct, friendly and inoffensive, had already merited our warmest approbation*

Though we could not behold these ornament with the same satisfactory eye as themselves, yet in receiving the looking glasses each appeared well satisfied with his own fashion, at least the paint was not at all altered. They likewise had their hair covered with the down of birds, which certainly was a good substitute for powder and paint only differed in the color and not the quality used by our own fair country women. In these two instances we meet with some resemblance to our customs, and believe the above-mentioned ornaments were of a ceremonious nature for our reception at the village."

Mr. Drew W. Crooks, curator of the Lacey Museum has been of invaluable help to me in locating information for this article. He is also researching the Hudson Bay Company in the Northwest. Mr. Crooks wrote an article "Pierre Charles in the Pacific Northwest, An Eventful Life." It is fascinating! If you are interested in reading it, you will find it in Columbia magazine, Spring 1990, Volume 4, No. 1... Unfortunately it is too lengthy to reprint here.

He gave me a copy of the article by Lynn L. Larson and Randall F. Schalk "Black Lake Ethnographic and Historic Background" in which are some Hudson Bay Company journal entries relating to Black Lake. These entries were written by John Work, a clerk under James McMillan, in November 1824.

"The Black River, so named from the colour of its water, is from 20 to 30 yards wide, towards it's lower end the navigation is very good, the water is deep and the current not strong, but about 5 or 6 miles up it, the navigation gets very troublesome, as the current became strong and in many places so shallow that the boats could scarcely be dragged through it. The river was also in two places blocked up with driftwood, at one of which a

portage was made.... Where we are encamped is on the edge of a little plain. This river would not be passable for such craft as ours in the dry season. A great many dead salmon are in the river & many more are just alive and barely able to move through the water. Passed an Indian House belonging to the Holloweema Nation. I counted 12 persons at it, probably some more were in the house."

November 29, 1824

".....Saw several marks of Beaver. Encamped at noon, the cause of stopping so soon was to wait for Mr. Annance who had been sent to the principal Holloweema village a few miles off, for a free hunter Pierre Charles who has been with the Indians for some time. It is thought he would be an acquisition to our party, but he could not be found. Some of the people were sent off to hunt but returned unsuccessful though they saw both Elk & Deer. This is reckoned a good part of the country for these animals. Passed two houses of the Holloweema Nation at which I counted 10 men & as many women besides children, probably some more were in the houses. Saw some more Indians some of whom had horses."

November 30, 1824

"....We did not decamp today. Potvin's foot & leg have got so ill on the voyage & this being the last place from which there is any chance of getting him sent back to the Fort. An agreement was made with an Indian, a principal man of the Chihailis Nation whom we met, to take him home to the Fort, for which he was to be paid handsomely on his arrival. Several of the men were therefore sent off with the sick man to meet the Indian at the Holloweema village whence he was to proceed by the sea coast in a canoe. Cawania an Islander was sent with the man to take care of him, but the men returned in the evening & reported that the Indian had made some difficulties & wanted payment before he went off. It not being considered prudent to send the sick man with this Indian a bargain was made with another Holloweema to take him by the Cowlitch by which route is expected to reach the Fort sooner. Pierre Charle(s) the man who was wanted yesterday joined our party. Several of the people went to hunt, & Mr. Annance & Little Pierre killed each a deer. Some of the others saw both Elk and deer, but killed none. The heavy rain was unfavourable for hunting."

December 1, 1824

"In consequence of having to send the interpreter Laframbois to finish the arrangement with the Indian and get him sent off with the sick man, we did not move camp today either. The interpreter returned in the evening having affected his mission satisfactorily. The Indian who was engaged for the purpose had sent out with the sick man by the Cowlitch.....Since we have been here several of the Holloweema Indians from the neighboring village have visited us. Their mode of life manners language & customs differ little from the Chihailis, indeed they may be considered as a detached part of that tribe."

It is not know who gave the lake its name. It had been called by numerous names including "Satchet, Scaadchet, and Satchall". However, it had already been called Black Lake prior to 1824 when John Work arrived.

The following is an entry from a journal of one of the members of the Wilkes party:

July 23, 1841

"We reached the town belonging to the Sachal Tribe of Indians, and we concluded to stop and spend the night with them....According to the chief's account, the Sachals are not more than 40 in number, and live chiefly on the camas root and salmon, which fish they capture in great quantities in the river Sachal and Chickelees....we observed a good number of horses grazing."

As the settlers began coming into the area, the Indians were moved to reservations by order of the 1855 treaty. According to Margaret Seymour from the Squaxin Cultural Center, the government consolidated all Indians in this area into the Squaxin Tribe. They were all sent to Squaxin Island. Because the island didn't have enough fresh water to support so many people, they were forced to break the law by leaving the reservation to find enough water to survive.

The Squaxin ingenuity has won out. In spite of all of their struggles, they have endured. They have a museum and health center, as well as the casino. I was fortunate enough to visit the cultural center at Kamilche. It is very impressive.

THE FIRST SETTLERS

As I was researching for this section, I went to the Washington State Archives and received valuable assistance from Wayne Lawson and his assistant Lannie.

The first Donation Land Claim on Black Lake was that of W.O. Thompson, or Black Lake Thompson, as he is better known in 1852. Next came John C. Clark. He was followed by O.B. McFadden on the east side of the lake in 1855.

It was very interesting to learn that in 1871 Samuel Scott owned all of the land around the lake with the exception of that owned by W.O. Thompson and O.B. McFadden. I could find no additional information on Mr. Scott. It would be interesting to learn more about him.

Frances (Goldsby)Dana

By: John Markham

A little more information dug up from various sources about the area.

To encourage settlement, after Washington became an American Territory, Donation Land Claims were granted to privileged soldiers who had served in Civil War in payment for their services. Some of those to receive Donation Claims in the area were Thompson, Broyles, Kaiser, Beatty and Holmes. John and Ida Harlow homesteaded in the Delphi Valley in 1871. Frank Stevens, the Goldsby and Brown families were some of the first to come to this area. They and a group of other settlers arrived at Tumwater in September 1881. Frank Stevens and the Goldsby families eventually settled in the Black Lake area. The two Brown families had moved to Delphi prior to the turn of the century. Others who

followed included Weller, McLane, Swan, Sturdevant, Wellman, Markham, Weber, Dempsey, Neylon Hendershot, Provo, Lehman, Haeger and others.
By the 1900's there were a number of settlers farming the Delphi Valley. A cemetery had been started on the Waddell Creek Road, and there were several small schoolhouses. The North Star and Buckhorn Schools were on Waddell Creek. The first Delphi School was on the Delphi Road across from the present schoolhouse building. Dr. Joseph Leonadis Brown donated the land for the first school in Delphi. The second Delphi School was built about 1910 and operated until the area was integrated into the Littlerock School System in 1942. The Black Lake School operated until the spring of 1943 and was then integrated into the Tumwater School System. The Buckhorn School closed and those people then went to the North Star School. Mr. Neylon was the school director for the better part of forty years, and Mr. Joseph Emmett Brown taught at several schools in the area.

On November 30, 1892, Dr. Joseph Leonidas Brown established the first post office. At the time, Dr. Brown lived in a house located just to the east of the present Delphi School Building and on the same side of the road as the present school building. It is believed that Dr. Brown also operated a small store at his home as well as the post office. On January 14, 1897, the post office was relocated to the home of Jasper N. Markham. This was at the same site as the Meyer Dairy location, about ½ mile beyond the present school building. Jasper Markham's son, Sylvester, carried the mail and passengers to and from town in a horse drawn stage. On December 3, 1904, the Post Office was moved to a building owned and operated by Paul L. C. Olmstead. He also operated a small store. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Meyer's also operated this post office and store. Mrs. Meyer's was a sister to Mr. Olmstead. This building was located just off the present Alpine Hills Road (previously " Brown Road"), just beyond the present Delphi Country Club. The post office was discontinued on October 19, 1923 and mail then came from Olympia.

When the Mud Bay Logging Company started operations in the Delphi Area, around 1910, there were mostly big standing firs, with some cedar being cut for shingle bolts. The first camp in Delphi was located approximately where the Delphi Country Club is now. Mud Bay's logging operations employed about one hundred men in this area. The camps were shut down in 1919, when the mature timber had been harvested. The company eventually disbanded in the 1940's and Weyerhaeuser came into the area. After the logging was completed in this area, many people left. Some farmers stayed, but found it difficult to make a living in the depression years. Only a handful of people stayed—the original settlers who had homesteaded.

In 1915, the Rochester Telephone Company, owned and operated by a Mr. Gazell, established a one-wire telephone system in the area. It ran from Black Lake, up through Delphi and Waddell Creek, which was about as far as you could successfully crank a signal. In 1925 the people in the Black Lake-Delphi area applied for a franchise to have a two-wire system and be a member of the Westside Rural Telephone Exchange. Mr. John Guerin, Herman Lehman and Joe Emmett Brown were the first directors. Mr. Gazell, of the Rochester Telephone Company, disputed their right to have this system, saying it infringed on his Rochester franchise and that the new line should be given to him. When

the County Commissioners ruled in his favor, the people having the new two-wire lines on their property asked that the poles be removed and the system was then abandoned.

In 1926, the first electricity came to the Delphi Area. In order to have it, you had to buy an electrical appliance. Some bought stoves; others purchased refrigerators. Many of these were stored in garages or sheds after the electricity was installed, simply because people were more accustomed to the old-fashioned appliances.

The Delphi Area maintained a semi-remote, rural character for many years after the logging companies left. Some of the original homesteads were broken up and sold, as people moved out of the area. By 1962, the County Assessor listed only sixty landowners, many of which did not live in the Delphi Area. As time passed, many of the inhabitants of the Waddell Creek-Delphi area began establishing homes nearer to Olympia. Many settled in the Black Lake-Delphi area. For this reason a continuous lineal string of original Waddell Creek settlers and their descendants have attended the Buckhorn School, North Star School, Camp 4 School, both Delphi Schools and both Black Lake Schools. Some of the students may have personally attended classes in as many as four of these schools.

Copied by: John O. Markham

W. O. Thompson: the first white person to live at Black Lake

The following story has been copied from an old book of early settlers around the Olympia area. Some words are spelled differently than today's spelling, but I will copy them as they were written.

One of the most remarkable examples of the sturdy Pioneer, is W. O. Thompson, who at the ripe age of 90, still steps forth briskly, with eyes bright and quick and with a keen intelligence relates his experiences in crossing the Oregon Trail in 1850 and his adventures after reaching Thurston County, with a clearness and conciseness which was a delight. In "Black Lake" Thompson's own words:

"I was born in Blairsville, Pennsylvania in 1824, being of Scotch descent on my father's side. My mother belonged to the aristocratic family – the Culbertsons. My people were possessed of considerable of this world's means and sent me to a private school taught by a Catholic priest, who was refused orders on account of dissipated habits. One day he became angry with me, and struck me, first on one side of my head and then the other, with the result I have had impaired hearing ever since. Later I was sent to the school taught by a Scotch Presbyterian minister, who was in the habit of maintaining discipline by the use of a cat-o-nine-tails.

"Soon after this the first public, or state school, was started, presided over by a college-bred teacher, and my education progressed satisfactorily.

"When I was ten years old, I won a prize for my penmanship, much to my delight. Having reached the age of fourteen and my family having met financial reverses, I decided to run away from home and find employment on a farm. Later I worked my way to Cincinnati, where I found work in a sash and blind factory. Here I boarded with a Mr.

T. B. Mason, a musician, who urged me to allow him to train my voice so I could sing with the church choir. I had always loved music, although my sister always made fun of my voice and would not allow me to join in the music at home. Mr. Mason tested my voice and found it a baritone, so I was not allowed to sing in the choir.

"At this time I also greatly enjoyed dancing.

"When about 24 years of age I found myself a chronic invalid, with weak lungs, dyspepsia and rheumatism. A doctor told me to try roughing it as the only possible means of restoring my health. I secured work at once as a deck hand on a Mississippi River boat and found my health began to improve.

"The next few years were full of wondering, even thought of enlisting to go to the Mexican war, but a visit to a camp of volunteers so disgusted me that I abandoned the intention.

"In 1850 I heard of a Mr. E. S. Bonsell, who was about to start West over the Oregon Trail, and wanted a driver for one of his trains, which position I secured.

"Our train consisted of nine wagons and we started across the prairies from Fort Leavenworth, on the Caw River, early in the spring. We struggled through deep woods, waded brooks, ferried our wagons over rivers, whenever we were fortunate enough to find boats, making the cattle swim.

"We had just crossed the little Blue River and were traveling over the bluffs down into the Platte valley, when suddenly our train ran into a band of about 150 Indians, painted faces, scanty clothing, and carrying Mexican spears. I made frantic signs for them to separate and let our train pass through, which they did, but soon surrounded our little band. I at once planned for a council to be held under a big tree, close at hand, they to send their chief, and we, our leader. While arranging this I had the drivers form the wagons in a square, with the tongues outside. Into the square thus formed, we put the women and children.

"In the excitement, one of the wagons was left out of this square and the Indians began crowding around it. Elbowing my way through, I found that Miss Nancy Morton, a beautiful young girl of our party, was the object of great admiration on the part of the chief and his braves. The chief made signs that he wanted to buy Nancy for his wife, and that if we would not sell her he would take her by force. I walked up to the girl, placed my hand on her shoulder and made signs that she belonged to me. Telling her to follow me, we plunged into our extemporized fort. I tell you, Nancy was a badly frightened girl.

"At the council the chief told us they were friendly to the white but were out after their enemies, the Pawnees. All they wanted from us was meat. Uncle Johnnie had a beef killed, which in a short time they had eaten raw. I assured them that many Boston men were coming and a party had ridden upon a bluff to look back over the road. Fortunately, there was a dust arising from another train of immigrants, so they rode on, but not before another one of our cows had been killed by one of the war party.

"The plan of work which was invariably carried on by the emigrants each day was: In the early morning the sentinel on duty roused the camp, and very soon every tent and wagon is pouring forth its night tenants, and slowly kindling smokes begin to rise and float away in the morning air. The men start out to round up the cattle and soon the well

trained cattle move toward the camp. By seven o'clock, breakfast must be eaten, the wagon loaded and the teams yoked, all realizing that if they are not ready they will be obliged to fall behind into the dusty rear for the day. One man goes ahead to select a nooning place, where grass and water must be found, if possible. The teams are not unyoked at noon but simply turned loose from the wagon, and then the noon meal is eaten. At one o'clock the march is resumed till night, when again everyone is busy building fires, preparing supper, pitching tents and making ready for the night. The watches begin at eight o'clock and end at four o'clock.

"I am asked if we had happy times around the camp fire at night. I answer 'no.' We were too tired and worn after the day's weary march. What we wanted was sleep.

"One day we saw a man sitting alone besides the trail. He gave the Masonic sign of distress, and Mr. Bonsell at once invited him to join our party. His name was O'Hare, but we never knew the reason of his being left besides the roadside.

"Another friend I made on the trip was Wm. Sherwood, disinherited son of a rich Englishman, who had chosen a frontier life in preference to one of luxury in England. He was very musical and taught me 'The Mistletoe Bough,' and 'Bonnie Sweet Bessie.' At this time I had a little trouble with Mr. Bonsell and left his employ, although later, when we were in Olympia, Mrs. Bonsell treated me like a son. I then secured a position of driver of one of Uncle Johnnie Slocum's wagons, a position which suited me exactly, for I was assigned to drive the wagon in which rode that charming girl, Miss Nancy Slocum, and her young cousin, Ruby Slocum.

"A gruesome sight, when we reached Fort Laramie, was an Indian grave yard. At a distance they looked like scaffolds, while on the ground white buffalo skulls were arranged in a circle, whether as a decoration or some mystic sign, I never knew.

"We were now in the country of the hostile Indian and we men had to keep watch with great vigilance. We were fortunate in not losing a single member of our party by death during the long journey, but we passed many freshly made graves, the sight of which was very depressing to our tired little band.

"Although the scenery became very beautiful, I felt as if I enjoyed a good slice of corn bread and bacon more than all the beauties around us.

"Uncle Johnnie Slocum proved to be a hard task master and one morning he most unjustly attacked me with an ox yoke. I drew a knife to defend myself. Of course, he discharged me on the spot, but sold me supplies enough to last me the rest of the trip. I paid him well for them however.

"My supplies were piled out beside the road, and the train moved on, leaving me sitting alone beside the Oregon Trail, but another party came along and picked me up the same day.

"When near Fort Hall we had our first experience with Indians stampeding our cattle. It was one of their favorite tricks to give the emigrants a big scare. They came down the hillside with painted faces, feathers flying, and uttering most terrible war whoops while pounding on their skin drums. Our cattle ran away scattering people and baggage in all directions. Fortunately no one was hurt, but some of the wagons were broken, so we had to go back to the fort to pick up scraps of iron to mend them with.

"Mr. Landers, one of our party, now became very ill and we had to drive very slowly. Our cattle were almost starving and when we reached Salmon Falls, on Snake River, we were obliged to make the most dangerous crossing on the trip, so we could reach the grassy meadows, which we could see in the distance.

"Fort Boise was another historic spot. It was built in 1834, but the only object of interest I can recall was the thousands of jackrabbits running about in every direction.

"As we descended the Blue Mountains, the view was surpassingly grand. Before us lay the great valley of the Columbia, ninety miles away rose the lofty ranges of the Cascade Mountains, with the towering peaks of Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams, which have become so familiar to me during my sixty years of life in the Northwest. At The Dalles I secured employment on a large rowboat, which was carrying passengers to the Cascades. I made several trips up and down the Columbia River and then having some money, decided to go to Portland. So I joined a party of young men who were to drive their fathers' cattle to that settlement. One of the youngsters was Brad Davis' brother. On this trip I became so desperately ill that I was obliged to lie down by the roadside and let the rest go on.

"An Indian came riding by on a pony and I offered him every cent I possessed if he would sell the pony, but not till I had added every article of clothing I could spare from my person did he consent to the bargain. I rode the pony into Vancouver, and there the horse was claimed by a man, who said it had been stolen from him. By the laws of Oregon I had to give the horse up and was to receive one-half the cost of the animal. The man promised to pay, but to this good day is still owing me that money.

"I decided not to go into Portland dressed in my shabby clothes, so I remained in Vancouver, digging potatoes for $2 a day till I had earned forty big Mexican dollars. I then bought a suit of clothes and went on to Portland.

"The settlement of Portland in '52 was a big mud hole; no sidewalks, few wagon roads and often one would see a wagon mired to the hub in the sticky mud. I spent two or three days working in the Abrams mill and one of the men employed there was young William Billings, afterwards for many years Sheriff of Thurston County. One day another man and myself were set at work cutting down one of the biggest trees I had ever seen. It was in the middle of one of the main streets. I never worked harder in my life, but it took us the whole day to cut down that tree. We were paid off and discharged that first night.

"In company with Mr. O'Hare and Mr. Sherwood, I then started for Puget Sound. We built a flat-bottomed boat and poled down the Columbia to the Cowlitz River. We stopped at 'Hard Bread's' hotel. It was run by a man who fed his customers hard tack three times a day.

"Reaching Cowlitz Landing, we abandoned our boat and tramped the remaining fifty miles to the Sound. The trail passed near where Chehalis now stands. We were entertained by George Bush, who had squatted on a claim seven miles from Olympia in 1845. He had an abundance of farm produce and was exceedingly generous to all immigrants. We then walked to Tumwater, where an Indian agreed to paddle us to Olympia, where we arrived the winter of 1852.

"I had then completed a journey over the Oregon Trail, which was about 2,000 miles beginning at Gardiner, Kansas, and ending at Olympia, Washington. I had passed through the country now called Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, and when I reached the shores of Puget Sound, I felt this country to be the El Dorado of my dreams and I have been contented to live here ever since.

"I do not remember that there was a white woman in Olympia when I first arrived, but there were two living in Newmarket—Tumwater—Mrs. Crosby and Mrs. Simmons. It seemed a forlorn place and I never was so homesick in my life. I went back to Mr. Bush, but he laughed at me and set me to work making some sash and door frames for a new home he was about to build. I stayed with Mr. Bush two or three months. We sometimes rode over to Black Lake to go in swimming. Mr. Bush made me presents of several articles which could not be bought at that time—a whip saw, etc.

"I wanted to get a claim on Bush Prairie, but the good land was all taken. There was plenty of land to be had for the taking around Olympia, but the timber was so thick that I was afraid of it. It did not seem as if a man would live long enough to ever see a garden grow, so I heard of some good prairie land out at Black Lake. I had been much pleased with that lake, it was so picturesque and looked, to me, like the shape of a violin nestled down in the green; the slender place in the middle, about sixty rods wide, seemed as beautiful to me as a lady's picture.

"I found a prairie one-half mile long and eighty to 100 rods wide, bordered with oak trees and a little fringe of fir around the lake. A beautiful little trout stream ran across one end of the prairie and into the lake. There were smelt in the creek at the last of the rainy season. Salmon would come up the creek to spawn and often, when I would go down to get a bucket of water, I would knock a salmon on the head with my ax, for my dinner. There were also mountain trout in the stream and the lake was full of white suckers. The Indians would come with a sieve and take a wagonload of suckers away at a time.

"I selected a site for my cabin and went to Dr. Tolmie's to get my hoe, blankets and frying pan.

"One day I was returning from a trip to the Hudson Bay trading post, near Steilacoom. The trail crossed the Nisqually, near McAllister Creek, and some Indians were living there. They refused to ferry me across, although I asked them to do so in English, Chinook and sign languages, and offered them fifty cents, while the usual price was but twenty-five cents, but they paid no attention to me. A young Tyee Indian was lying on the ground. I shook him by the hair of his head and commanded him to ferry me across the river, which he then did. The Indians then went up to McAllister and wanted to know if I was a military officer or big chief, that I had dared to whip their Tyee. They must have been disgusted when McAllister told them that I was only a cultus Boston man.

"I cut out the trail between Bush Prairie and Black Lake and made a scow to ferry people and cattle across the lake from the Olympia trail, for the convenience of settlers who were going to Miami Prairie, Gate City and Grand Mound."

W. O. Thompson / Annie (Hicklin) & John Guerin
Thompson was first white settler at Black Lake

W. O. Thompson "Stump". There was a spring inside the stump which Thompson claimed to contain special mineral water. He used this for his water supply and the stump still stands today (1999)

W. O. Thompson / Annie (Hicklin) & John Guerin

Furnished by: Bernice (Benson)Van Mechelen

The following article appeared in the Olympia newspaper on August 17, 1917 under the headline as follows:

PEACE MAKER DURING THE INDIAN WARS PASSES AWAY
"Black Lake" Thompson dies after long illness: came here in 1852.

One of the first settlers of Thurston County, William O. Thompson, known as "Black Lake" Thompson, died yesterday morning at 6'o 'clock at the home of Charles Strock. Mr. Thompson, who would have been 93 years old in September, left Cincinnati in 1850 as a driver on a wagon in a caravan to cross the plains.

After many months of hardships, encounters with Indians and weary travel, he reached Portland, which was then only a "big mud hole" as he himself described it. He came down the Columbia River as far as Cowlitz Landing and from there walked to Tumwater, reaching Olympia in the winter of 1852.

He lived on his clearing on Black Lake until ten years ago, when his health made it necessary for him to move into town. In 1856 during the Indian Wars, he acted as mediator between the Indians and Territorial Governor Stevens, inducing them to lay down their arms. Most of the old pioneer houses in Olympia and throughout the county, he helped to build.

Three years ago last December Mr. Thompson had a stroke of paralysis. Since that time he has been practically helpless. He has lived for the past few years at the home of Charles Strock. He has no family and his only relative on the coast is his brother, Thomas Thompson of Portland.

Funeral services will be held at the Jesse T. Mills chapel at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, with internment in the Masonic cemetery.

On August 18 1917, the newspaper printed this announcement under the heading of OBITUARY:

Funeral services for the late W.O. Thompson will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Jesse T. Mills chapel, Rev. E. R. Loomis, officiating. Interment will be in the Masonic cemetery. The pall bearers all of whom were chosen from pioneers of the county are: H.B. McElroy, B.W. Davis, C. B. Mann, George N. Talcott, Geo. W. Blankenship, and Fred W. Stocking.

From: "The Olympian" October 18, 1998
By: Shanna Stevenson

Settlers tried homesteading in Capitol Forest a century ago

More than a hundred years ago on Aug. 4, 1880, a group of unusual immigrants came to Olympia, Washington Territory. They were the Newell Colony of Pioneers from New York State.

Embarking on July 1, 1880, they made the arduous trip by ship from New York, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, overland by train and then up the coast, where they eventually caught the steamer Dakota from San Francisco to Olympia. Lead by Captain Gustav F. Lindquist, who was the superintendent of the group, and his family, 25 persons came to Olympia to establish a cooperative colony. They included, Olaf Frisch, the treasurer, his wife and child; Fred Nitzchke, the secretary; George Hansard, his wife and two children; Jos D. Raisbeck; James Quigley and his son; Thomas Quigley and his wife; Henry Frisch; Oliver Matson, his wife and two children and Emil Stumer.

The group was planned to eventually number 150 families. Their aim was "to settle together and labor on some sort of cooperative plan for mutual aid and improvement."

The colonist, several of whom were European immigrants, came from the streets and factories of Brooklyn. They had heard Territorial Governor William Newell speak about wonders of Washington and decided to migrate there. They called themselves the "Newell Colony" in his honor.

Dr. William Newell was a native of Ohio. He served as White House doctor during Lincoln's administration. He was later elected to congress from New Jersey, and was also governor there. He was named Washington Territorial Governor in 1880 by President Rutherford B. Hayes, and served until 1884. He remained in Washington and served in many capacities, including Indian Agent, City of Olympia health officer, and a doctor at the Soldiers Home in Orting. He returned to New Jersey, and died there in 1901.

Gov. Newell was on hand to greet the Newell party, along with the local Board of Trade (Chamber of Commerce). The Washington Standard of Aug. 6, 1880 described them as "hardy-looking people, apparently well adapted to constitute the cornerstone of the great social and political fabric which is, in time, to be erected on the North Pacific coast."

The newly arrived group was quartered on the Olympia fairgrounds which is now near where Sunset Life is located on Capitol Way. The women and children spent the winter there, and at least one baby was born.

The main job of the vanguard of the group was to select a site for the colony on the choicest land available. They chose land at the foot of Larch Mountain in Sherman Valley, southwest of Olympia. Each person took 160 acres, and in order to establish a claim to the land, they had to live on it and erect a dwelling.

That winter, one of the worst in years, the greenhorns stayed at the new site. Many had never hunted or fished and were content to eat bacon and beans, even though deer nudged at their cabins. Luckily one of the men, Olaf Frisch, made a pair of skis and traveled overland to Mud Bay and then to Olympia for supplies.

Unfortunately, that winter broke the resolve of the colonists and some returned to New York. The others disbanded, and some settled Olympia.

Colony member and musician "Professor Nitschke" was still in Sherman Valley and established a schoolhouse, then committed suicide. His property is still listed as "Noschka" or "Noski Creek" on county maps.

Others from the colony who settled permanently in Olympia with their families were J.D. Raisbeck, Oliver Matson, Olaf Frisch, George Hansard and Henry Stumer, son of Emil.

Rebecca (Pethoud) & Sidney Hampton Brown. This was their first home in Thurston County
This house built c.1882 near East end of Barnes Lake
Emma (Brown) Lehman was born here 9/9/1885

Stumer later established the Beacon Beach Resort at Johnson Point, Alderbrook Inn and owned several West Coast laundries. The others worked as farmers, carpet cleaners, bartenders, laborers and truck farmers. James Quigley later moved to the Bellingham area.

The Bordeaux brothers bought the land from the Newell Colony for $1.50 per acre and formed part of the timberlands for the Bordeaux Logging Company near the town of the same name.

The colony members held reunions into the 1930s. Descendents of some of the Newell Colony members still live in Olympia.

Shanna Stevenson is a South Sound historian.

Furnished by: Ray Rossow

The following items have been copied from old Olympia newspapers.

Washington Standard. Dec. 31, 1897

DELPHI ITEMS

Special correspondence of the Standard

Bad colds seem to be stylish in this vicinity. Snow has been falling in the hills for some time. Our literary society met last Friday evening and as usual, an interesting time was had. Somebody shut the schoolhouse door after the literary meeting was over the other evening and left a dog in there to spend the night. The dog however not wishing to spend the night alone, jumped through the window taking a pane of glass as he went and scraping himself in good shape. PADDY

Washington Standard. Jan. 7, 1898

DELPHI ITEMS

Special correspondence of the standard

Mrs. L. Broyles has been quite sick, but is now recovering. Mr. and Mrs. Warwick, Miss Rosa and Mr. Sylvester Markham were guest of Mr. and Mrs. Markham during holidays, but have since returned to Grays Harbor. Mr. A. Sullivan gave a shooting match on New Years day, which afforded the Delphi boys plenty of amusement all day. Dave Pier had the "cheek" to carry off a prize in the shape of a big fat goose. There was a dance in the Delphi Hall, last Saturday evening, music being furnished by Tom Brown's orchestra. An enjoyable time was had by all, the only trouble being lack of room to accommodate the crowd.

PADDY

Washington Standard. Jan. 14, 1898

DELPHI ITEMS
Special correspondence of the standard

M. J. Neylon has the contract for carrying the mail from Delphi to Olympia. G. M. Henry raffled off his bicycle last week. Mrs. M. A. Neylon drew the lucky number. Some of the young men of our neighborhood are talking of going to the Klondike in the spring. A large crowd of young people last Sunday came to Sabbath school, but as the superintendent failed to appear they were disappointed. Mr. Richard Endecott gave a dance in his new house with a success in every respect. The crowd left thanking Mr. Endecott and family for their hospitality. The Delphi literary society met last Friday evening but owing to the weather the crowd the crowd was small, and some of the speakers were absent. The debate was postponed till next Friday evening when we hope to see a large crowd.

PADDY

Washington Standard. Jan. 28. 1898

DELPHI ITEMS
Special correspondence of the standard

Winter seems to be here at last. Dave Pier is working in a bolt camp on Waddell Creek. Mr. L Broyles moved his family to Olympia last week. Sabbath school was well attended last Sunday, but the superintendent was a little late. Orville Markham had to miss a few days of school on account of a severe cold the past week. The young people of Delphi are putting in all their spare time learning speeches and dialogues for the last day of school.

PADDY

Washington Standard. Feb. 4, 1898

DELPHI ITEMS
Special correspondence of the standard

Several parties have been estimating the timber in this vicinity, in view of locating a shingle mill on Black Lake. A dance was given in the Delphi Hall, after the school entertainment was over Friday night. Music was furnished by Tom Brown's orchestra. A large crowd was present and all seemed to enjoy themselves greatly. While Fred Haeger was returning with a crowd to Mud Bay, after the dance last Friday night, one of the wheels on his wagon broke down, causing the crowd to walk two miles through the mud and dark to reach their homes. School closed last Friday. An entertainment was had in the evening, which was well attended, all present having had a good time. The room was beautifully decorated with evergreens and national bunting. The school has been for two terms in charge of Prof. George M. Henry.

PADDY

Washington Standard. Feb.11,1898

DELPHI ITEMS

Special correspondence of the standard

What has become of our Sabbath school? Mrs. R. R. Weller of Waddell Creek is quite sick. A little daughter gladdens the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Olson. Dave Pier will move his family to Waddell Creek as soon as the weather will permit. Friday last was literary evening, but owing to the bad weather, not many were present and the meeting had to be postponed. There will be a masquerade ball at the North Star schoolhouse on the 19th of this month. Music to be furnished by Tom Brown's orchestra.

PADDY

Morning Olympian. July 8, 1920

Society section

Mrs. Hugh McLean and little daughter Dorothy of Victoria B. C. are the houseguest for several weeks of Mrs. McLean brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Morris on Main St.

Morning Olympian. July 13, 1920

STATE TAKES OVER BIG DRAINAGE PROJECT IN BLACK LAKE DISTRICT

FAVORABLE ACTION YESTERDAY SMOOTHES WAY FOR RECLAMATION OF 1,700 ACRES OF RICHEST LAND IN THURSTON ACRES – TO FINANCE AND SUPERVISE JOB

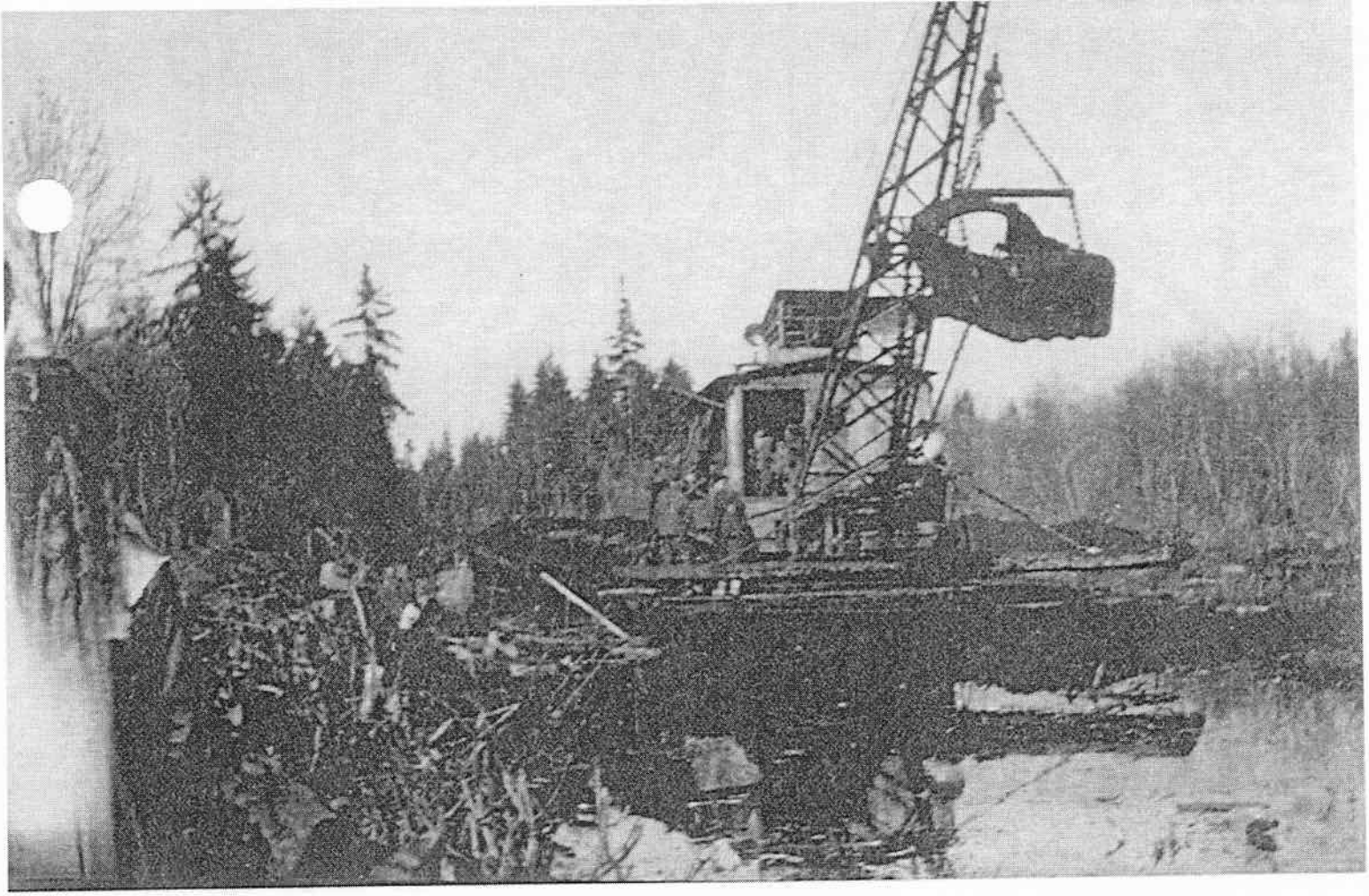
Thurston County consolidated drainage No. 101, covering about 1,716 acres of swamp and overflow land in the vicinity of Black Lake was formerly taken in charge by the State Reclamation Board yesterday afternoon, being the first project in Western Washington to be favorably acted upon.

The consolidated district comprises the old drainage district No. 2 which was organized about two years ago and which has already expended about $5,000 in engineering and construction work and also the latter drainage district No. 4 which has not yet started construction work. These projects upon petition of land owners in both districts were consolidated a few weeks ago by action of the County Commissioners and the plans for having the State Reclamation Board take charge were progressing favorably that the construction work was suspended about two weeks ago.

STATE TO TAKE CHARGE

The State Board will now take general supervision of the work and will finance the project by buying the bond issue of about $55,000 to be made. Neither of the old districts had issued any bonds as yet. Payments for the work so far having been made by warrants pending issuance and sale of bonds. The consolidation of the districts and the aid of the state will now smooth out the difficulties being encountered and hasten the completion of the whole project.

Dragline at Black Lake drainage ditch, North end of lake.
John Goldsby and his sons had the contract to clear the right of way for the new ditch.



Dragline at Black Lake drainage ditch, North end of lake.

The total cost of the improvement including work already done is estimated at $60,000 or $32.27 per acre. The work includes dredging the channel of Black River from Littlerock and constructing a canal leading into Puget Sound through Percival Creek which will drain the land from two directions and lower the lake level five feet. The land in the district to be drained has long been regarded as about the best in the county. An analysis of the soil by the State College classifies it as similar to Puyallup valley soil, but its annual overflow from the lake during the rainy season has prevented it's cultivation. With the splendid drainage provided by the improvement it is expected to make this one of the richest garden spots of western Washington. The expense will be met by spreading an assessment over all the land within the improvement district to provide funds for the retirement of the bond and the paying off of the warrant indebtedness of the old districts. It is expected the state board will put a steam shovel crew at work in the near future and push the work to early completion.

Morning Olympian. Aug. 3, 1920

FIGHT BIG FIRE AT BORDEAUX CAMP

A fierce forest fire is reported to have given the men of camp 4, about 9 miles from Bordeaux, a hot time and a hard nights work Sunday night. The crew had just finished putting up their mast preparatory to clearing out a big stretch of felled timber and while eating supper, noticed that a blaze had suddenly sprung up and was raging through the downed stuff, spreading at a rapid pace. The crew had hard work to get the rigging and donkey out of danger and then turned in to fight the fire all night. There is too much fire in the works to put up the rigging again for a few days.

Morning Olympian. Oct. 5, 1920

THREE HUNTERS LOST IN BLACK HILLS FOREST SOMEWHERE NEAR SUMMIT LAKE

Searching parties find no trace of H. N. Hill, Frank Clausen and Lawrence Staley of this city.

Three lost in the wilds about Summit Lake 20 miles or more west of Olympia in the Black Hills are already added to the list of hunting tragedy and mishaps which began on Oct. 1st, the day the season opened with the accidental killing of Leo Murphy of Kingston. Two of the lost are Frank Clausen, age 19 and Lawrence Staley, age 20 who were last seen seven miles from the lake Friday noon by a hunting companion named Phillips. The third is H. N. Hill, resident engineer in the State Highway Department. He parted from Earl Wilder in the lake region about 9 o'clock Sunday morning and no trace has since been found of him.

PARTY SEARCHES FORREST IN VAIN

Phillip came home when unable to find his friends and the Buchanan Lumber Mill where the two young men were employed, shut down yesterday while the crew went to the lake to hunt for the missing. Earl Wilder went to the woods yesterday to hunt for Hill

with a party composed of W. H. Yeager Jr., Frank Lang, Ronald Wilder, Frank Myers, E. G. Hoffman, Frank Bodey and others. They came back last night without news of Hill and another party will go into the hills today. Cold rain has fallen steadily since all three stated hunting, and it is feared that they have been exhausted without food and chilled.

TWO BOYS LACK EXPERIENCE

Hill may have met with accident as he was born in Clallam County and is considered a good woodsman. He has a family and served in the war with rank of Captain. Clausen and Staley came here from the east and are inexperienced in western forest travel. Clausen's uncle, Joseph Clyde Jr., has searched for them three days. He reports the forest saturated and is doubtful about their safety unless they have managed to start and keep a fire and somehow find food. They had left their supply at their stopping place and had only a sandwich apiece when they left Phillips and hunting deer.

The region the three are lost in is the wildest in this part of the state and is practically unsettled. It is the Black Hills divide and the common resource of following stream might take them westward toward the Pacific Ocean, a longer trip than could be made under winter exposure without food. There is hope that they may have found a ranch and are waiting for the weather to moderate.

HILL FAILS TO RETURN TO AUTO

Hill, in company with Earl Wilder started from Olympia Sunday Morning on a deer hunt. They left their automobile at the Mcleary Highway and struck out into the woods. For an hour or more they were together when they came to branching trails. There they separated with the understanding they were to meet again further along or in the event the undergrowth made that impossible, they were to return to the spot where they had separated. Wilder found the lead he had taken impassible and tried to signal Hill that he was returning. He returned to the starting point expecting to find Hill, but the latter evidently had pushed on and the gun signals could not reach him. Wilder then waited until 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon for Hill to return having had an understanding that they were to return to the automobile at 3:00 o'clock. Thinking Hill had found a trace of game and was pursuing it, Wilder left a note in the automobile and caught a ride on a truck into town arriving late Sunday evening, but Hill did not return.

Morning Olympian. Oct. 6, 1920

TWO OF MISSING HUNTERS RETURN

Worn and hungry, Frank Clausen and Lawrence Staley arrived here safely yesterday after having been lost in the Black Hills since Friday. With the aid of a compass they wondered in one direction until they finally came out at Porter where they secured a train to Olympia. They said they had not suffered from exposure much having been successful in finding dry material for campfires. Yesterday the crew from the Buchanan Lumber Mill where the two younger men are employed were still searching for them. Parties have now gone out to find the searchers who have not yet learned that Clausen and Staley were safe. H. N. Hill, resident engineer in the State Highway department is still missing. A

searching party composed of Highway Department Officials left this morning to scour the Summit Lake country for Hill who has not been heard from since Sunday morning.

Morning Olympian. Oct. 7, 1920

HILL FOUND ALIVE AND GOING WITH POCKETFUL OF FRESH BEAR MEAT

Lost self hunting for Wilder burned last match and flipped dollar to determine course.

H. N. Hill, lost State Highway Department Engineer is back at home again in Olympia safe and by this time well fed. He was found Tuesday evening in the heavy forest around the head of Porter Creek in the Summit Lake section of the Black Hills where he had been wondering since Sunday in the drenching rains that have poured steadily since. Except for being stiffened by exposure and badly scratched about the feet and legs by brush and briars, Hill is reported to be in good enough condition to warrant expectation that he will be back at work within a couple of days or so. He wanted a bath as soon as he got back to his lodging place at the home of Mrs. Elmer Wilder, 1010 Franklin Street yesterday. But this was not regarded as an alarming symptom. After that, he went to bed for a long sleep, as he hadn't indulged in anything of the kind since the previous Saturday night.

THOUGHT COMPANION WAS LOST

While Hill didn't devote much time to telling of his adventure, he outlined the fact of his having become lost himself Sunday evening after he had searched all the later part of the day for his hunting companion Earl Wilder on the theory that Wilder was lost. Wilder had in the meantime come back to the road where he waited awhile for Hill and then caught a truck home leaving the auto they had driven to the lake for Wilder to find and come in. Hill did not return to the auto on the highway because he began his search for Wilder when he came back to the place where they had parted in the woods and failed to find his companion there. He continued in opposite direction from the machine until darkness began to fall when he realized that he himself was lost. With his last match he got a fire started and did pretty well Sunday night, although unable to sleep to any extent, the next morning he began the work of getting himself back to civilization. He had crossed the divide to the headwaters of Porter Creek and recognized the steam knowing where it would take him if he followed the water. He also knew that this course would cover a great many miles of the hardest kind of traveling, especially for a man without food supplies. In the face of this problem, he flipped up an otherwise useless dollar to determine whether to follow the creek or turn back. The dollar fell on the decision to turn back and Hill acted accordingly.

COULDN'T EAT RAW BEAR

When night came he found that he would have to keep moving to avoid being chilled into helplessness. Since he had nothing to start a fire with and this night trampling, he encountered briars, devil clubs and everything else a man could tangle up with in dense forest on a pitch dark night but kept alive and going. On Tuesday he had the good luck to shoot a bear but hungry as he was he found himself unequal to eating it raw, at least in

chunks. Being an engineer he solved this difficulty by cutting out the bears tongue and also taking one of it's ears. He got his nourishment by sucking the severed tongue. He had the tongue and ear in his pocket against future need when found and was getting along pretty well on it, but was induced to except something else by the searchers.

Earl Wilder with Ben Morgan and another searcher located Hill by gunshots late Tuesday afternoon. He was then climbing back up the ridge heading north on a course that would have taken him to the works of the McCleary Logging Company. Hill got that course from a glimpse of sunshine that gave him the location of the sun Tuesday, probably the only glimpse of the sun anybody in this part of the state has had for a week or more and evidently designed for his special benefit.

FIGURED ON BEING FOUND

After Hill was found the searchers took the night to rest and feed him up. They got back to Olympia yesterday afternoon. Six different parties had been engaged in the search. In turning back from the creek, Hill had figured that he would sooner or later encounter a party looking for him or some other hunters. One of the searching party, a man well acquainted with the Porter Creek country insisted that Hill had gone down the stream and followed it alone when the others refused to conduct the search that way. He is supposed to still be heading down stream. This is the course followed by Lawrence Staley and Frank Clausen who were lost in the same part of the summit Lake country last Friday and returned to Olympia Tuesday via Northern Pacific Railroad from Porter station. H. N. Hill is a son of Howard Hill, a well-known Port Townsend druggist and a grandson of Dr. Nathan D. Hill, one of the most widely known pioneer physician of the northwest. H. N. Hill had served overseas as Captain, returning to the State Highway Department after his discharge.

Morning Olympian. Oct. 6, 1920

NORTH STAR NOTES

Mr. Davis, of Olympia is overseeing of concrete piers for the iron bridge across Waddell Creek. The work is being done by Ted Brown, Bill Haeger, Henry Wellman, Dick Johnson, Ross Brown, Mr. Nelson and Dad Wellman. Tom and Walter Brown are digging potatoes at Oakville. Mr. Manning, Railroad Surveyor, cut his leg with an axe while chopping timber. Mrs. Nels Brown visited school last week. Bertha Wellman and Helen Brown, who are attending Olympia High School, passed the weekend with home folks at North Star. Both girls are highly enthused over Olympia and feel they made a wise choice in entering school there. Ross Brown is still busy on the Black Lake House. All garages in this community including the play shed at the schoolhouse are full of hunter's cars since the season opened. The North Star Schoolboys are cleaning guns intending to bring in the game Saturday. The youngsters of the North Star School assisted by Brown spent Friday afternoon pulling taffy. Our motto is, spend a few dollars in showing the kiddies a good time and do away with Truant Officers.

Morning Olympian. Oct. 12, 1920

NORTH STAR NOTES

Alvin Wellman and Walter brown attended the mole demonstration at Delphi. The boys represented the North Star School. They report a helpful and interesting demonstration. Also stating they enjoyed the 12 mile hike and a day's vacation from school. Lyle Lemon is on the sick list. The North Star School spent Friday afternoon in spelling, story telling, making and eating fudge. John says he likes fudge better than arithmetic. The North Star Boys had a chance to try out their guns Saturday. They report a long and enjoyable tramp, a good soaking and a few shots.

Morning Olympian. Oct. 20, 1920

NORTH STAR SCHOOL NOTES

Messrs. Brown, Sullivan and Sallee's are contractors for two carloads of Christmas Trees and are getting same ready for shipment. Trees are to be shipped east of the mountains and other places. Extra heavy and extra early rains are doing much damage to the potato crop in this section of the country. Henry Wellman, Ross Brown and Richard Johnson are filling the cottage and school woodsheds. The North Star schoolboys are rebuilding a cabin. Bertha Wellman, Helen Brown and R. D. Mack of Olympia spent the weekend at North Star visiting homefolks.

Morning Olympian. Oct. 28, 1920

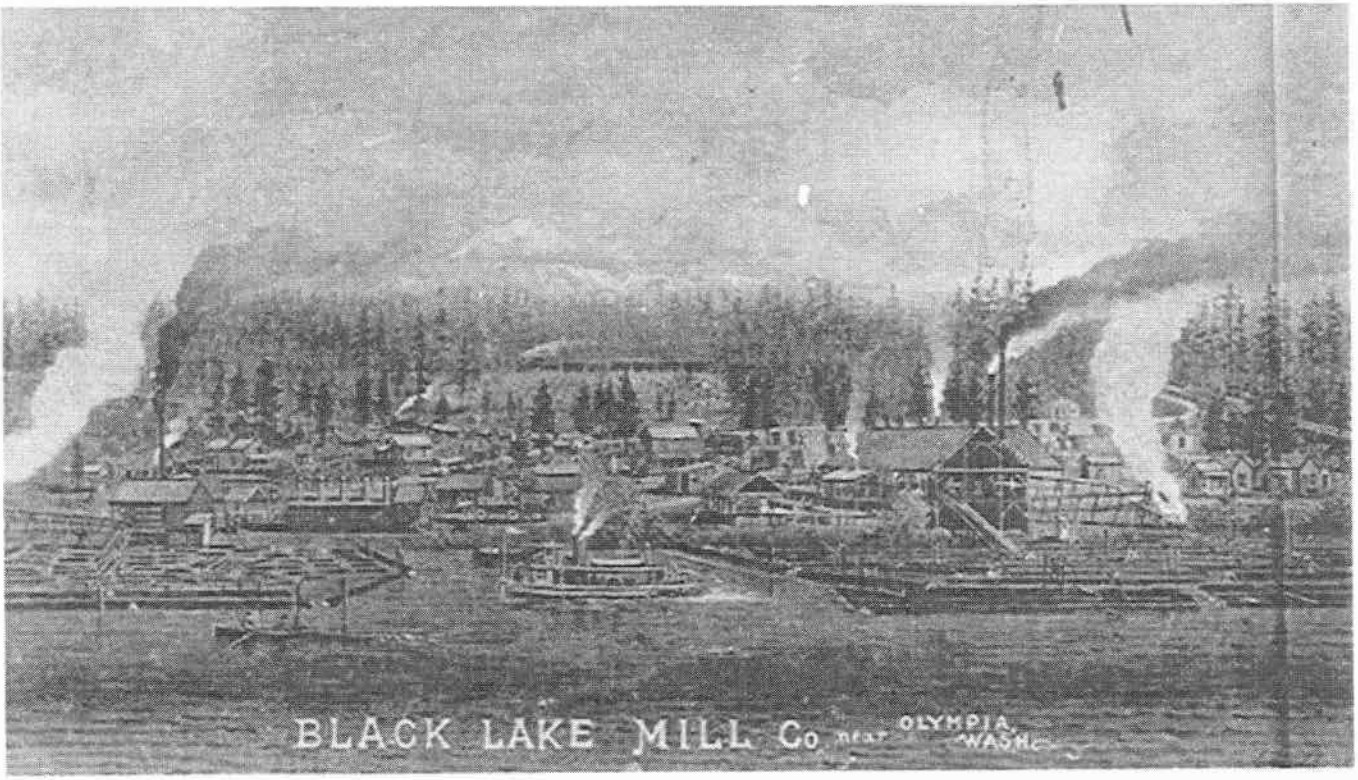
M. J. Neylon

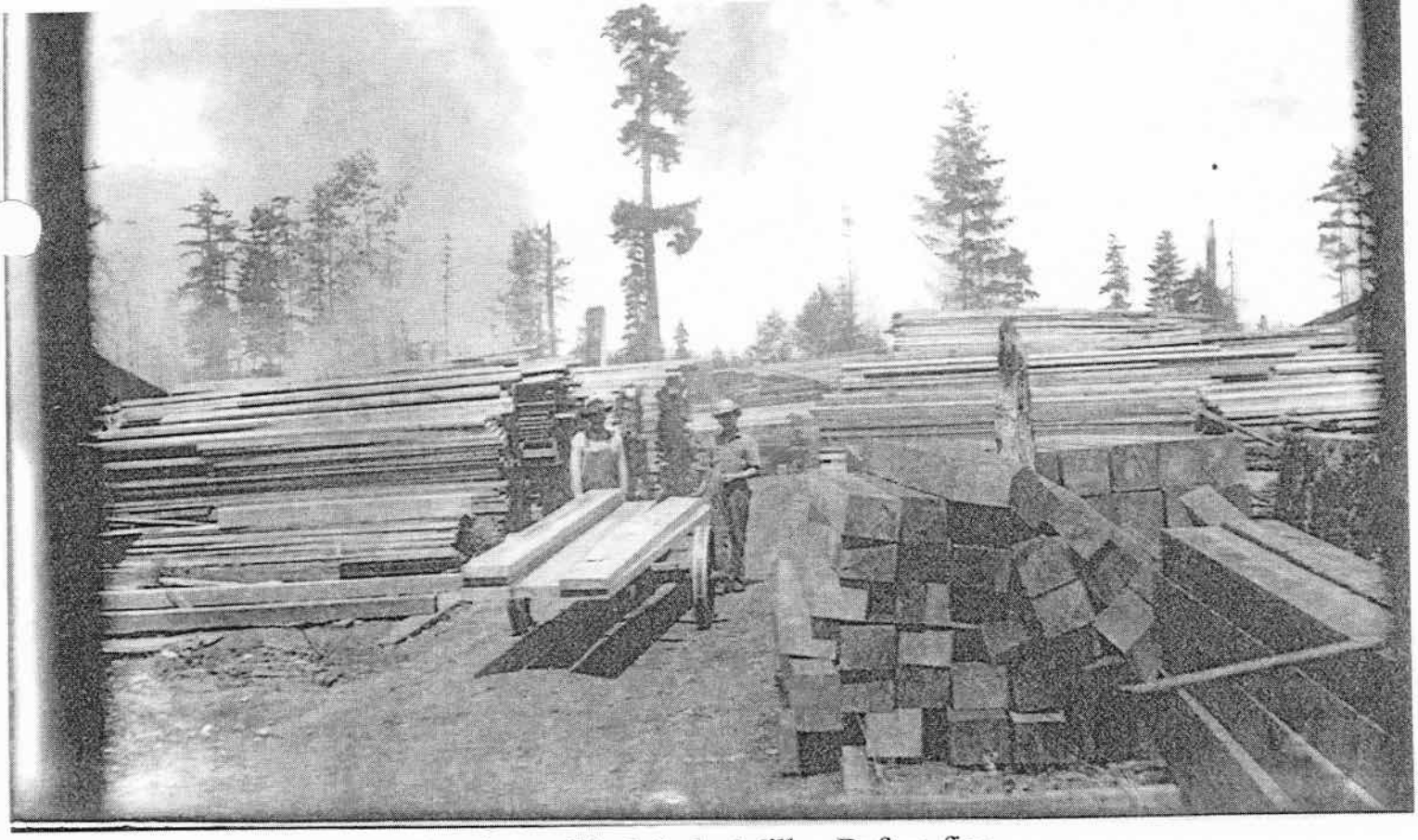
In seeking re-election as county commissioner for the third district, he has resided in Thurston County since 1878 and has engaged principally in farming. Practically ever since that time, he has been school clerk, school director or road supervisor of his district to the entire satisfaction of his fellow citizens. He has served as County Commissioner the past two years and has been on the job all the time as the board's records show. He is married and has three children.

Morning Olympian. Oct. 28, 1920

NORTH STAR SCHOOL NOTES

Mrs. Brown, county superintendent visited school this week. Mr. Houston was through here this week buying beef. He purchased a bunch of veal from Cap Wellman and sons. Ross Brown is digging potatoes and wishing every day was Saturday. Says he needs the boys in the potato patch. Mr. Nels Brown spent Wednesday with Mrs. Wellman and Grandma Brown. Mrs. Johnson and sons spent Sunday in Tacoma visiting her sister who leaves shortly for New York to visit homefolks. Nels Brown is busy loading ties for shipment east of the mountains. Hazel Mack is on the sick list. Richard Johnson had business in Olympia Saturday. Master Clarel Brown earned 10 cents this week guiding hunters through Waddell Creek. The sportsmen were lucky enough to capture their game.

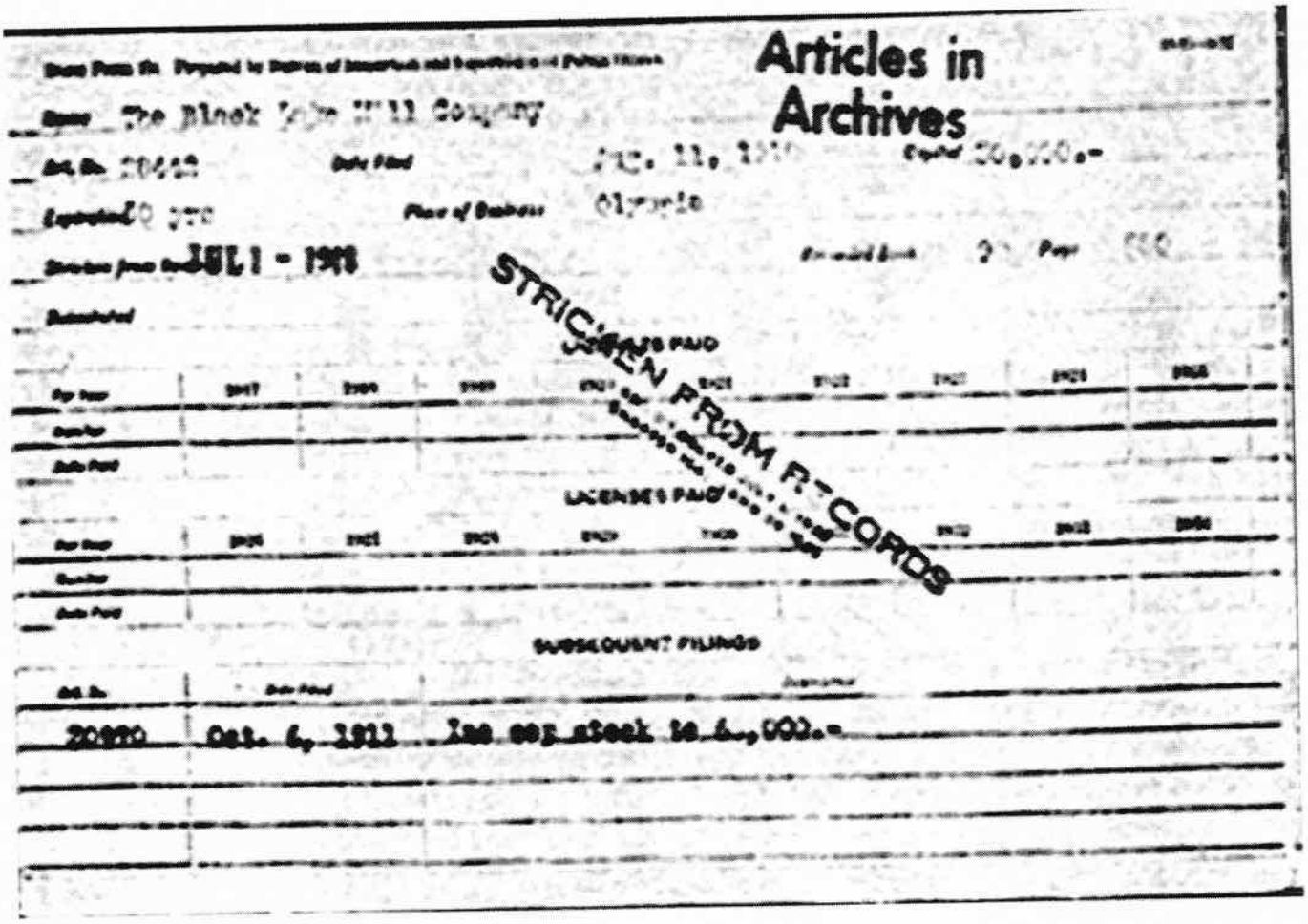

BLACK LAKE MILL Co near OLYMPIA WASH.



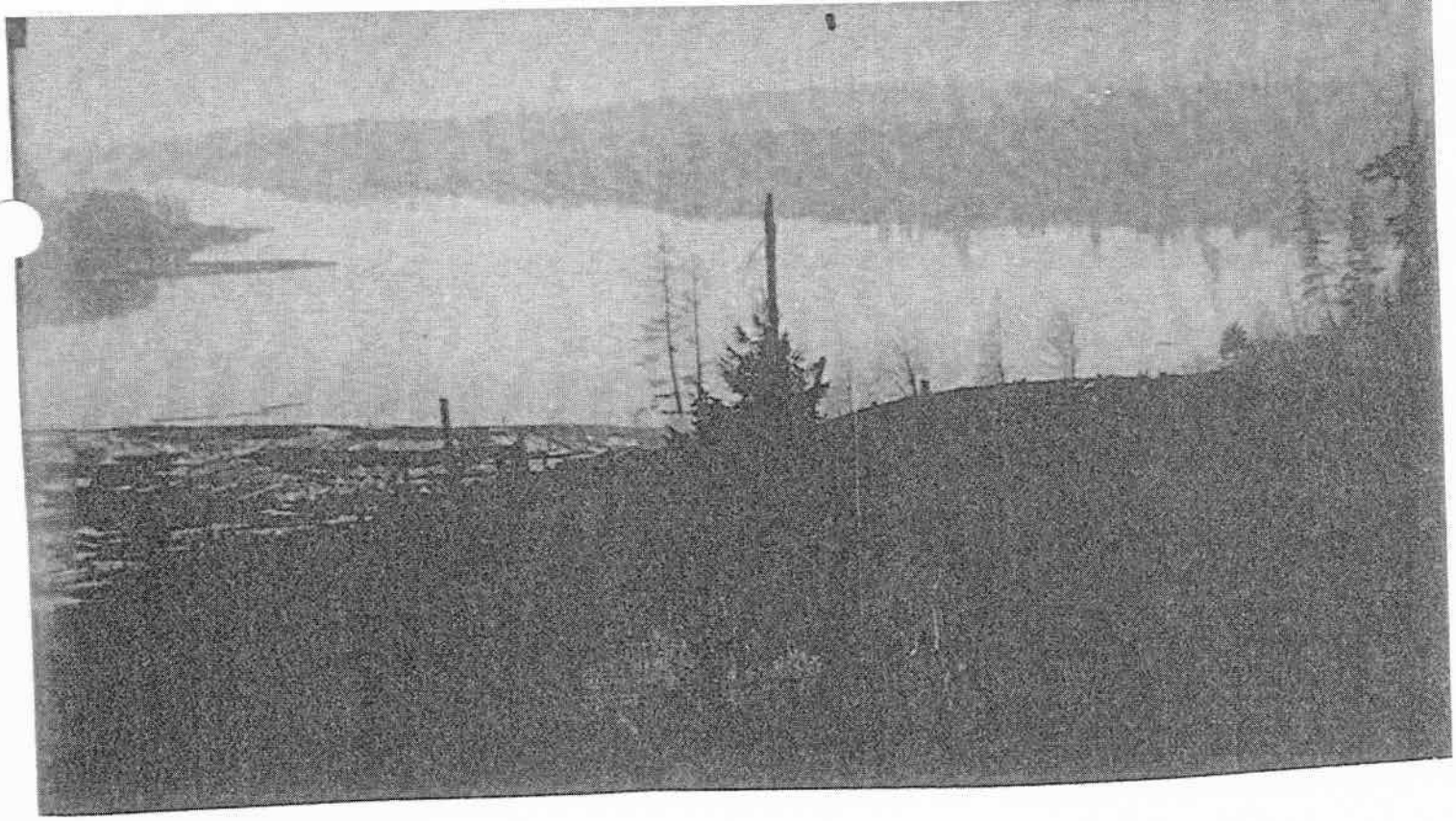
Lumber at Black Lake Mill -- Before fire.

Black Lake Mill -- After fire.

Black Lake Mill -- After fire.



Black Lake Mill Co. stricken from records, Oct. 6th 1912



Log Boom on Northeast end of Black Lake

Steam Donkey on West Side of Black Lake near the Weeks Place @ South end

Logging at Black Lake -- 1909

Logging at Black Lake -- 1906

Lambert's Corner -- Gas station and store -- Owned by Annie & Ed Lambert
Located @ intersection of Trosper Road & Belmore Road -- SE corner

Don't forget Sunday school at North Star Schoolhouse Sunday at 2:30 in the afternoon. Henry Wellman transacted business in Olympia Friday, taking in the show and bringing his sister Bertha home Friday evening. Bertha is always glad to get home for the weekend and just as anxious to get back to Olympia High School Monday.

Morning Olympian. Oct. 30, 1920

NAMES JUDGES FOR ELECTION NEXT TUESDAY

Black Lake precinct: L. E. Sturdevant inspector, Mrs. John Guerin and. A. J. Johnson, judges, old school house.

By: Dan Dana Jr.

THE BLACK LAKE MILL CO.

Two mills existed on Black Lake in the early 1900's. Not much information seems to be available regarding the original mill. I have learned, however, that it was built around 1900. Art McMurray informed me that his father, Oscar McMurray worked there in 1908.

Art said that John Dent built the second mill. Information obtained from Washington State Archives shows the accuracy of his statement. A document shows this mill was first operating in 1910. It was named "The Black Lake Mill Company" and the owners were J. W. Dent, Allen White and P. H. Johns. The articles of incorporation show that the purpose of the corporation was, "To engage in a General Lumber and Manufacturing business including construction and operation of Logging railroad, Logging camps, Logging, the erection, maintenance and operation of Saw Mills, Shingle Mills and to include the manufacturing of Lumber of all kinds, the buying and selling of columns, sash, doors, blinds, moldings, fancy and turned wood work and to do General Wholesale and Retail Lumber and Manufacturing Business; and to own and operate any stores for the sale of goods, wares, and merchandise, and to erect and operate boarding houses in connection with said General Lumber and Manufacturing Business. And also including the buying and selling and handling of any and all real estate, standing timber, and timber lands used or in any manner connected with said General Lumber Business, encumbering any and all said property of said lumber Business".

In 1911, the articles of incorporation were amended to increase stock from 30,000 dollars to 60,000 dollars. This was filed at the Office of the Secretary of State on October 6, 1911. It would seem that this was a prosperous company. The last document that I acquired from Archives is one that shows the company as "Stricken From Records". The date was July 1, 1918. I can only assume that this was due to the fire that was said to have destroyed the mill.

I wish to thank Dean Vanderhoof and Wayne Lawson at Washington Archives for providing me with the information.

By: Virginia (Goldsby) Hetland

Grandparents

Alfred Pearson was my Grandfather.
Alfred and Linea Pearson and their three children, Francis, Susie and Allen (Deac) moved to Black Lake about 1900 from Grand Junction, Colorado.

Alfred was a tailor and music teacher. He organized and conducted an orchestra and chorus that practiced and performed in the Black Lake School.

Alfred Pearson was my Grandfather.

About 1918 to 1920

The horse and buggy days were almost over. John and Jane Goldsby owned a farm on the North end of Black Lake. John went to Olympia periodically for supplies.

As his first grandchild, I was invited to go with him sometimes in his wagon drawn by two Clydesdale work horses named Aid and Ide. We would start in the morning taking the west side road to town. We would go down the steep west side hill. The horses would skid in the gravel. Next, we would go across the old wooden bridge that swayed and creaked with the weight of the team and wagon. We would go to the horse trough, Bolster and Barnes feed store, livery stable and Reders grocery store where we bought oranges and groceries and my grandfather was scolded by Joe Reder for reaching into the pickle jar. Then we would visit the Candy Kitchen candy store where we bought ice cream cones, pink and white taffy and large chocolates. We would then head for home in plenty of time to get there before dark.

As we passed by a place along the road known then as the "China Ranch" he would start singing in his high, loud tenor voice "Eliza Jane", a popular song of the time and also my grandmother's name. He would continue singing until we went through his front gate where we were met by my mother and grandmother who were shocked by all the food stains on my dress.

Around 1920 my grandparents bought a car. It was a Studebaker touring car with 2 jump seats and side curtains. They designated their oldest son Charlie as the driver of the new car.

By: Beecher Hetland

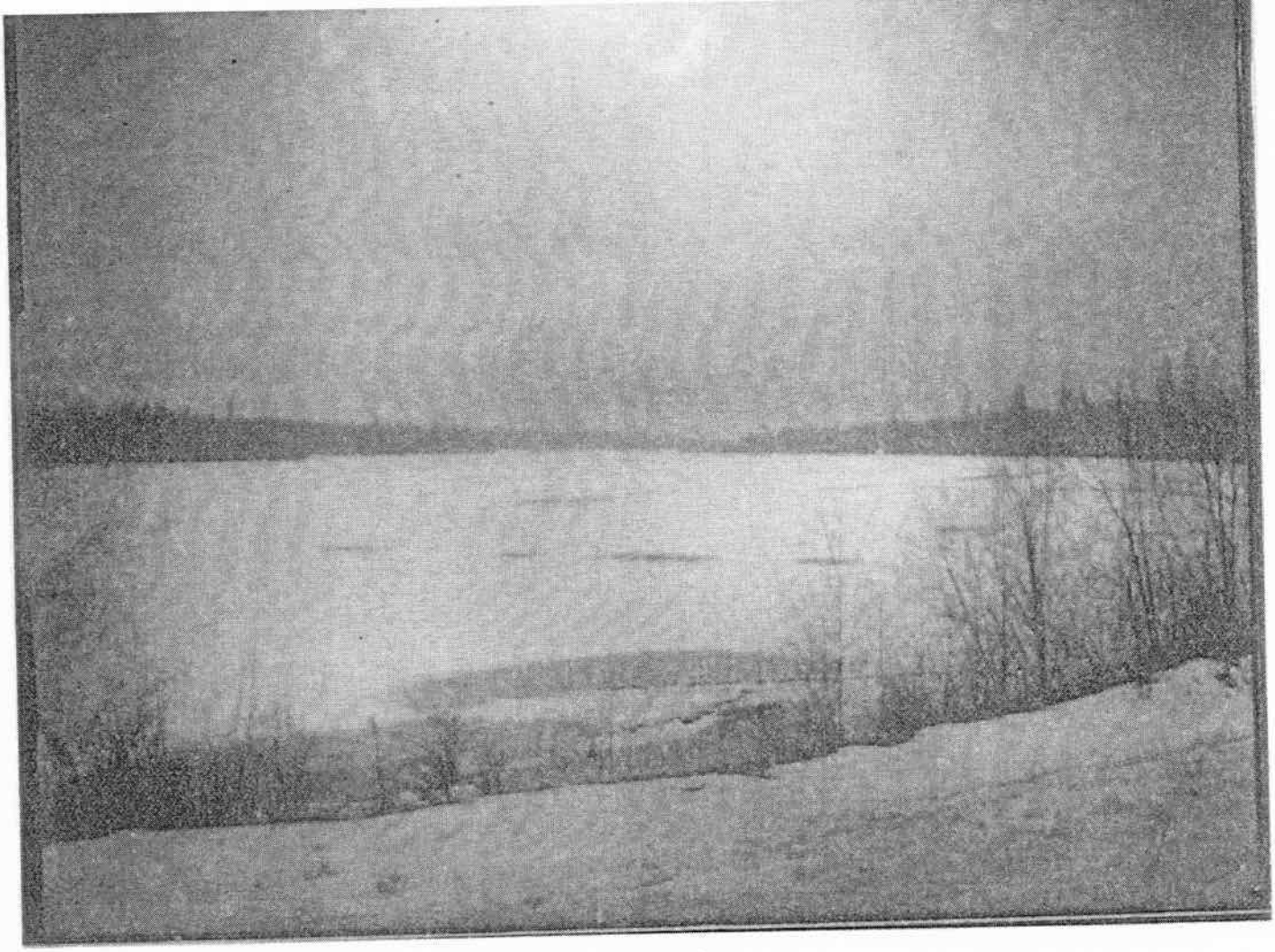
Memories of the time I spent on Black Lake
with my Grandfather Clyde Goldsby and Grandmother Sue Pearson Goldsby.

Growing up on "The Lake" and having family close by always seemed quite natural, and many good times. We lived on the East Side and my grandparents, (Muz and Dadpaush) on the West Side about 1/4 mile near the Black Lake Grange Hall.

The Lake was always changing with different seasons, from summer fishing and swimming to winter with storms and sometimes freezing long enough for ice to form. When the lake would freeze, we all wanted to go test the strength and the thought of

Virginia (Goldsby) & Len Hetland -- Built 1937 by Len

Susie (Pearson) & Clyde Goldsby cellar, built c.1923 & located on East Side of Black Lake



Ice on Black Lake

Ice Skating on Black Lake

Pearl (Paulk) & Charles Goldsby

Road in front of Pearl (Paulk) & Charles Goldsby home, looking towards Columbus Park

being able to walk on water was amazing. One winter was like this and Dadpaush wanted to come visit us. He had walked down to test the ice and thought it may be strong enough to walk across. He figured he needed a little extra safety because there may be some thin places farther out. He was wearing calk shoes and the old dugout canoe lay upside down on shore. He thought if he pushed it in front of him and the ice cracked or broke he would just get in it, so he started out. The long canoe pushed OK on the slick ice but about halfway across he was getting tired and stopped to rest but the ice started cracking. He realized then, if he was to get in the canoe with only a paddle it would be difficult to break ice in front and make it to shore, so he pushed on. I was about 7 or 8 and had gone down to meet him. Mom reminded me not to go out on the ice until it was thick enough. I watched and thought this would sure enough be the test. Here Dadpaush came pushing the canoe to shore and not being able to talk much. He said let me catch my breath. Then he explained what a foolish thing he had done but he made it OK.

When there was an opportunity to go to my grandparents I was always ready. Here are some things I remember:

Learning to ride Uncle Jack's old bicycle when Mom was in the hospital giving birth to my brother Rod, (1944) I was 4.

Fishing for crappie whenever Dadpaush had time to go. On one occasion fishing late one evening, I jerked and the fish came out of the water wiggling and came unhooked and went down his shirt, we both laughed so hard we nearly fell in.

Spending a night and Dadpaush heard something on the back porch. He went out to investigate and said it was a bear trying to get into a tub of apples. We built a large box trap the next day to try to trap him, but the bear did not come back.

Looking in the Shooters Bible and we picked out a bolt action Mossberg 22 rifle with 7 shot clip. Dadpaush said if I would save ½ ($12), he would help me get it. He taught me about safety, and shooting in the right direction whether target shooting or grouse hunting.

Eating were special times, Muz was always ready with meals. Sometimes oatmeal for breakfast, soup for lunch, and fried hamburger patties for supper, but his favorite was hot cornmeal mush with ice cream for dessert.

Learning to drive his 1936 Ford when I was about 10. Maybe a year later, driving around the lake with catalogs and pillows so I could see out the windshield. He would tell me what a good driver I was.

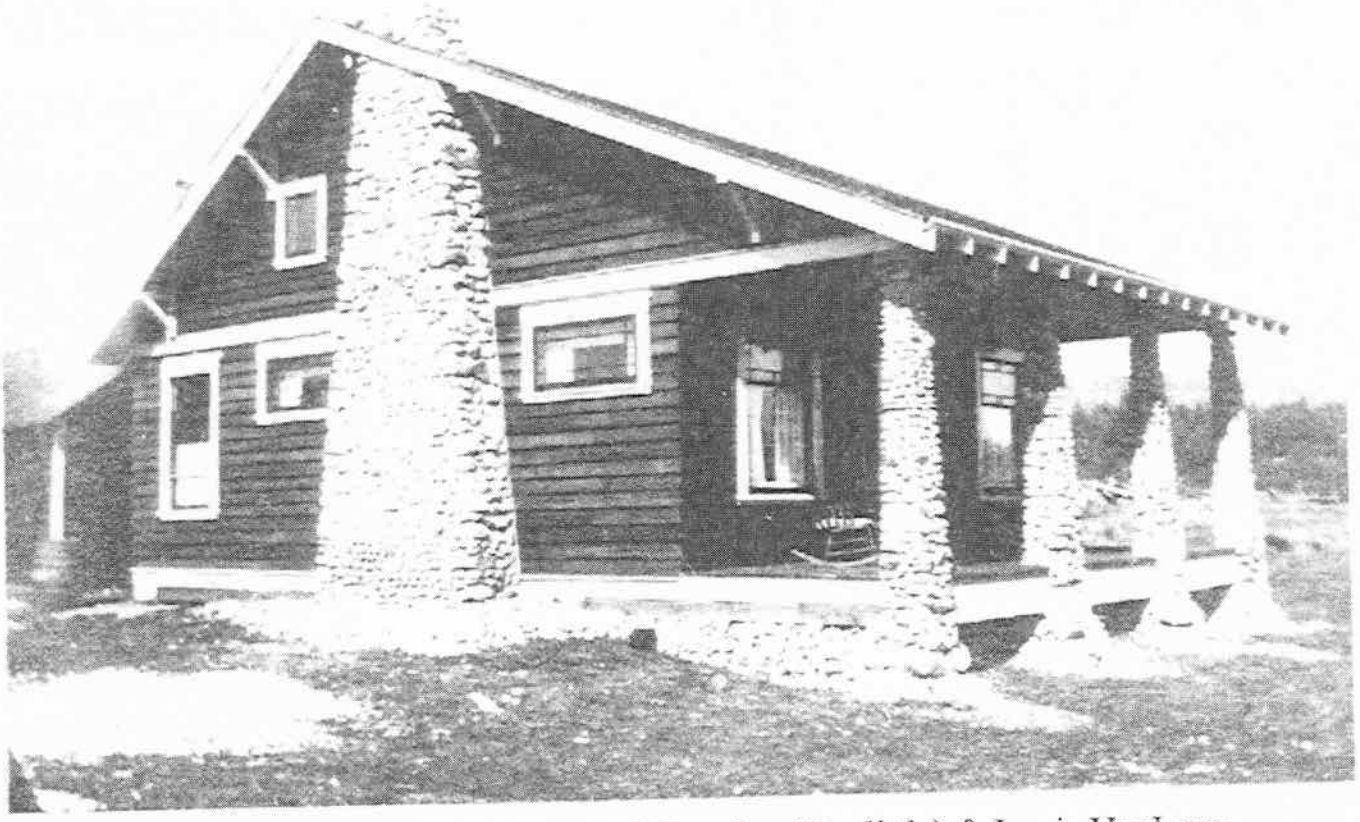
Playing music in the evenings, Muz would sing and play the piano and Dadpaush would play the cello or violin. This was always a treat when the family got together.

By: Lois (Goldsby) Smith

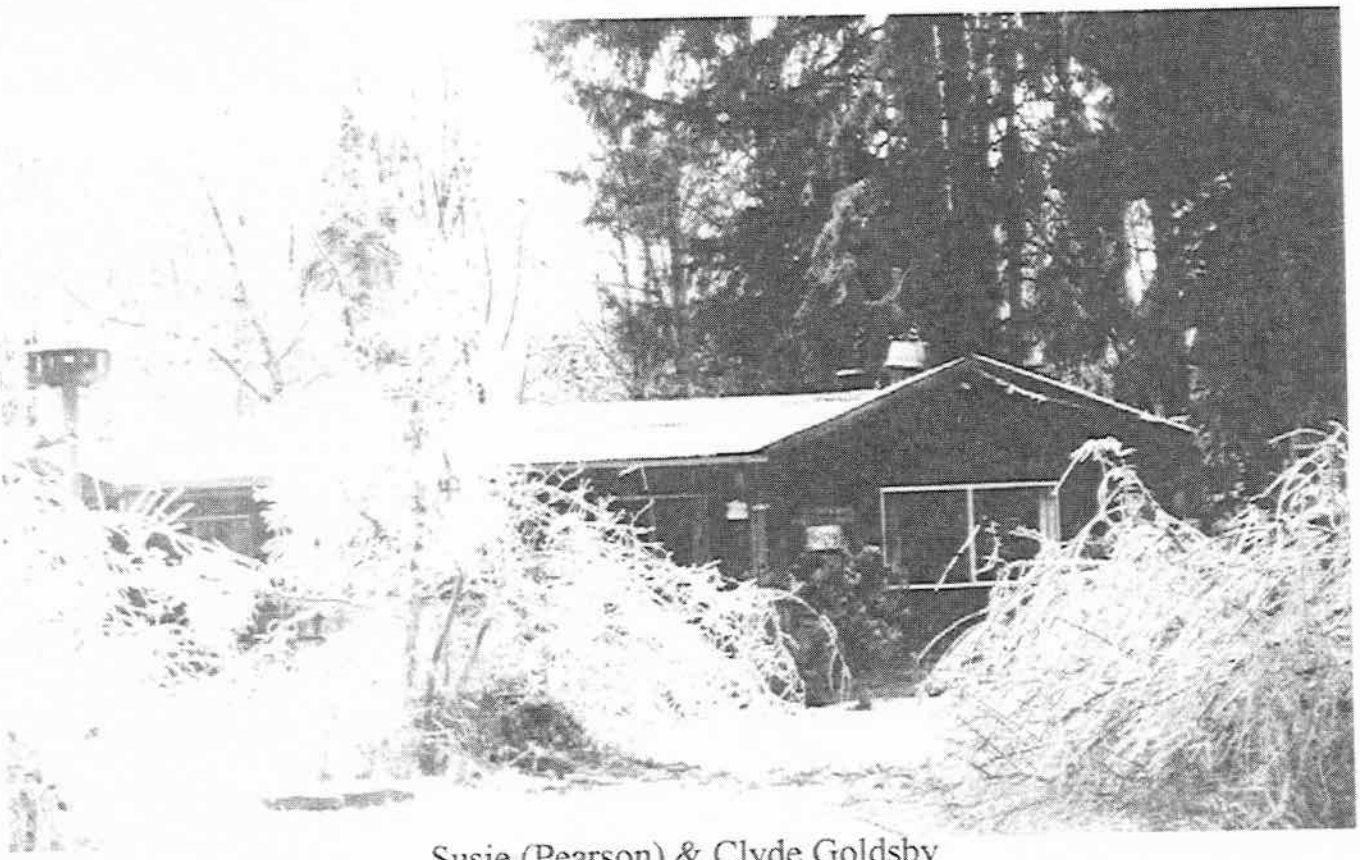
Boats & Trains

Lois and Virginia Goldsby lived on the East Side of Black Lake. They rowed their boat across the lake in all kinds of weather to the West Side and walked up to attend the Black Lake grade school for eight years.

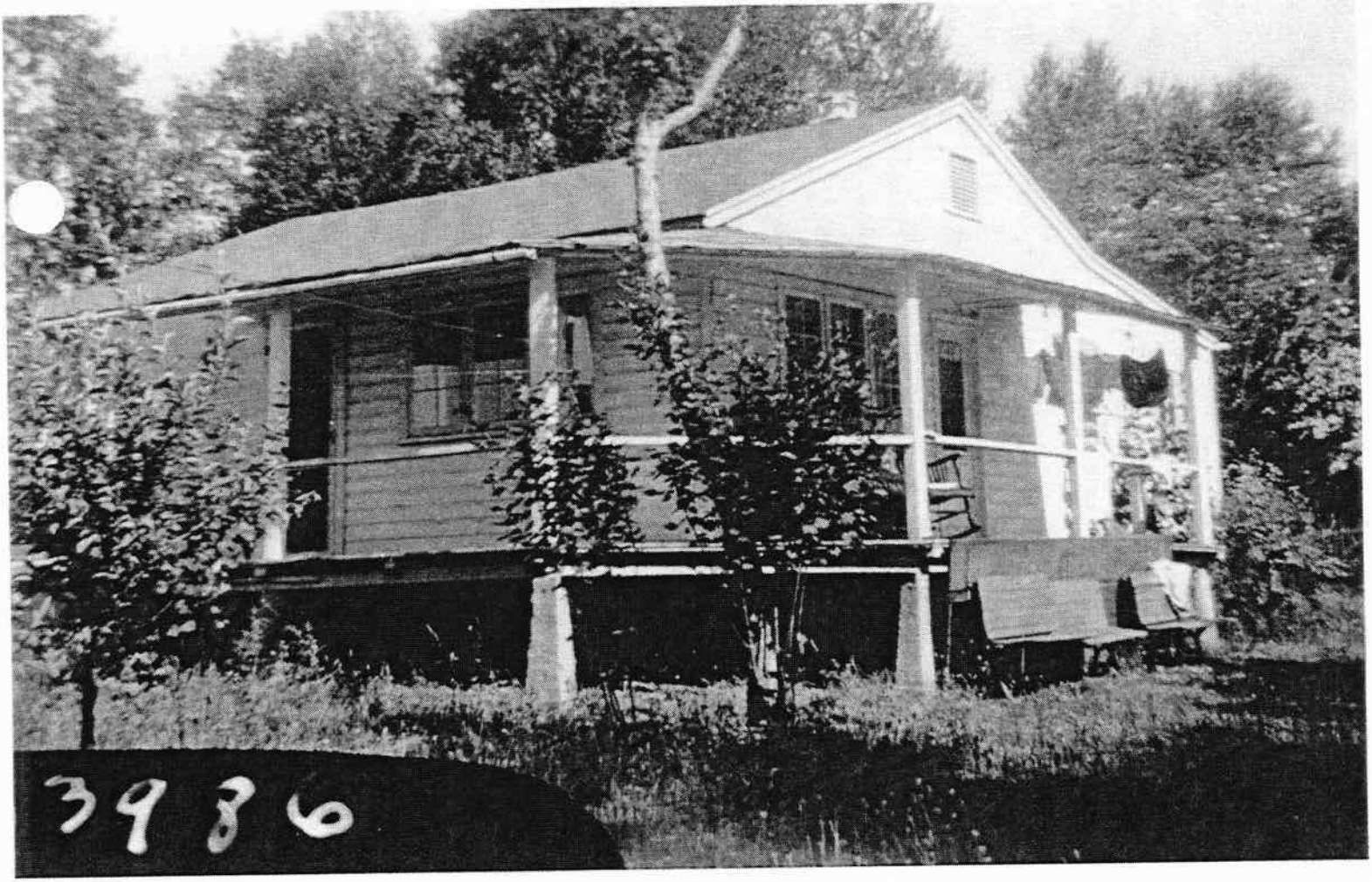
( ) & Meeker / Felix Radinsky



Eva ( ) & George Doolittle / Beatrice (Doolittle) & Louis VanLeyn



Susie (Pearson) & Clyde Goldsby



( ) & Louis Montaigne

I remember walking with my mother and sister over to the Belmore Train Station near our home. We would ride to Olympia to shop, then catch the train on the return trip to Belmore Station

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By: Dan Pearson

The Pearson Place

A.C. Pearson came to the west side of Black Lake in approximately 1903. In 1909 he bought 13 acres with 365 ft. of waterfront next to Sandy Beach on the east side of the lake. He felled timber for a house and hauled it into the lake by horse. There was a towboat on the lake and a mill on the north end. He had the logs towed to the mill and milled, then had the milled lumber rafted and towed back to the Pearson Place.

He built his house from plans he ordered from a California style house. The plan included a bath tub, basin & throne in the bathroom, a kitchen with sink & pantry cooler, and two fireplaces.

The water was from a 37-ft. hand dug well which was pumped into a tank daily, then the water came into the house by gravity flow. The tank was a home made barrel. He also made a tank 12-ft. in diameter for watering the stock. One of my chores daily, was to pump water into the barrels.

A.C. also built a barn 40' x 60' with an adjacent chicken house.

The water in this house was heated by coils in a wood-burning stove, which also had a reservoir.

Clyde Goldsby was married to my Dad's sister Susie. When Clyde discovered a wooden keg of whiskey in the woods where he was logging, he asked his brother-in-law (my Dad), for a little help. Dad played for dances at Granges around the country, so it was a perfect way to sell the whiskey.

He put it in fruit jars and peddled it at the dances. Dad & Clyde split the profit.

On one occasion, Dad was playing on an open-air pavilion over the bay in Port Orchard. One customer jumped over the side of the pavilion to the tide flat below and stashed his bottle. After the dance was over, he jumped over the side of the pavilion to retrieve his bottle, and jumped into the bay. The tide had come in while he was dancing. Needless to say, he lost his bottle.

My Dad was known as "Deke". My grandfather was a tailor and made some nice suits for Dad. Hence the name "Deacon", shortened to "Deke".

The Pearson Place was sold to the McDonald family in 1959.

By: Rita (McLaughlin) Goldsby

Saturday Night Bath

Back in the 1940's, many of us did not have many of the modern conveniences like we do today. My husband's folks did not have any bathroom plumbing, so on Saturday nights the big round wash tub was brought into the kitchen and filled with warm water for the baths. One such night, Jack's Dad (Clyde Goldsby) was the last one to bathe, and for some reason he had neglected to empty the tub before going to bed. My husband, Jack came home around midnight from a date, and seeing the tub of water on the kitchen floor,

decided to pull a little joke on his Dad. He got a bottle of green food coloring from the cupboard and proceeded to make the water a bright green.

He was awakened early the next morning, listening to his Dad's incoherent exclamations, with, I think, a few cuss words thrown in.

They all had a good laugh when they finally realized who the culprit was. However, I believe Jack quit laughing when his Dad made him get out of bed and empty the tub of green water.

By: Ken Goldsby

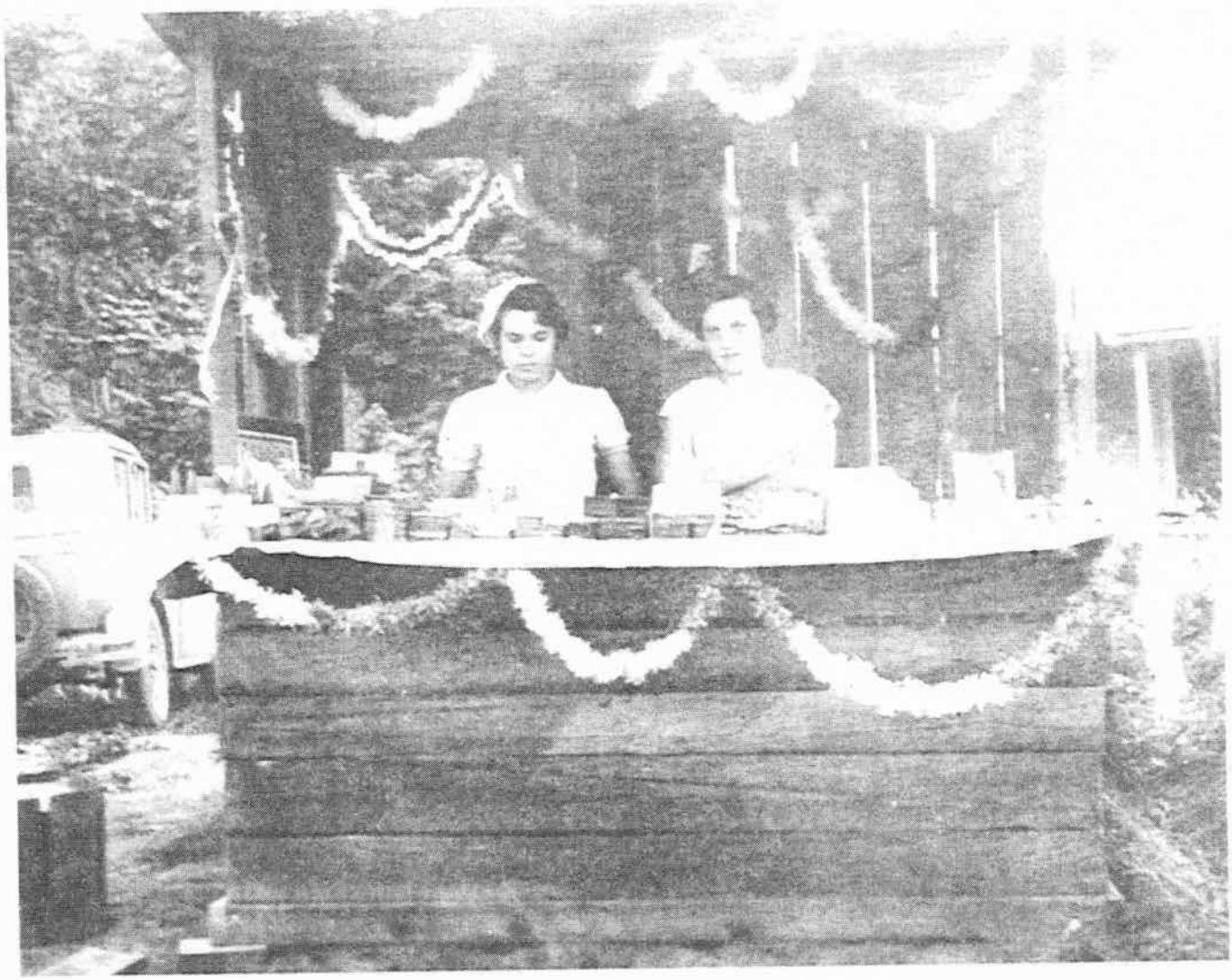
Goldsby Stories

Clyde Goldsby was returning home one evening from one of his many successful deer hunts and was somewhere in the Delphi area. His home was near Black Lake and he still had some distance to go when darkness approached him. With the deer on his back, he was making pretty good time when he suddenly stumbled and fell headfirst into a hollowed cedar stump that was filled with bad smelling rainwater. After righting himself and a few choice words, he continued towards home, a little more carefully.

In the early1920's, the Goldsby family was on their way home one evening in their Ford Model T. Clyde, Suzie and Virginia and Lois in the back seat with a lantern between them for warmth. The north end of Black Lake had once again flooded over the road and the Model T made it only part way through when the engine stalled. Well, the women folk were fit to be tied but Clyde assured them things would be fine. He took the lantern, crawled out and lay on the hood and reached down to the engine crank. With the car in gear, slowly he cranked them out of the water. After cleaning the moisture out of the magneto, they continued home.

On this particular day, Clyde Goldsby was working alone. Taking his normal noon break from cutting timber, he decided to take a snooze. He sat with his back against a tree and fell asleep. It must have been late in the spring or early summer because he awoke to a very small fawn deer crawling into his lap! Rumor had it that this slowed his deer hunting in later years.

The Goldsby Brothers had been hunting deer when a grouse was spotted up ahead. I was told that it was Floyd Goldsby who shot first. When he reached the downed bird the bragging really started. It didn't even have a scratch on it, but appeared dead. They had just continued walking when the bird came to life in Floyd's hand. Quite a commotion ensued and the grouse flew ahead down the road. The next shot from Floyd's deer rifle quieted his brother's laughter when the bullet hit the bird on the fly, dead center. I suppose with this Floyd redeemed himself, but there was nothing left of his dinner.



Firecracker stand in front of Jenny & Sanford Barnes home @ Black Lake

By: Kimberly (Goldsby) Maurer

My Three Stories

No. 1 Along about 1912, when my Grandfather, Clyde Goldsby (Dad Posh) was dating his wife to be, Susie Pearson (Muz), Clyde made a phone call to Susie. Phones were a relative new item and it was common for others to listen in (rubberneck). It so happened that Mattie Brown (Later Mattie Markham) was listening in to one particular call, which she told about years later. She described the call and told how after a short time, Clyde ran out of anything to say. At the time the Goldsby' cream separator was going and making the usual hum that is made by a separator. Mattie heard Clyde asking Susie, "Do you hear our separator Susie? It's going humahumahum! At the time, Clyde would have been living with his parents John and Janie Goldsby on the West side of Black Lake, Susie, with her parents, Alfred and Linea Pearson on the East side of Black Lake and Mattie Brown with her parents "Tib" and Rebecca Brown at "The Orchard", now Columbus Park.

No. 2 Sometime around 1922, my Grandfather, Clyde Goldsby (Dad Posh), took his family (wife, Susie , and daughters, Virginia (6), and Lois (5) blackberry picking up towards Waddell Creek. They walked out on a huge fallen tree, which was in their path. Dad Posh was looking for an easy way off the log when Lois got a little impatient because he wasn't moving fast enough. She said "Go on Daddy", and gave him a little nudge. He went flying off the log into the brush below, losing his full gallon of berries. Needless to say, he never let Lois forget that little maneuver!

No. 3 Once when my auntie's, Virginia and Lois were very young, they converted an old chicken coop into their playhouse. It had chicken wire windows on one side and a door on one end. They devised a lock for the door, which they decided to test. The girls snuck into their house, dumped a bucket of sand on my Grandma Muz's (Susie) carpet and made a beeline for the chicken coop with their Mother in hot pursuit. The lock held tight and they found that if they pressed up against the back wall and held in their tummies, the handle on the broom that Grandma Muz stuck in the chicken wire window would barely brush them. They eventually came out and suffered the consequences.

By: Doris (Weber) Voss

BLACK LAKE REMEMBERED

Each of us remembers Black Lake from our own perspective and mine is certainly not unique from others who grew up there in the 1920's and 1930's. I also had glimpses of what it must have been like at the turn of the century

My mother, Elsie Goldsby described living in what we called "The old cedar shack," a crude cabin built of split cedar with a sleeping loft reached by a ladder. This structure was built on land purchased from an early timber company at the back of the acreage John Goldsby eventually owned. He was allowed to buy each plot as it was logged, so finally built his home on the lake.

Much of the land around the lake was logged in a similar fashion, so the well tended fields that I remember must have been partially cleared and logged off land. Much timber remained, because the family cut shingle bolts and ship's knees from timber left behind.

John planted orchards from trees purchased from an itinerate tree salesman who came through the area, so the old place shows a history of the development of apple tree varieties from the back orchard by the old barn to the front of the place. I still remember little red snow apples with shiny white centers and some unpalatable early ones.

My mother told of hunting ducks and deer, fishing, and the big garden from which her father hauled produce to town to sell to merchants. Apparently, Black Lake was a place where no one need grow hungry, but efforts to live meant hard work.

Although going beyond gradeschool meant boarding in town for early scholars, John and Jane Goldsby's home was well stocked with books and Jane loved to read to the family gathered around her living room fireplace. Mr. Pearson, who lived on the East Side of the lake, started a band of neighborhood youngsters to whom he had taught music. Pictures show well-dressed people enjoying picnics, hunting trips, and other outdoor activities.

The lake level was much lower, so there was a sandy beach along the waterfront where canoes and boats were moored. The proliferation of beavers has now raised the water level and covered much of the beach they enjoyed.

The first road to town wound around trees and in general took the easiest route. Trips to Olympia were dusty or muddy depending on the season. Much of the social life was necessarily confined to the area around the lake. Black Lake had a reputation of being an isolated community and in many ways it was, especially as many were related or had come west on the same wagon trains.

Lil and Charley Wellman lived just down the road from John and Jane Goldsby and a small house was built for Lil and Jane's father, Leonidas Brown, between the two houses. The families were close. I still remember Lil and Jane and their sister, Daisy, giggling together over things they had experienced on their trip west and their early lives.

The long walk to the one room school was then mostly through unsettled land, but beyond the school on the lake was the home of Charley and Liddy Weatherman on prairie land where once the Indians had used a trail to cross the lake and where Black Lake Thompson, had enjoyed swimming with another early settler, George Bush, whose home was south of Tumwater.

Life was not always easy for these early settlers. My mother, Elsie Goldsby, remembered her mother frequently having to go with her father to nurse the sick and deliver babies. Her Uncle Tom Brown and her father and many others moved to the Goldsby house as they grew older, and Jane became their nurse also. Their belongings were left behind in her attic where a row of trunks containing old straight razors, clothing, and other belongings accumulated.

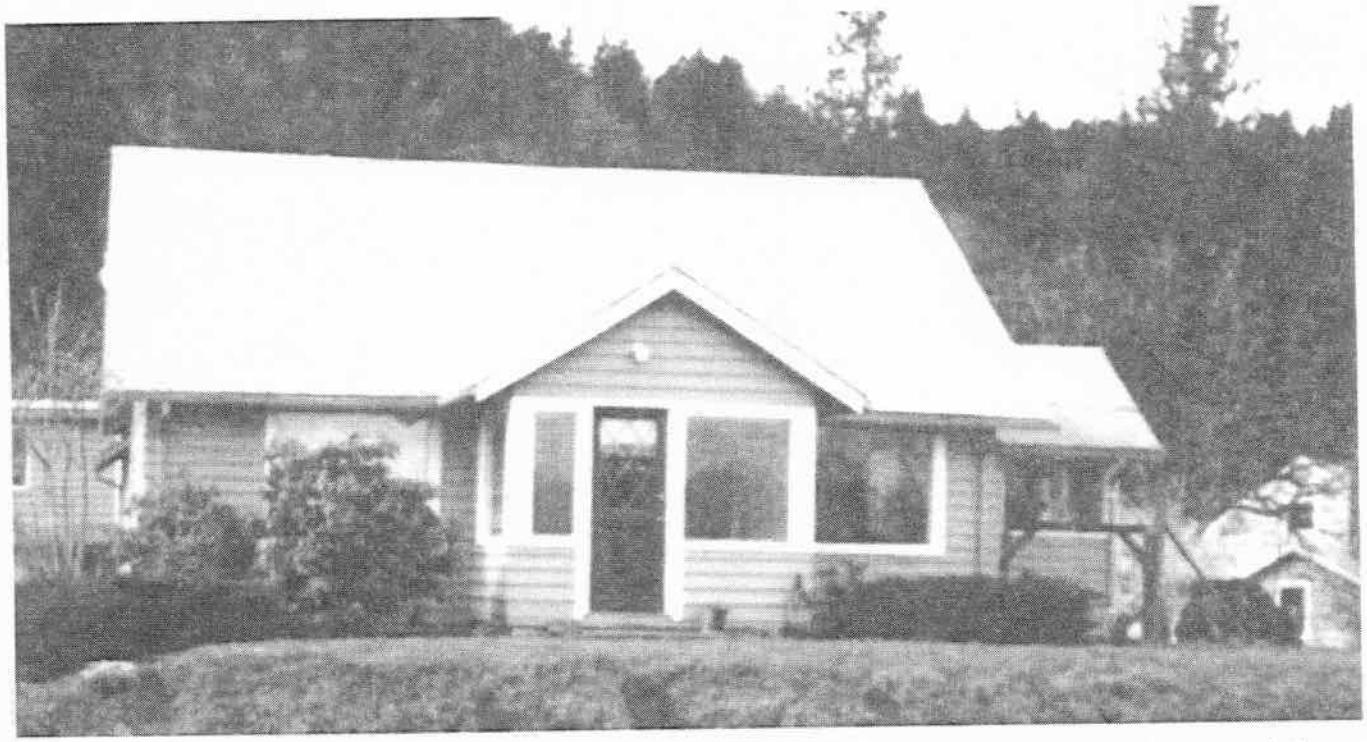
The huge barn built behind the house on the lake was a site of a family tragedy. John's younger brother, Marion, fell from the roof they were shingling and died.

These old people are gone now and a way of life I remembered as a child has also disappeared. The Indians may have mourned the loss of the lake, as they knew it as the

Elsie (Goldsby) & Tony Weber

Tony Weber Sawmill, located in Black Hills West of Black Lake

Tony Weber Sawmill, located at the corner of Black Lake Road and Nels Brown road



Eva (Muir) & Floyd Goldsby / Norma (Lehman) & John Weber / Jenny ( ) & Sanford Barnes

settlers moved in. In turn, my parents and grandparents would have found the increasing traffic and noise and habitat destruction unsettling, though new settlers seemed to have been welcome.

I should like to have seen the lake when the water was less high and it was possible to canoe from the south end of the lake down the Black River. What does the future hold? I envision condos and a constant buzz of personal watercraft and large motorboats. Guarding against that will take hard work and willpower. I hope someone younger than my seventy-seven years takes up the task. I would also hope that the sense of community my grandparents enjoyed will not completely be lost.

Black Lake is a special place and it is now up to a younger generation to continue the community of caring people that was special about growing up on the lake.

By: Marie (Weber) Brown, 1998

The 1920's – 1930's

The general shape, of course hasn't changed from when I was young, but Black Lake as I knew it has disappeared forever. Houses crowd its shore line, speed boats and jet skis howl their way from end to end and side to side, their wake eroding the banks and their motors dripping oil and gasoline into the water. Weekends at the lake are now more of a noisy nightmare than a tranquil pleasure.

Some of my best memories of the lake seem to be evening ones. The bullfrogs that "gronked" from each end of it. Zig (Kenneth) Wellman standing in his rowboat "plunking" for bass. The hoarse calls of the "bull bats" (nighthawks) as they swooped for insects. The sound of Deke Pearson playing his saxophone across the lake and it's tea-like colored water.

The lake, for the most part is spring fed with Scott Creek and a few other minor creeks running into it. The natural drainage to the south is now blocked by the many beaver dams across Black River, so the water is much higher than it used to be when I was young. The ditch running into Percival Creek can't handle the excess and as a result the beaches I used to know are mostly covered with water.

I have waded in many areas along the lake shore and the variety of materials underfoot is quite amazing. In front of what was the John Goldsby place there is blue clay and at one time willows and reeds grew down to the water line. In front of the store there was quite a wide beach with a boat house. It had wooden walks inside and was open to the lake. There were logs on each side that allowed it to float in the winter when the water was high.

To the south where I lived (the Tony Weber place) the bank to the lake is high and there was a trail leading down to the road to a wonderful sandy beach. There was a spring next to the bank, cold and clear. We would swim there and sometimes have lunch on the beach. The first few swimming days in the spring were usually spent diving for sticks and branches that had accumulated during the winter. There was a tree that had fallen into the

water and we called it our "fishing log". We'd sit on it and fish for perch with a long stick, fish line attached, a hook tied on the end and a wriggling worm for bait.

At the Maples (now called Salmon shores, for some inexplicable reason) the beach is gravelly with quite a steep slope underwater. There was a large metal top anchored to the bottom of the lake a little way off shore. You could stand on it and grasp the steering wheel-shaped thing in the middle and run fast and then stop and hang on. It would go around and around for quite awhile. There was a float anchored out further with a diving platform perhaps eight feet high. Columbus Park also has a gravel beach. It doesn't slope as quickly as the Maples and had a float with a diving board and a higher tower than the one at the Maples. There was a dock running out from the shore where the rental boats were tied up and a high swing near the water, lots of big fir tree, an open sided kitchen and quite a lot of picnic tables. Our school picnics were held there, the ones on Fourth of July and the logger picnics on Labor Day. There were teeter totters and horseshoe pits and a baseball field.

When Mr. Kruetzcamp ran the park, he built several small bridges across Scott Creek and a gazebo near where the car bridge went across. Most of his structures were made of fir poles and lath, so didn't last very many years. But they added a lot to the looks and feel of the place, decorative if not too practical. For a year or so there were pens south of Scott Creek with a few deer and another pen nearer the store with raccoons in it.

Later a pavilion was built near the lake with dressing rooms underneath and a jukebox inside. It soon became a gathering place for most of the teenagers in the community and the bullfrogs now had to compete with "In the Mood" and "Roll out the Barrel".

The beaches south of Scott Creek continued to be gravel as far as Guerin's Cove. The cove has a sort of mud bottom with waterlillies and cattails. There is sand again past the cove and then peat bottom full of lumps and holes. Wading there was a treacherous undertaking. Stick your foot in a hole or over a "drop-off" and you could find yourself sitting with water up to your armpits or in over your head.

It seems strange to me to speak of south and north as directions on the lake, since we always went up to the park (south) and down to the store (north). We went up to school and down to Lloyd and Grace Brown's place.

For several years some cavalry soldiers from Fort Lewis bivouacked in the Weatherman field just south of the school. They pitched their tents, tied their horses to long ropes that were attached to post on each end, they dug latrines and built campfires. Once in awhile some of us would be around looking hungry and they would treat us to large hot dogs or sausages.

One year, some of them attended a dance being held at the old school house, or "Hall" as we called it. One of the soldiers was square dancing with our current teacher. He whirled her around and around and she fainted. He nearly died of embarrassment.

The hall was across the playground to the north of the school. It had a kitchen and a stage. Most school programs, dances and meetings were held there, rather like a community center. North of the Hall was a shed with stalls for horses. It hadn't been used for many years when I was attending school, but it still smelled a little "horsey". The

school was remodeled the year I graduated from grade school (1936) and our studies were done to the tune of hammers and saws.

Black Lake Grange organized a baseball team along with quite a few other granges in the county: Spurgeon Creek, Littlerock, Chambers Prairie, etc. When the Black Lake team had home games, they were played at first in the Weatherman field, but a regular ball field was made on property between the Maples and Columbus Park. It had a chicken wire backstop and bleachers. These were built of rough lumber only slightly hand planed to eliminate the worst of the splinters. So it was smart to bring a blanket or something like that to sit on. I believe my father (Tony Weber) had a lot to do with organizing the baseball team. I know he played on it and did a lot of the work building the bleachers, the lumber for which he cut in his sawmill

After the school had been remodeled to its present form, it was used as the Hall had been. School programs and such were held there. At one period the people in the neighborhood put on plays, one of which included the men dressed in tutus and dancing as the "Lulubelle Chorus" while the piano player played "The Flight of the Bumblebee".

A lot of my childhood was spent in, on, besides or under the lake. It was nearly as much a part of life as my parents or siblings. I waded in the water and looked for arrowheads, swam either on top or underwater as the notion struck me, paddled the dugout canoe or rowed the boat, fished for perch and crappie, found crawdads under rocks, roasted their tails over a fire and tried to eat them, dove from the high tower at Columbus Park (once)! It took me more time than I care to think about to fight my way back to the surface from that little venture.

In the fall the air would get a bluish haze with a pungent smell of burning peat. Someone had built a fire at the north end of the lake years a go and it smoldered underground for most of the year, only breaking to the surface in late autumn. To me it was a signal that summer vacation was almost over and school days weren't too far off. On with the shoes and into a dress, with the overalls put aside for after school and weekends. Rain and cold weather were on the way.

A few time in my memory the lake froze over. It would come alive with skaters and sledders and kids scooting around in their shoes or boots with tingling fingers and icy noses. There would be large bonfires on the shores here and there and sometimes hot dogs and something hot to drink.

Well, I have taken you along the West Side
of the lake from north to south, through the
seasons from spring to winter on my journey
into the past. If my memories have sometimes
been tinged by the rosy glow of sentimentality,
I at least, have enjoyed the trip.

By: Doris (Weber) Voss and Marie (Weber) Brown

THE TIE MILL

Most of the old growth timber had been logged in the area of Black Lake by the end of the 19th Century. These trees were large (up to 6 feet in diameter) and cutting down a tree of that size using an old fashioned falling saw was no small undertaking. Only the choicest trees were cut, some of the crooked ones were cut into "ship knees" or made into firewood. The trees were cut high above the swell of the roots and some of the old growth stumps are eight feet high, still showing the notches of the springboards.

By the 1920's second growth timber was beginning to be available. The Goldsby brothers were joined by their new brother-in-law, our Dad, Tony Weber, in logging operations. They cut the trees by hand with falling and cross-cut saws (misery whips) and yarded logs with a team of horses.

Dad eventually had his own mill with an old car motor for power, a large circular saw and a carriage to hold the logs being sawed. Logs were brought to a landing, aligned for the saw, then rolled in place with a peevee and then sawed. The carriage could be moved back and forth by power but the logs were turned by hand.

First, four slabs were cut from the log then it was cut into railroad ties and rough lumber. Dad was the sawyer and his ability to figure out what to cut from individual logs was vital to the success of the operation.

While at first the logs were pulled to the mill with a team of horses, eventually a donkey engine did that work with the help of lines from a spar tree. A tall tree was topped and limbed. Lines were rigged to the donkey and thence to logs to be pulled to the landing.

Topping and rigging the spar tree was done by our Dad and our Mom (Elsie) would spend an anxious day while he did this dangerous work. Most of the mill work was heavy and risky but this was the worst.

The mill was moved from place to place where enough timber was available to justify a setting. An early site was off the Trosper Road—just beyond the railroad tracks. Another was behind our home at Black Lake; however, the most of the sites were up the Brown Road (now Alpine Hills). Eventually a larger mill was established at the junction of the Nels Brown Road and Black Lake Road and the logs trucked in. This mill was operated by Dad, his brother John Weber and brother-in-law Ivan Goldsby. About 1940 the mill was closed because of lack of logs. Most money from the mill was generated by the sale of railroad ties (6 x 8's or 7 x 9"s). These were trucked to the railroads in Olympia or to Belmore, where they were loaded onto railroad cars for shipment. Charlie Weber hauled most of the ties in the late 1930's. He had a flatbed truck and the ties were loaded and unloaded using a pickaroon and a whole lot of hard work.

One day when the mill setting was up near Hart Creek, Uncle Floyd (Goldsby) was setting chokers. He had pulled the line out and signaled to Dad he was all set, but when Dad gave a pull with the Donkey nothing happened. The line seemed to be stuck fast. After pulling a couple more times he decided not to risk his equipment and went to

investigate. He found the choker attached to a stump and Uncle Floyd down fishing in the creek!

After the mill was moved from a setting there were left behind large heaps of sawdust and big piles of slabs. Quite a lot of the area people got their winter wood there. Most of the slab wood was cut on the spot using a buzz saw.

At one time the mill supported as many as 35 people, including those who bought slab wood for resale. Times began to change, and Black Lake and Delphi areas could no longer depend on the woods for logs. Most of the available second growth fir having been harvested and, at the time, there was no demand for alder or maple.

Among the men who worked at and for the mill at various times were the Goldsby brothers: Floyd, Clyde, Ivan, Del; Art Shaw; Cliff Darling; Alvin Wellman; John Weber; Charley Weber; Stanley Brown; Roscoe Haeger; Maurice Van Mechelen; Dick Rollman and Ike Prather. And there were undoubtedly were a lot more that we haven't mentioned. The mill provided an income for quite a lot of people over the years and during some pretty tough times.

By: Marie (Weber) Brown

SCHOOL DAZED

When I attended school at Black Lake there was one room for all eight grades. There was an entryway with the bell tower above, a broken sink or fountain in it where the water bucket, complete with dipper, was kept. When you went into the schoolroom there were three doors to your right. The first one was metal and opened to a brick lined room originally designed to hold the huge black stove. When it was discovered that the stove only heated the brick lined room, it was moved into the schoolroom and the brick lined room was used for wood storage.

Next was the door to the cloakroom with a place to hang coats and a shelf above for lunches. The last door led to the book room. There must not have been an over abundance of books because it was quite small.

South of the school was the woodshed and the outhouse that was for the girls. The boys one was to the North

The schoolhouse had a large porch on the East side, and a flagpole Northeast of the school, a fence by the road with bridal wreath bushes growing over it.

Recess and lunchtime at school had a lot of the usual games: "Anty over" (the woodshed), "pom pom pull away", "mother may I?" and various others, but the ones that stick in my memory were the cattle roundups and the logging team. We spent a lot of time in the fall making maple leaf corrals where the older boys would herd the lowly cattle (mostly the younger boys and a few girls) into the "corrals" and push leaves into the opening in the "fence" where we had to stay until we were herded out or the school bell rang to send us back inside. Ethel (Sturdevant) broke her arm playing in the leaves, but the cowboys took pity on her and decided not to shoot her. So she went to the doctor to have it set instead

The logging team consisted of Pard Sturdevant, Sid Lehman and Gene Goldsby. One of them would bring ropes to school, two of the boys would be the team of horses and the third was the driver. The team would be hitched together, then the logging began. They would usually start out in the big woods North of the school grounds. They would tie the rope to a limb and drag it across the schoolyard to the little woods South of the school, then go back for another. After all available "Logs" had been transferred from woods to the other; the next order of business was to pull them all back to the other side. This occupation would last over a period of days or weeks, according to the weather. It was necessary when tying the rope to the limb to say "Cackleoak". When unhooking they said "Uncackleoak". I have no idea where the terms originated, maybe from "Tick-a-lock" for imaginary locking a door.

In any case, by the end of the school year most of the "Logs" had lost all their twigs and bark and logging operations were suspended for the summer, only to be resumed in the fall until eventually this form of entertainment gave place to more sophisticated things. I would like to go back and see if I could remember how to construct a maple leaf corral, and to watch the draft horse team pulling their "Logs" across the schoolyard, but the South woods is gone and the North one seems to be mostly bushes now.

By: Irene (Weber) Doughty

BLACK LAKE LEGACY

From a 1930's Childhood

I hope that every one of you has known
A Black Lake kind of childhood of your own- -
A place of peace, serenity and, yes,
A place just to be lonely in, I guess.

But knowing in a house around each bend
Lived a cousin, aunt or uncle or a friend
Who smiled at you and called you by your name
And made you feel important when you came.

I hope you knew a childhood free from crowds
Where you could follow faces in the clouds,
Or run across the fields and through the wood
With a pirate (one or two) or Robin Hood.

I hope that every one of you has found
A place where silence is the loudest sound- -
A bird call or a fish jump- -nothing more.
Above the whispered waters on the shore.

I hope you knew a Scott Creek, apple trees,
A penny candy store, and all of these!
A one-room school, a lake in fog, a boat to row- -
The things each child in us has need to know.

If this is time or place you never knew
Relive the life your "gramma" shared with you.
(You'll get another crack at it, I'm told,
And be a child again when you are old.)

By: Al Weber

BLACK LAKE MEMORIES

My immediate family included my dad, Anthony Sebastian (Tony) Weber, my mom, Victoria Elsie Goldsby Weber, sisters (oldest to youngest) Doris, Marie, and Irene, and brother John Michael (Mick to me).

Mick came along when I was eleven. In the weeks before the stork brought him there was much talk and concern about Mom's health, with her having high blood pressure and the late pregnancy. I remember Mrs. Barnes, our neighbor, talking with Mom about it. Mick was delivered prematurely. I think he weighed three and a quarter pounds at birth, and had to remain in the hospital until he gained some size. On the evening he finally arrived home, I was down at the lake fishing with Jack Goldsby. We came up to the house upon getting the word. The baby was surely tiny. I remember we compared the size of his foot with my big toe and they were about the same.

The Black Lake area was a rich environment for a kid! There was Black Lake itself, the hills, woods, fields, creeks, wildlife, and farms with farm animals. Our own property had lots of room (forty acres or so). Then there were the people. Many of them were relatives. Everyone knew most everyone else. They were mostly gentle, generous folks and, as far as I remember, got along well and looked out for one another. All in all, I believe the situation was excellent for a young boy.

Grandma Goldsby's place, just north of the Black Lake Store was extra special. Living there in my earliest memory were Grandma Goldsby, Uncle Floyd and Aunt Eva, their son Eugene, and their "star boarder" Jim Talbert. There was so much to do around the place! The main big house with lots of interesting stuff (big fireplace, Monopoly game, stereopticon, piano, National Geographics, attic) Then there was the big barn where you could jump in the hay or sleep in it and look out the big window at the stars; a complete blacksmith shop; Uncle Floyd's lapidary building, a building that contained a cider press and beekeeping equipment, and all kinds of big fruit trees. Then, out of sight up in back of the property there were the old abandoned houses: the "maple tree" house, Uncle Floyd and Aunt Eva's old house, and remains of a house Mom and Dad, and Doris, I think, used to live in.

Mom taught me to swim in Black Lake. She wanted to "drown-proof" me early, I guess, so the first thing she taught me was to push off the bottom toward shore to get into

shallower water. I learned to swim pretty quickly. My favorite thing was swimming under water, which I thought I was pretty good at. When I was old enough my summer days were often spent largely on or around the lake. I would get up at first light and go down to the lake. Looking across, the shoreline would sometimes be white with churning carp as they spawned. I might then go bass fishing, using grasshoppers or a casting plug for bait. Later, I might spend most of the day swimming with friends at Columbus Park.

In the evening when the lake would be flat calm, Jack Goldsby and I might fish for crappie until it was too dark to see.

Other lake activities were looking for arrowheads or just poking around in the boat, going to familiar places such as Sandy Beach or even going venture down Black River.

The madrona tree at the top of our hill was another special place. I think I picked up the special feeling about it from my sisters. It was really just a madrona tree with our and other initials carved in it. Anyway, once in a long while we would make a pilgrimage to the tree, climb up in it, and point out and identify the initials carved there.

Outside of my immediate family my most regular playmates in my young years were my cousins Larry, Margaret and Ron Brown, who lived two houses away. I spent a lot of time with cousins Jack and Stan Goldsby whenever I could. There were other relatives and friends scattered around that I would play with occasionally. Bob Carpenter, Lee Wellman, and Danny Pearson come to mind. At school there were quite a few others, of course.

Christmas was the most exciting holiday. Daddy always found a beautiful tree, usually after a long search back on our property. I think we all helped decorate, but the really wondrous part was when, on Christmas Eve, Mom lighted the candles that had been carefully clipped to the branches. I can't imagine doing that now because of the fire danger, but with the freshly cut tree it probably wasn't so bad. Anyway, it was always beautiful!

We seemed to have enough money for some kinds of gifts. I vaguely remember one Christmas when Mom made some doll clothes for the girls. Later she said that money was very tight for Christmas that year, but I wasn't aware of it at the time.

Halloween was usually fun. There was always talk about outhouses being tipped over, wagons being put on barn roofs, window noise-makers made from thread spools, etc. - more tricks than treats in those days. A favorite Halloween activity for me was going up to Scott Creek at night and using a flashlight to look for salmon. Often I would see my first salmon of the year that way.

Thanksgiving was another "biggie", with the family gathering for dinner at Grandma Goldsby's. Long tables, some made up of sawhorses and boards, were set up in the big living room. Most of the cousins and other relatives would be there, maybe forty or fifty people. And so much food! I remember Stan and Jack Goldsby and I talking a few days before one Thanksgiving, planning how we could prepare ourselves to be able to eat as much as possible.

Fourth of July was always a big day too. There were real fireworks available then. Some memories:

-the fireworks stand Doris, Marie, Ruth Brown and Ruthie Barnes had in front of Barnes's

-blowing up cow pies with firecrackers

-getting a cap gun from Aunt Mary and Uncle Art LaCasse.

-exploding big, waterproof firecrackers under water by tying rocks to the firecrackers before throwing them into the lake.

-Daddy shooting off rockets and roman candles in our front yard.

Being a model child (!), I didn't get into trouble much. Really, with so much room to roam and with few arbitrary rules to break, there were few occasions for confrontation. The folks just didn't take a harsh approach. I don't remember Daddy even scolding me (though he probably did). Mom's way was usually to make you feel guilty rather than to get angry. She often told little morality tales that let you know how she felt about certain behavior such as lying or being mean to animals (farm animals, that is. She never objected to my killing squirrels, birds, or any other wildlife). I do remember getting scolded for pointing a bent-stick gun at a playmate. "Never point even a pretend-gun at another person or anything else you don't want to shoot." That always seemed like a good rule to me because we did have guns around and I understood the connection.

A general rule Mom had for me was that I was to ask permission before going somewhere away from home. Failure to do that got me into trouble one summer day when Larry, Margaret, and I went in the boat to the south end of the lake and were gone for several hours. Neither their parents nor mine knew where we were. When we got home Larry and Margaret got spankings, but I didn't. Mom said that the sunburn I got was probably punishment enough. I felt guilty about having worried the folks and guilty about Larry and Margaret getting spanked while I didn't.

With all that unsupervised freedom and the typical, wonderful judgment of a kid, it's not surprising that from time to time I would do something stupid and dangerous. My most notable effort in that regard was the day I touched the electric power line. This happened when I was playing with Larry and Margaret Brown by the road near Joe Brown's house. I climbed a cedar tree that had grown so that its branches were up among the high-voltage power lines, probably about thirty feet above the ground. I saw one of the wires within easy reach.

"It looks like it's insulated," I called down to Larry and Margaret.

"You'd better not touch it!" Larry shouted back.

Ignoring this good advice, I gingerly reached out and put my hand on the wire. I immediately "froze" to it as the power surged through me. The shock must have knocked me out. The next thing I knew, I was climbing down from one of the bottom branches. I had fallen away from the wire, flipped over in the air (according to Larry's report later) and very luckily had been caught by the branches near the ground. A well-shaken kid, I headed for home after swearing to secrecy Larry and Margaret, who were also pretty shaken by what they had just seen. When I got home I crawled up on Mom's lap for awhile. I told Mom, "I had a little shock awhile ago". Mom suspected that something serious had happened, and checked me over. I had burns on my body in several places,

including a deep burn in the back of one leg and burns on my feet where each metal tennis shoelace eye had been.

When I was quite a bit older (but not much wiser), Danny Pearson and I tried our hands at deep-sea diving. We manufactured ourselves some diving equipment with a five-gallon paint can for helmet (complete with glued-on celluloid window), tire pump, garden hose, and a rope harness to keep the helmet on. To the harness we attached pieces of scrap-iron for weight. This apparatus would actually work somewhat, as the trapped air inside the inverted bucket would keep the water out and provide a space for breathing.

One of us would tie on this gear and go under water while the other would pump rapidly on the tire pump in the boat or on the float above to send down air. One day we were doing this off the big float at Columbus Park, and I was the one down below. When I started to come up, I had a lot of trouble getting the weights untied. Then, while I was really in need of air, I came up under the float and had to scramble my way out and to the surface. It was a close enough thing that I kind of lost interest in deep-sea diving after that.

My earliest memory of school was of sitting at a desk in the old grange hall where kids were temporarily housed while the old bell-tower school was being remodeled and enlarged to two rooms. I was probably just visiting, because I'm sure my first grade was in the new school.

Some time after, probably early the next fall, our family went for an evening get-together at the new school to meet Mr. Thun, the new principal-teacher. Mom told him that I was worried about having a principal. Mr. Thun sat me down at a desk and talked with me in a cheerful, friendly way.

Miss Watson was my first teacher. She taught the first four grades in one room, while Mr. Thun taught grades five through eight in the other. Having several grades in each room helped keep things interesting, and I think Miss Watson, Mr. Thun, and most of my other grade school teachers must have been pretty good teachers. Mr. Thun was especially appreciated. He was an outstanding, highly respected person who went above and beyond in his teaching. One special occasion for me was when he took Jack Goldsby and me to a Harlem Globetrotters basketball game one evening.

I think I must have been a fairly good student. I remember being very upset after missing my first spelling word on a weekly spelling test in the first grade. I think I embarrassed Irene, who was a couple rows over, by making a fuss about missing the word. I especially enjoying arithmetic and, in upper grades in English, diagramming sentences.

At recesses we were on our own. We played in the woods on the school property or played work-up in softball or whatever. There were no playground supervisors as there would certainly be now. Occasionally, Mr. Thun would come out and join us in softball, and we enjoyed that a lot. Even with his one polio-shortened leg, he could hustle pretty well.

Here are some random elementary school memories.

-knocking myself out playing eraser tag during a rainy recess. I slipped while running after someone and hit my head on the wall.

-fighting with Jack Christian on the way home from school (many times).

-trading something with Lee Wellman and Mom insisting that we trade back.

-Clarence Ware batting cross-handed but hitting the ball a mile.

-going to Tumwater School for a spring musical event. We rode in the old wooden school bus driven by Morris (Shorty) Van Mechelen. The bus looked like the "Toonerville Trolley" and the Tumwater kids razzed us plenty.

Besides generally entertaining ourselves there were some special occasions. We went to movies in town once in awhile. This was usually for the whole family. Afterwards we would usually stop for Karmelkorn or pick up some Charlie's hamburgers.

The schoolhouse was the center for many activities. The grange met there. Dances - square and otherwise - were held there fairly often, with music played by people in the community. These were lively affairs with adults and kids of all ages. Mom usually sat out the dances, but she did dance with Daddy once in a while.

We also had a series of evening programs at the schoolhouse. The people of the north and south ends of the community would take turns providing the entertainment. Foolish skits and singing were the usual fare. I remember taking part in a sit-down strike scene in one play and singing a duet with Jack Goldsby. Jack had a good voice and I didn't. Jack complained afterward that he couldn't hear me. I knew it would be better that way, but the main reason was that I had been scared to death! Another memory is of being impressed and proud of Uncle Del Goldsby singing "Asleep on the Deep" in a rich bass voice.

Here are some other memories:

-Joe Brown playing his piano and singing "Teddy Bears' Picnic", and "I'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter"

-camping at Iron Springs at the ocean for a week with several families of aunts and uncles and cousins. The men did a lot of surf fishing, the women in camp cooking and talking, and the kids off endlessly playing. I really enjoyed having so many people camping together like that.

-hiking with Daddy and Uncle Floyd Goldsby on the hill back of our place. Uncle Floyd had his twenty-two pistol along (as usual on a hike), and we took turns shooting at a target with it.

-living in the garage while the house was being remodeled after Mick was born. Fred (?) Lancaster and Art Shaw were two men who helped in the remodel.

-Daddy shooting a bear up in the pasture. It was early in the morning and I was asleep when the sound of the gun woke me up. I remember the dead bear hanging in the barn and people commenting that the skinned carcass looked like a human body.

-cutting my hand on my knife when I fell on it during a scuffle with sister Doris down on the Brown Road.

-Uncle Floyd Goldsby's knife collection. Everyone was excited when Uncle Floyd was the successful bidder on a police or sheriff's auction of confiscated knives. I was interested in knives at the time, whittling, trading knives, etc., so was really taken by Uncle Floyd's treasure trove. After that I would have regular dreams in which I would find a cache of knives somewhere.

World War II began when I was thirteen years old. I remember hearing on the radio that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor, getting on my bike, and riding down the road telling people about it. I felt important to be bringing such big news.

My age was such that I didn't get into military service, but the war certainly did affect our lives. Sister Doris enlisted in the army, eventually going to England and France. Several cousins also went into the military. Radio reports of the war's progress and casualties became highly important and personal.

With a navy base at Bremerton and a big army base at Fort Lewis we saw a lot of sailors and soldiers, some of whom came out to Black Lake for recreation when on leave. Some soldiers assigned to a radio facility on top of Capitol Peak were housed at The Maples Resort on Black Lake. I got acquainted with several of them. One, Fred Doughty, became Sister Irene's husband.

Marie also got married during the war, to Stanley Brown. That left just brother Mick and me at home with the folks.

So those are some of the things I do remember (though some of them probably incorrectly). I'm grateful to have had the kind of childhood I had. There isn't a lot I would have changed.

By: Kathie (Brown) Mueller

MEMORIES OF
BLACK LAKE, DELPHI AND WADDELL CREEK

I don't remember this, but understand the first place I lived was in a cabin next to the Black Lake Grocery. That cabin, as I remember was still there into the 1980's.

The next place I'm told we lived was up Waddell Creek Road. I think that was called the Hendershot house. Don't remember too much about that, except there was a family nearby with a son named Jackie that I liked to play with. I can remember an incident where I was going to walk over a path through this real tall grass. Evidently I stopped and screamed at a pile of horse manure. I got in trouble. I wonder if there had been a snake somewhere near that pile of manure and it was gone before Mom got there—and I couldn't talk, so how would she know?

The first place I really remember being was on what is now the Nels road, about a half-mile from the Black Lake road on the right. It used to be the Nels Brown road, but I think people in the neighborhood got tired of strangers coming around and looking for the Brown road, which is on up off the Delphi road. So they just decided to call it the Nels road.

I remember a few things from when we lived there. Some music, maybe - " Ghost Riders in the Sky" by Jackie Laine? And especially "Chickory Chick, Cha La Cha La, Wallica Wallica in a Bananica, Can't you see? Chickory Chick is me!" There was more, but I never did get that right, but Margie (Brown) Perkins and Sandra Sturdevant tried their best to teach it to me.

Kate (Hendershot) & Ross Brown log house
This was also the location of a house owned by Docia (Adams) & Joseph L. Brown and the location of the first Delphi Post Office. Also the birth place of Joseph Emmett Brown in 1900

POST CARD

ZOOD'S

WATERVILLE WA. AUG 24 3:30 P 1926

ADDRESS

CORRESPONDENCE

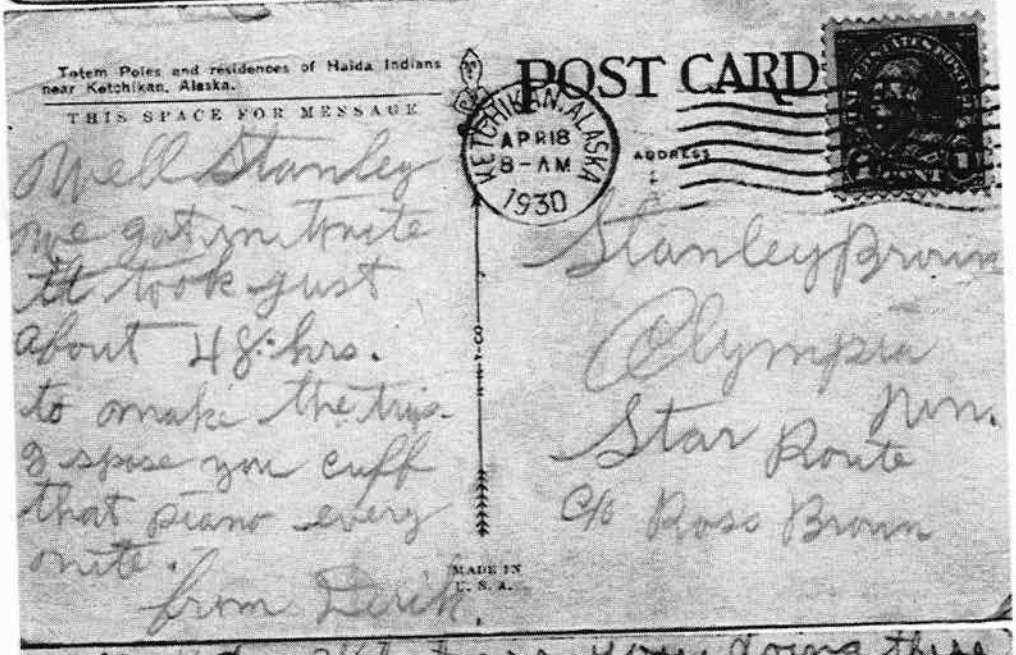
Well have rec are at Water- vill and are well and sent to Tacoma write to

Thousand miles

P. Brown

Sidney Brown
Olympia
Wash

Maytown Star Rout


Totem Poles and residences of Haida Indians near Ketchikan, Alaska.

POST CARD

KETCHIKAN, ALASKA APR 18 8-AM 1930

THIS SPACE FOR MESSAGE

Well Stanley We got in route it took just about 24 hrs. to make the trip. I spose you cuff that piano every nite.

from Earl.

MADE IN U. S. A.

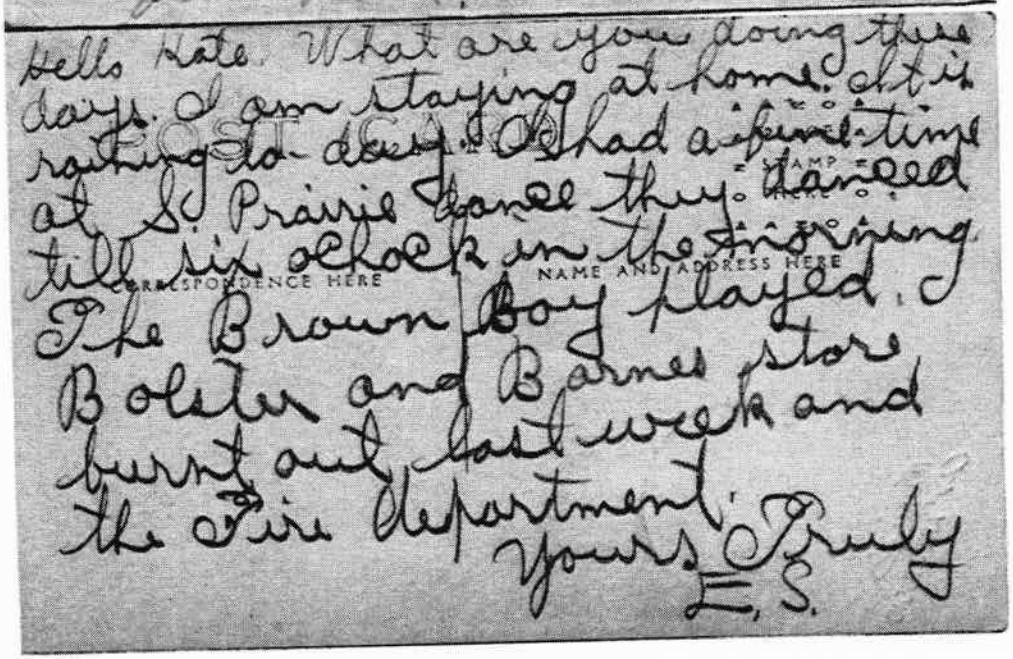
ADDRESS

Stanley Brown

Olympia

Star Rout

C/o Ross Brown


Hello Nate. What are you doing these days. I am staying at home. It is raining to-day. I had a fine time at St. Prairie dance thur. danced till six o'clock in the morning.

CORRESPONDENCE HERE

NAME AND ADDRESS HERE

STAMP HERE

The Brown Boy played. Bolster and Barnes store burnt out last week and the Fire Department.

Yours Truly

E. S.

Another thing I kind of remember when we lived there, but also have heard a few times since then, was a day Dad and I were outside and he had a fire going – I do remember where it was – in the front yard, not far from where the swing was hanging in a tree by the driveway. I do kind of remember Byron Perkins coming up the road real fast and rushing up to me and asking what I was doing. I told him I was pouring water on the fire – but it wasn't water, it was gas or oil or something like that. Thanks, Byron, wherever you are! And something else about the swing – of course I didn't understand it then – but Byron sure had fun pushing Margie in that swing!

The last thing I remember about living at that house was not wanting to move away. Carla and I wouldn't have any place to play hide-and-seek. We were probably about 4 (me) and 3 (Carla) at the time. I think Mom taught us that hide-and-seek game –but I don't remember anyone ever trying to find us.

Anyway, we moved up to the Wick place. That's up the Brown road, off Delphi – probably two miles. Lots of memories from there. I had a red cow that I milked – probably just to keep me busy till Dad finished his cow, but I had a little silver bucket and did get some milk in it once. I was taking real good care of Carla one day while Mom and Dad were busy and was putting foxgloves on her fingers – oops! There was a bee in one of them. Boy did she scream! I got in trouble.

On the way up there, when you turned off the Delphi road, the first house on the right was Mrs. Dougherty's. Don't remember her much. Then, there was Mr. Gazda. He raised sheep. I remember him standing in front of his house one time with a lamb and waving at us as we went up the road. Probably could hear us a mile away. I don't know what kind of car we had, but it was probably real quiet up there, so you could hear any car coming up the road. Then you could turn right and go to Aunt Ollie's, or go a little further and turn left and get to the Wick place.

Aunt Ollie's place was about a half mile off to the right of Brown road. Her road was just a dirt road – one-way traffic only. But people were always polite in those days, so if you met a car, both cars just went as far to the right as they could into the brush, and they always managed to squeeze by, unless they decided to stop and talk for a LONG time. When I wanted to get to Ollie's, I didn't want to wait for the grown-ups to be talking. Her house sat up to the left. It was a log house. I think I remember it being moved from beyond where Meyer's house is now – not sure.

If you went on down past Ollie's a little ways, there used to be a house off to the right. You had to go over a little bridge to get there. Carl Hendershot lived there, and there was a big barn. Well, when you're about four years old, I guess any barn looks big. I lost something there. It was an ankle bracelet. I don't know why I had an ankle bracelet, but I loved it. Patsy and Carla and I were playing in the barn and that's the last time I saw the ankle bracelet.

So, back to Ollie's house. I remember her separating milk in her kitchen. There was a real shiny silver separator that she would put a filter in and pour the milk in and milk would come out one side and cream would come out the other. Carl was there. Carla (whose is named after Carl, by the way) had a problem with milk -- maybe the cream part. Anyway, after the milk is separated, it must not have any butter fat in it, so she

could drink that. It looked blue. So, Carl called it turkey milk. Carla could have turkey milk and I could have the regular kind.

Ollie loved flowers. One day I remember going up there and the dahlias were HUGE! Well, to a five-year-old they were real big — like trees. It seemed like an acre of dahlias. Beautiful!

And the creek. I remember going down there with Patsy and Sally and building little dams for the baby fish. It was real fun.

Now to a very favorite place. Grandpa's (Ross Brown). That was the old log house that sat off to the right just before the Delphi School House. We were there a lot. Bernard lived there too when we were little. We would always come up to the front door and when we would ask where Grandpa was, Bernard would say "He broke his leg and we had to shoot him". The first time or two I probably believed that, but Grandpa always showed up, so we kinda knew it was a joke.

There was a barn where we could play in the hay. There were chicken nest all over the place where we could get eggs — which I'm sure now we shouldn't have done. There was the creek to just watch crawdads and bullheads or wade in. Over by the Delphi Road, salmon used to come up the creek in the fall — big, stinky ones.

Sidney and Carrie lived across the road from Grandpa. We spent a lot of time there too. I barely remember Carrie, but she was always nice to us. The last time I saw her was in the hospital in Shelton. The creek that was at Grandpa's went under a bridge and behind Sidney's house. Always did like that creek — on both sides of the road.

Another place we spent a lot of time was at Granny and Grandpa Tony's (Weber), at the top of the hill as you go up Black Lake Road on the West Side of the lake. We could play in the Lake, but we couldn't get rowdy and scream, or Mom would be at the top of the hill telling us to be quiet. People should only scream if there was trouble. Even in those days (late 1940s), the lake was considered dirty. We always had to take a shower after we swam. People were afraid of Polio.

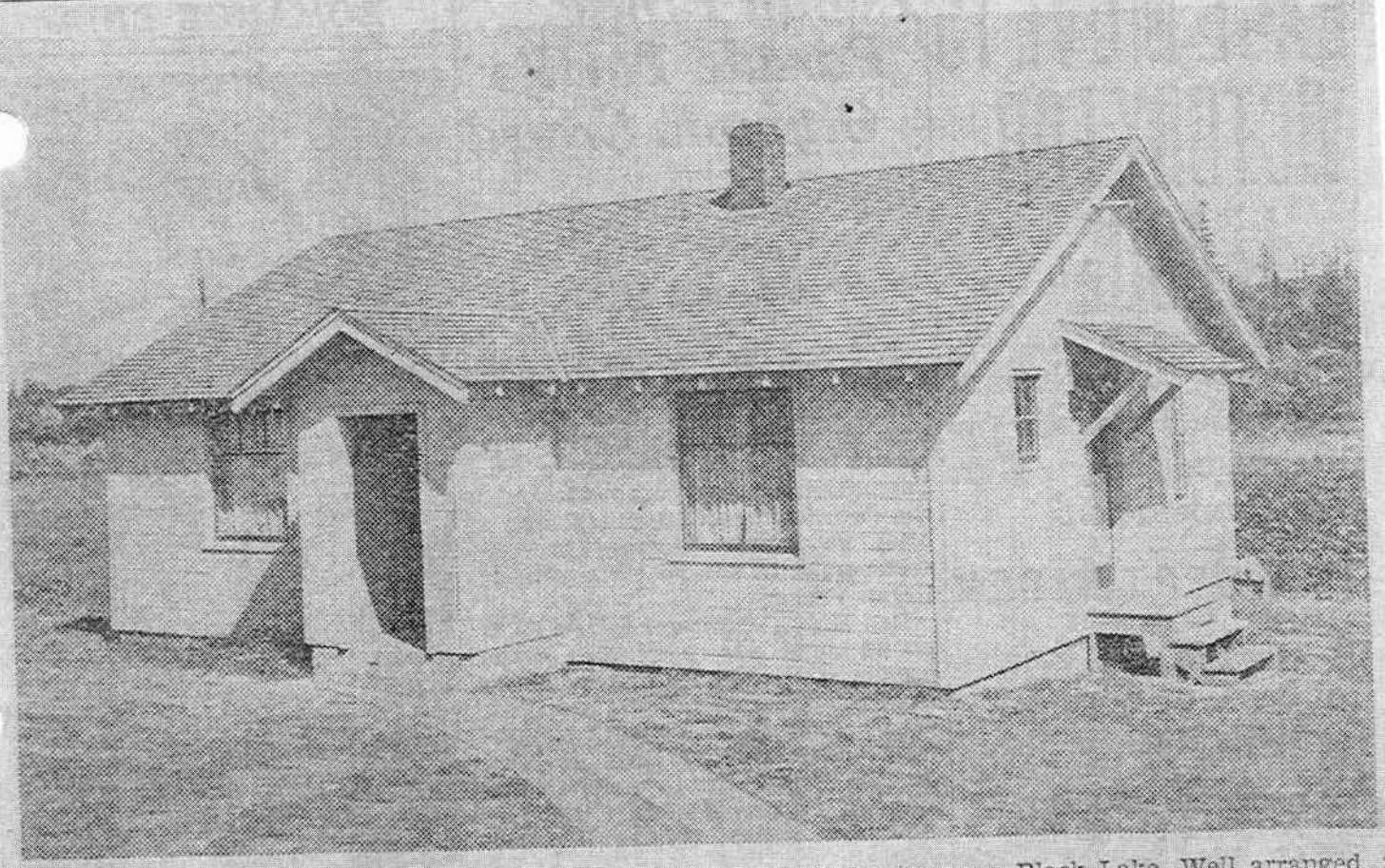
I learned to swim at Columbus Park in the wading pool. Some bigger girl was there who taught us (Carla and I) to float our bodies and walk our hands along the bottom, then practice picking up our hands and floating. Worked good.

Columbus Park was neat! Lots of big trees and swings and an outside kitchen. We had family reunions there. Especially remember one that was for Grandma Goldsby's birthday. There were a lot of relatives there. And yellow cake with real whipped cream and bananas.

Black Lake Grange was a real gathering place for the neighborhood. It seems like there was a dance there every Saturday night. Either just a dance or a benefit dance where people donated money when someone was having troubles. Someone would always pour powdered wax on the floor (I first thought it was Ivory Snow, but think it was wax) and the younger kids' job was to work it around by sliding all over the floor. That was fun, and bet it was figured to let us get a bunch of exercise so we would be tired the rest of the night. And I do remember falling asleep a few times.

There was always good food for the break times. I especially remember egg sandwiches, and the first time I tasted ground bologna sandwich – real good!

MRS. CARPENTER'S NEW HOME NEAR BLACK LAKE



his home has just been completed for Mrs. Martha Belle Carpenter near Black Lake. Well arranged, it cludes two bedrooms, living room, kitchen and bathroom. It has concrete foundation. The cost was only $1,100. Hyak Lumber and Millwork Company furnished the material and Ostrom & Milholland handled theconstr uction.

Martha Carpenter. House built c.1936. Previous house burned in 1934 and the family moved to Columbus Park.

Clifford Reif was the main square dance caller, but Mom could fill in just fine. Dad played the fiddle, the banjo and guitar. Grandpa played the fiddle. Bob Brown played the guitar and Dorothy played the piano. Esther Swanson played the piano and accordion. The first electric guitar in the neighborhood was Connie Swanson's and he played real good. Vern Kirkpatrick played the fiddle. Once in a while they could get Joe Brown up there to play the piano. There was a religious song – usually the Old Rugged Cross. And the dance seems like it always ended with The Waltz You Saved For Me. Then it was time to go home.

We spent a lot of time at Bob and Dorothy's and Kirkpatrick's, Swanson's and our house while the music players practiced. I remember those as real good times, but usually late into the night.

By: Wallace Carpenter

Three Stories

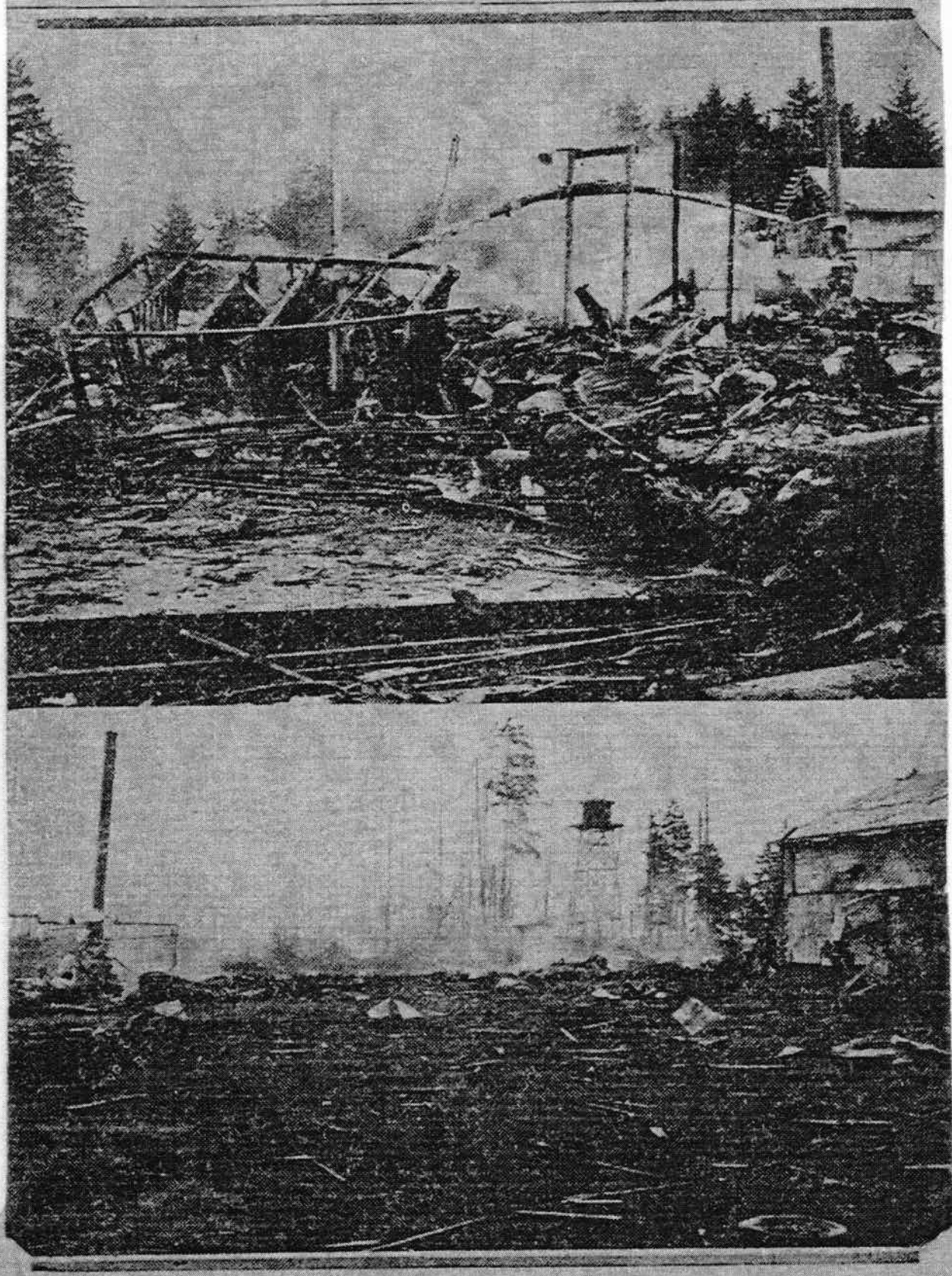
I don't like to tattle, but the stories are about the escapades that Carlun Ware and I had growing up at Black Lake.

1st Story: Before we were old enough to have driver's license, I used to have a horse named "Old Dan". I used to ride Old Dan all over the place. One day, I rode the horse over to Carlun's house and coaxed him into riding the horse with me. Well, the Ware's driveway was about ¼ mile long. So we started out and the horse was going along at a pretty good pace, and Carlun started to slip off. So he grabs onto me, so I grabbed hold of the horse's neck to keep from falling off. Well, I slipped off the horse, but I was still hanging onto the horse's neck, then the horse stopped. I looked around for Carlun and found him in the bushes, where he had landed when he fell off.

2nd Story: As we grew a little older, both of us had gotten a car and Carlun's cousin, Dorothy Tanner, had come out to visit from West Virginia and I was going to take her to the movies. We had just left and were headed for town. We got as far as Scott Creek, when we met Carlun in his car. I swerved to the right and Carlun swerved to the left. Then I swerved again, and Carlun kept coming, and then he swerved and by that time I had run out of room and headed for the ditch. I turned the wheel and gave it some gas and made it out of the ditch without getting stuck. And then went on to the show.

3rd Story: Later on, when we were a little older and Carlun and I were sporting a couple of girls and we were taking the girls home out on Steamboat Island. On the way home, we got hold of some beer. We each had a few and of course both of us were still minors. We were driving down the road kinda fast and we hit a berm and rolled the car over. There we were, upside down. We managed to get out of the car and got the car turned right side up again and went home. Next night we were going to a dance at the Eagles, and Carlun says, "sure is drafty". Seems that while we were hanging upside down in the car the night before, the battery acid had somehow dripped on the seat of his pants and had eaten holes in the seat of his pants. So we had to go home so he could change his pants. Then back to the dance.

WHERE TEN MET DEATH IN POWDER PLANT EXPLOSION



The devastated plant of the J .A. Denn powder p lant on Hawks Prairie, six miles east of Olympia shortly after the terrific explosion Wednesday that k illed ten persons and injured six. The upper view shows what was left of the chlorate and and mixing rooms, where the fire which led to the blast was believed to have started. The lower scene depicts a gen eral view of the devastation.—AP photo.

P3

Blast remains a riddle

Cause unknown 50 years later

By MIKE OAKLAND
Olympian Staff Writer

Today, 50 years after an explosion of 1½ tons of dynamite leveled an east Lacey powder plant, the cause of the violent blast remains a mystery.

Survivors and relatives of the 11 people killed in the mid-afternoon explosion can only speculate what triggered the thunderous detonation.

The explosion at the J.A. Denn Powder Co. on the crest of the Nisqually Hill shattered plate glass windows 2½ miles away. Uncontrolled fire swept through the underbrush as family members, tipped to the tragedy by an ominous column of black smoke, came to claim their dead.

Described as the "most disastrous explosion in the state's history" powder experts at the time said the type of dynamite being manufactured at the plant would not explode without a concussion, like that provided by a blasting cap. Fire would not cause the powder to explode, the experts said.

Credence was added to their belief because a truck loaded with powder standing in one of the loading sheds was completely burned without exploding.

Sabotage was a popular theory in the days following the explosion, but state and county officials never issued a report on the cause.

Olympia resident Elton Ulery, 64, whose father and uncle died in the explosion, thinks carelessness in mixing ingredients led to the explosion. Ulery said the workers used to scoop handsful of the powder into the wood stoves to start fires without worrying about an explosion.

Wesley Smith, who was a 17-year-old survey crew member at the time, rushed to the demolished plant. Smith took his uncle to the hospital where the 23-year-old man died. "He was a big red-headed kid and he was shot full of nails by the explosion," Smith said. He also blames careless employees for the explosion.

But Scott Yarboro, 71, a Grayland resident, said the powder wouldn't explode without a blasting cap. Yarboro, who was injured in the explosion, said there may have been a mix-up in supplies or the explosion may have been the work of saboteur.

Prosecutor Harold P. Troy pledged to release a report on the cause, but those interviewed said the report was never completed.

Survivors speculate that "somebody got to somebody." Yarboro also has faded memories of one plant employee leaving for South America just days after the explosion.

Today the cause remains a mystery. The only building still standing is the old office-chemistry laboratory, now used as a storage shed by 40-year resident Jim Duterrow. Ulery said the force of the blast sent an errant 2-by-4 through the walls of the lab, through a chemist and out the other side of the building.

The plant was on about 100 acres on what is today the Duterrow Road, midway between Martin Way and Steilacoom Road. Meridian Heights and Meridian Acres, two housing developments, now stand where the water tower, the dynamite storage sheds and the mixing room, cooling room and packing house once stood.

The deaths rocked the community.

Ulery, 14 at the time, said, "It devastated our whole family just as, I'm sure, it did others. Our family was never the same after the explosion."

The state awarded his mother $75 a month to house, clothe and feed her five children. It wasn't enough money and she ended up adopting out her two youngest boys.

Yarboro was plagued by thoughts of the explosion and deaths of his friends and coworkers and suffered a nervous breakdown a year later.

See Blast, Page B2

Tom Booze/The Olympian

Elton Ulery, left, and Jim Duterrow in front of the only building still remaining from 50-year-old powder plant explosion

Blast—

From page B1

"I wasn't in too good a shape, but by golly I didn't get killed," Yarboro recalls.

His watch stopped at 3:55 p.m. that June 27, 1934.

Rosco Deeds was running the nitrate grinder, a solid oak barrel that tumbled the ingredients in a cement-like mixer. Suddenly the grinder exploded into flames 30 feet high, according to one survivor.

The fire whistle sounded and plant workers rushed to put out the flames in the mixing room. Deeds, his clothing on fire, ran outside. He survived the burns but died several years later.

"When I went in there to shut off the electric motors, it was real smokey," Yarboro said.

Charlie Carpenter, another mixing room employee, was trying to put out the blaze and told Yarboro to turn on a pump to get more water pressure. Yarbor guesses the fire had burned three or four minutes when he dashed out the door toward the water tower pump.

"I got to the door when it blew. It blew me out about 10 feet," Yarboro said.

Peggy Skinner doused the fire in his clothes and hair. "If it hadn't been for her, I wouldn't have been alive today. We feel that somebody put some caps in there, because ordinarily it wouldn't have exploded," Yarboro said.

Plant owner J.A. Denn, surveying the $75,000 damage, said someone outside the plant was responsible for explosion.

"I feel positive from information that has developed that someone outside assisted in starting the fire. The original fire in the grinder was entirely out and it was fully 10 minutes later that the explosions occurred," Denn said.

He said witnesses reported hearing blasting caps explode in bushes after the fire reached the grass.

Inspectors said 1½ tons of dynamite were involved in the explosion. Eight tons of newly mixed dynamite in the cooling room did not explode.

Witnesses said when the mixing building exploded, the nearby packing house followed.

Skinner, who survived the blast wrote a few days later, "The entire plant was carried into the air in a mass of smoke and dirt clouds."

The concussion scattered pieces from the plant on the mushroom farm, a mile to the southwest. One 30-foot mixing room shaft never was found.

Dorothy (McLean) & Robert Brown

Mary (Daniel) & Hugh McLean

Information and newspaper clippings furnished by: Dorothy (McLean) Brown.

On June 27th 1934, the following headlines appeared in "The Daily Olympian" evening newspaper.

"BLAST KILLS 7 AT DENN POWDER CO".

It was originally thought that 7 were killed, but later articles in the paper disclosed that there were actually 11 persons killed in the blast and fire.

Several of these persons were from the Black Lake area. At first it was reported that Roscoe Deeds was one of those killed. It turned out that he was not one of the 11, but had been badly burned. Roscoe did spend approximately three months in the hospital while recovering from the many burns. However, two Black Lakers were killed. They were Charles Carpenter and John Clausen.

Two future Black Lakers working at the plant were luckily sent home at noon that day because the plant was caught up with their orders. They were Hugh McLean and his daughter Dorothy McLean, (future Mrs. Robert (Bob) Brown.

Wallace Carpenter, son of Charles Carpenter remembers hearing the blast while he and other members of the family were out picking raspberries at their home at Black Lake. Wally says that they could see the large plume of smoke rising from the plant. Mrs. Carpenter immediately left with her daughters to find out for sure what had happened. Later on that evening, word got back to the boys at home, that their Father had been killed in the explosion.

Furnished by: Robert (Bob) Brown

Postcard dated Jan. 6th 1911
Postmarked Rochester Wash.

Addressed to: Mr. Lloyd Brown
Olympia Wash.
Delphi Route

Well, Lloyd I am returning the compliment. I suppose I ought to have sent you a warning, so you wouldn't drop in a faint, but maybe if you read this side first, you will know what it is and not be too scared. It is me; the horse is beside, not a telephone pole.

Ivy

By: Robert (Bob) Brown

Music

I was born March 7, 1913 at my folk's place at the north West Side of Black Lake.

I spent my young years swimming & fishing after getting the chores done. I got my first pony when I was 6 years old. My Dad liked to trade horses, so there were many more to follow.

Grace (Wellman) & Lloyd Brown. Built c.1924.

Grace & lloyd Brown's barn

Grace & Lloyd Brown's chicken house.

I got my first guitar when I was about 10 years old, learned some chords & started singing western music. I soon had cousins Sidney & Leo Lehman and Kenneth Brown singing too. I had 3 Uncles that played the fiddle and I got to play at the Grange dances with them.

I started working at the cannery at 14 from early spring to late fall canning fruits and vegetables. When I was in my senior year of highschool, I quit school and delivered groceries for different grocers, meat and fish markets.

In 1935 I met Dorothy McLean and on the 18th of July that year we were married. In 1936 I went to work for the Washington Veneer Sawmill. In 1942 I went to work for the shipyard in Tacoma.

At this time we met Slim and Shorty Cool. With Shorty on the fiddle, Slim on the banjo, Dorothy on the piano and me on the guitar, we played at several different Granges. We also met Vern & Helen Kirkpatrick and began playing music with them. Vern on the fiddle and Helen on the banjo. When we moved back to Black Lake, the Kirks also came. From then on there were musical weekends that included Ross and Freckles Brown, Slim and Ray Grannis. We made recordings and whenever asked played at Delphi, Black Lake, Skookumchuck and other Granges. We played square dances, foxtrots, schottische, waltzes and other fashioned tunes. Vern and Ross often competed with each other on their tunes & at times Freckles would also play fiddle tunes. Each weekend was full of music & often other musicians would come to play or listen.

By: Joan (Robinson) Benson

Memories of Black Lake when I was little

The things I remember were going to the great Aunts houses and how much fun it was. They all had pianos that they let me play. All except Aunt Dora and she had something almost as good-the raspberry patch in back of her house. To this day it is still my favorite berry. Also, my girl cousins-Jenny Helland, Marla Quist, Shirley Wellman and Sandra Sturdevant. I also remember you *(John Markham)* teaching me to sing "Billy Boy". "Oh, where have you gone Billy Boy", etc. I can see you standing out in back of your house by a big barrel full of rain water, singing your heart out.

That was a long time ago. Also going down to Columbus Park to the pavilion and playing the juke box and dancing with girl cousins. We would usually walk from Aunt Dora's house and it seemed like 50 miles to me. When I got grown up and realized how much the road had shrunk.

Mary (Brown) & Martin Lehman

By: Ruth Brown

Stories

All dates are approximate.

1890

My mother greatly enjoyed telling this story about Dr. Joseph Brown, her grandfather, who went blind in his later years. Some neighbor women came to tell him they were praying for him and he would soon see again, asking him "Don't you believe God can make new eyes?"

"Oh yes," the pragmatic doctor replied. "I know He can. He does it all the time. But He doesn't put 'em in old heads. *

Of Dr. Brown's wife Docia, we have this glimpse, thanks to Ross Brown:

One of the young men in the family found a Nisqually burial site and dug into it, robbing it of some valuables which he was able to sell for a pretty fair little piece of change. Docia, "Aunt Docie," told him no good would ever come to him of that money. Well, he used it to buy himself a new pair of boots and the boots pinched his feet so that he never was able to wear them.

I know it was Uncle Ross, who told me this, because I can see the wide mouthed grin when he told it. The one with his head down. What I honestly cannot remember is who the young man was.

1915 and a little happier story of theft:

My dad liked to tell about his father-in-law, Charlie Wellman. Before he had an orchard of his own, he wanted some apples, so he made arrangements with a neighbor to buy all the apples from one of his trees, paying for them in advance. Then he told his sons he knew where they could get some apples, letting them think they were going to steal them. That night they stealthily entered the neighbor's property and had a great time "stealing" all the apples from that one tree.

Uncle Bud, I think, would have been out of the house by then, so that would have been Zig, Pat and Emmet, up in a tree in the dark joyously picking apples. It was some time, I guess, before he told his boys the truth. We have no record of how they responded.

But the Wellman's had apples to eat that winter. Is it a coincidence, do you suppose, that Grandma Wellman was famous for her apple pies and apple dumplings? Her sisters, Janie and Daisy held the honors for other baking, but it was "Aunt Lil's" pies that brought looks of nostalgia to people's faces in later years.

Food played a very important role in people's lives in those days, and winter food supplies were not taken lightly. My dad told this story about his own dad, Tib Brown.

1900.

One winter they heard about an elderly couple who were very hard up. Actually didn't have enough to eat. They looked over their stores and saw that they had several things they could spare, among them a sack of flour. They loaded them into the wagon. Grandpa drove them over. Later, the old fellow was heard to say, "Tib Brown he come and he

** But Dr. Brown did regain his eyesight – partially. In his last few years he could see a little bit. So. What are we to make of that, humm?*

bring a sack of flour. The preacher he come and he eat and he eat and he don't bring nothing. Now who's the best Christian?"

My dad told this story often. But other than that he didn't talk about him at all. He talked about his two older brothers, Jean and Nels. He was talking to them just before he died, but he didn't talk about his father. His sisters did though. I remember Aunt Mattie Brown Markham repeating something she had heard from her husband Orville.

Once, when Uncle Orville was a young man, he was away somewhere and he became very sick. As often happened in those days, he never did know what with but it took him a long time to recover. He said that all the time he was sick, he kept thinking that if he could get to Delphi, Tib Brown would let him build a cabin on his place and he could live there until he could get well.

That's pretty much the picture of Tib Brown we all grew up with, isn't it? Legendary generosity. Good will.

Now listen to this side light from Mary Brown Lehman: She told me that when she was a girl she heard her brother Ross get the worst bawling out she had ever heard anyone get. He was outside working. Something went wrong and he said, ""damn." Aunt Mary said their father jumped all over him, saying, "Your mother or one of your sisters could have been standing by a window and heard you say that."

While we're attempting to compute that in the light of today's word usages, let's talk about the weather.

1915

Aunt Mattie Markham told me that when she was a girl they lived at Waddell Creek They came down to the lake for a Fourth of July picnic and there was snow along the sides of the road.

I'm not sure winters were colder in the first half of this century than they are now. I am sure they were longer. We always had the first killing frost by the middle of September. The last one in the middle of May. There was close to a foot of snow every year. Some years several times. And that was no bad thing.

1920

My brother tells me that when he was a little boy, there was a heavy snowfall during the night and in the morning John Goldsby hitched his team to a rowboat and drove up the road, giving all the kids a ride to school. (*Don't try this at home.)*

Snow was for playing. Snow was for fun. I remember my mother silencing critics, who were mindful of the men who had to work out in it, by saying that she thought the meanest thing she knew of was not to let kids enjoy snow. And enjoy it we did. Besides sliding on things there were snowball fights, snowmen, igloos and snow ice-cream, made with vanilla, sugar, cream, snow and a really good imagination. We couldn't eat the first snow though. That was full of germs. Would you believe we thought that air was dirty? We had to wait for the second snow and then we could make hay while the sun shone – so to speak.

The real fun for me, however, was when we literally made hay while the sun shone. Better than swimming; more exciting than Christmas, Fourth of July, or the school picnic.

Hay had to be mowed, left in the field to dry, raked into stacks, the stacks pitched into the horse drawn wagon, and the wagon unloaded into the barn. And all before it rained. Even before I was big enough to help pitch, I got to tag along and sometimes ride in the wagon on its way back to the barn. My brother, my cousins, my dad and my uncles all had quite a sense of humor and, I think, sometimes they got even funnier when I was there because I laughed so good. It was serious, but that didn't keep it from being fun.

And a barn full of new, sweet smelling hay was a marvelous thing. Delightful to lie down and snooze in and practically insisting on being jumped in. In our barn, hay was unloaded from the wagon with a big, heavy iron fork in the shape of a cross. It was pulled out from the loft by horses with a system of ropes and pulleys, stabbed down into the wagon load of hay, picking up most of it, then pulled on over to drop it into the mow. When the hay was all in, we used to climb into the loft, which was maybe fifteen feet above the ground, hang onto the arms of the fork and swing out through the barn to drop onto that wonderful hay. Oddly enough, none of us ever got killed.

1915

And now I have a story about Janie Goldsby, John Goldsby's wife. Have you thought of Aunt Janie, as I do, as quiet, unassuming, hard working, level headed? She was all that, certainly, but now listen to this:

Cora Goldsby Kinney told me that when she was a girl, some of the women had a slumber party in "Uncle John's" barn, which was full of new hay. Before they went to sleep, they had a pillow fight, all in their nightgowns and Aunt Janie, then a mature woman with a house full of kids, was there, laughing and whapping people with pillows with the best of them. Aunt Janie? *

I've always been intrigued by something we read about Marco Polo. He started out, so the story goes, telling the truth, but when he said things like, "In winter, the water gets hard and we walk on it," Nobody believed that for a minute. So he began telling about streets paved with gold, fountains flowing wine, birds with jewels in their wings; and people listened spell bound and believed every word.

We're like that aren't we. We don't have much trouble believing things we hear about other countries, too many of us have been there done that; but when we start going backwards and forwards in time, disbelief comes up pretty fast.

I remember how puzzled I was when Grandma Wellman told me that Grandpa used to say it spoiled a pie to cut it. It was years before it dawned on me why on earth he would have said that.

And Rebecca Brown, our other grandmother, could waltz, so we've heard, with a cup of water on her head. I have trouble believing she could waltz at all. She raised eleven children, besides two who died in an epidemic when they were little. Cooked on a wood stove. No refrigeration. Washed their clothes on a scrub board in water that had to be

* *In a conversation with Linda Lehman Shotwell when she was about eighteen, she asked about her dad, Leo, when he was a boy. Was he pretty mischievous? No, I said. I didn't remember that he ever really was but, I told her, Sidney was. "Uncle Sidney?" She exclaimed. Clearly that possibility had never occurred to her.*

carried in, heated on the stove, and carried out again dirty. Sewing most of their clothes by hand and patching and darning. When did that lady ever have time to dance?

What I'm finding now is that young people are unconvinced that I ever danced very much or very well. What can I say?

And it worked both ways. Up to about 1938, I guess, hardly anyone I knew believed that our lives would ever change much.

I knew they would.

I knew we'd move around a lot and that this area would fill up with people and more people. I knew we'd go to the moon. Indeed I thought we'd get there before we did. I would have said we'd be on Mars by now. And, Hey! Whatever happened to those lighter than air suits we were supposed to be able to put on and zip up and waft merrily to town and back? Every time I get into one of our internal combustion vehicles I can't help thinking that someone has blundered. Wilma and Buck Rogers could do it, why can't we?

I wasn't prepared for everything. Several things like the cordless telephone have definitely rattled my cage; but my biggest glitch is the one they're saying computers are going to have. I am not equipped to deal with the concept of the year 2000. That's a myth! Fun to think about and tell stories about, but of course it isn't going to happen. Years begin with one something, ya dummy. Even now, that we're feeling its hot breath right on the backs of our necks. I'm not taking it in. Are you? Be honest now.

Irving S. Cobb put it very well, I thought. "It ain't what you don't know that causes all the trouble. It's what you do know that ain't so."

We'd have gotten along fine with Marco Polo, though. Our Lake got hard enough to walk on lots of winters. Sometimes we skated. The freeze never lasted long enough for any of us to get good at it. I, for one, spent more time picking myself up off the ice than I did skating. Often, some kind soul made a bonfire we could sit by and thaw out and work up the courage to try it again.

And now, one more story from my mother. This one must have been about 1915

They were all down at the lake skating, about in front of where the Black Lake Organic Gardening Store is now, when they saw a skater approaching from up the lake, stroking expertly right along. When she drew near enough to see who it was, it was Miss Marsland. Prim, proper Miss Marsland, who lived on the south side of Columbus Park, in her long wool skirt and with her scarf streaming out behind her, coming down to skate with the kids.

Grace Wellman Brown was my mother. Lloyd Brown was my dad. I come from an enormous extended family that includes 8 Aunts, 8 Uncles, 46 first cousins, a brother named Bob and a doll named Bessie who was wrapped in a quilt Lydia Weatherman made for me. Does it sound to you like I'm bragging? Oh! You bet I am.

North Star School

By: Cappy Porter

Grandma & Grandpa told me

My name is Coral Ann Porter but my extended family largely call me Cappy or Cap (which comes from my initials, CAP). I was born a little too late (spring of '46) to speak of my own memories, but I remember hearing Grandma & Grandpa (Grace & Lloyd Brown) talking many times about the lake (Black Lake) freezing over so hard one winter that someone hitched up a team of oxen and drove them over it. Whether "over it" was clear across or just a few feet out to sort of show off, I don't remember. Either way, when you actually think about it, that's pretty impressive. Oxen are not light. It had to be pretty darned cold for a long time for the lake to freeze over hard enough & deep enough to support the weight of a team & wagon. If it was that cold I think I'm glad I was not born yet.

By: Warren Brown

Just a few memories

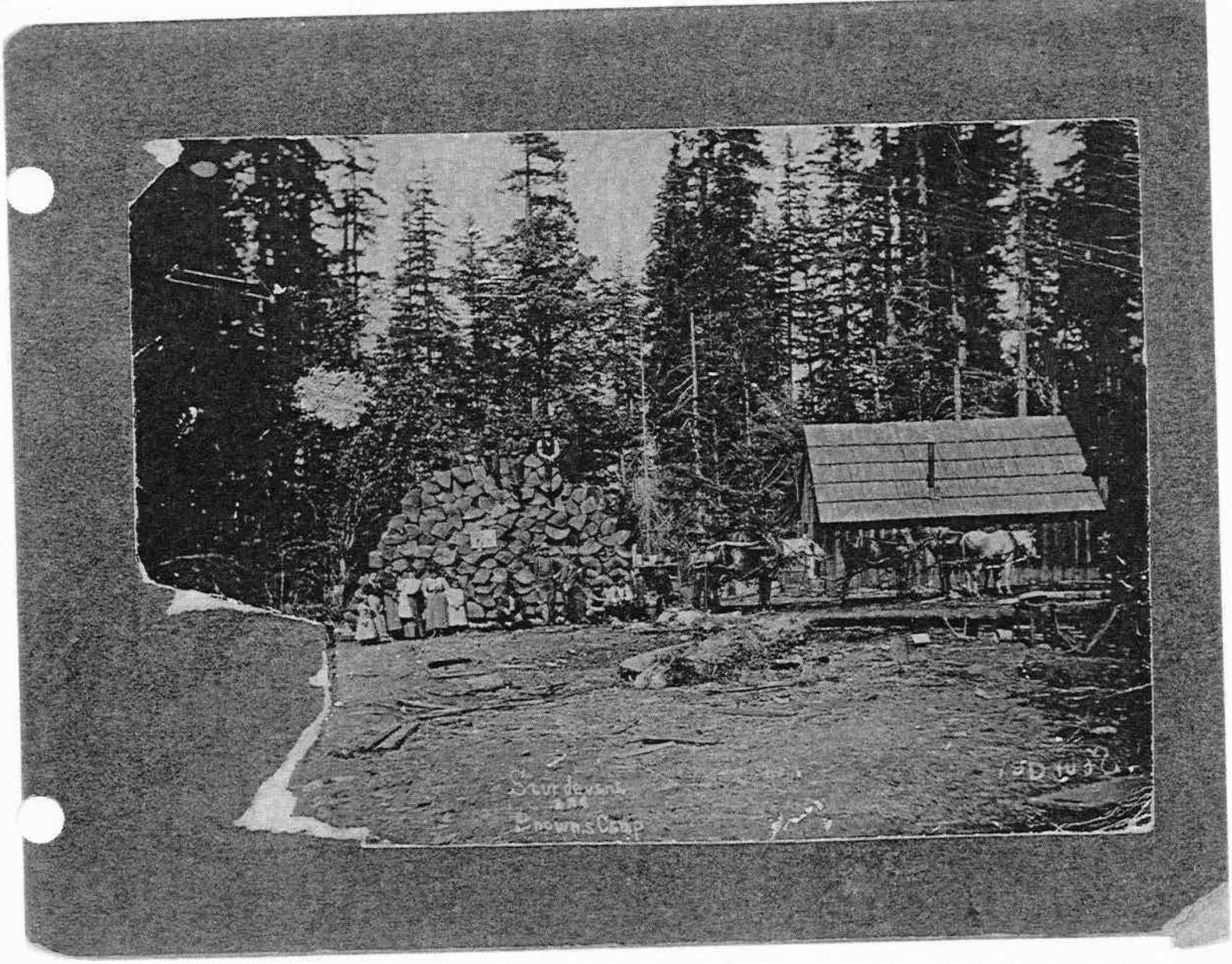
Warren Brown lost his Father when he was just a little over one year old. As a result of this loss, Warren ended up staying with a lot of relatives. Some of these people were his Grandparents on both sides of his family and several Aunts and Uncles. He mentioned staying with Emma and Herman Lehman, Ollie and Cap Wellman, Laura and Nels Brown and Ross and Kate Brown.

As a young boy living with his Grandmother Hendershot at Waddell Creek, he told of being sent to the store to get groceries. She would give him a list of things needed and he was off to Littlerock, driving the horse (Jack) and buggy, as this was their transportation. While getting the groceries, he would have the grocer add a little candy to the list of items to be charged. The candy was not on the list, but nothing was ever said when Grandma got the bill.

While staying with one of his Grandparents at Waddell Creek and going to school at Northstar, Warren decided one day that school should be canceled for the day. He got on the phone and called a neighbor and got the rumor started. It wasn't too long until someone figured out the hoax and Warren had to go to school after all. This was about 1914 when Warren was 10 years old.

In 1916, Warren was about to move to Montana with his Grandmother Hendershot. Warren was attending the Northstar School at Waddell Creek at the time. The teacher had Warren write his name on the blackboard and told him the name would stay there for the rest of the school term so that everyone would remember him.

Warren also mentioned teasing his three younger Aunts while living with his Grandmother and Grandfather Brown. Mattie, Mae and Mary were only a few years older than Warren, so he was like their little brother to them and didn't miss a chance to try to tease or provoke them.



Sturdevant & Brown shake bolt camp
Warren Brown & Norma Lehman born here

Cedar shake bolts on sled

By: Joe Brown
(1900-1990)

Joe Brown @ home

The following story is from a video (made 1988) of Joe Brown telling how things were way back when! I, (John Markham) made the video and I will include the questions that I ask Joe.

(Joe) "Well, you want me to go back around 80 years? It's liable to be a little bit shaky, but I'll try'er. I was born in 1900, so things don't come back to me too easy. But if you want to hear about Black Lake when I was really a small boy, I can tell ya. People lived in those days and you had to have water, that was one of the first requirements so anybody had a home they had to live where there was a stream or a spring or something. They had to have water and if you dug a well you didn't have any electricity to pump water with. So when you got down to water the general thing was to get a puddle about six inches deep in the bottom and you couldn't get any deeper and that would be about it, so it best to live around a stream or something.

So my earliest remembrance about Black Lake; my Father was a schoolteacher so we moved around quite a bit, but we lived here at Black Lake about 1904 or 5. Ted was two years old and he was born in 1903 so it was around 1904 or 5. We lived right below where Peterson's house is now. Dad taught the Black Lake School and I was too young to go to school so I don't know anything about that, but I do remember something about the logging.

The logging started down at Wes Goldsby's place, they had a pole road ran back to the hill in there and dumped the logs in the lake. About 1905, somewheres around there, I can remember Emory Swan got his leg broke. He was swinging spreaders for a horse team outfit and they were putting piling in the lake. I expect they were driving these piling for the mill and the log raft. He was like any other kid, jumping on the piling and jumping off and fell off. Anyway the piling went around something and it flipped a little further than he thought it was going to and it got him and broke a leg.

They had a camp right above where the store is down there now. It was across the road on the side towards the lake. Where that stream comes in there, that was a bridge across there in place of a fill like they got now. It was all bridge. This camp was there, cook house and two or three bunkhouses. They moved the donkey engines from down at Wes Goldsby's place and that was before he bought that place, incidentally. They moved up by where the store is now and I happened to be there and they impressed me something furiously. They hooked on to a stump to move the donkey, it was a cedar stump and they just pulled it right out by the roots. Boy, was I impressed, I sure wished I had me a donkey, I'd sure clear land with that. So, anyways they went a little further up the road and off on the other side was a fir stump and they latched on to that and took the donkey on up the road. They set up in business right at the foot of this sand hill here and built the pole road right up past our house and up over the top of the hill. They had a cross skid

road coming down off the hill so the logs wouldn't run and down at the bottom they had a pole road chute and they put the logs into the chute and put in a couple of dog hooks and hooked them together and they would grab the back log and push the rest of them out into the lake. Art Harlow, he was the pole road chaser. Heine Meyer's was firing swing donkey on top of the hill. One day, the first time I ever saw anybody carried out of the woods, well, Harry had Heine sitting on the hands of two guys who had their hands locked together and Heine had his arms over their shoulder and they carried him off the top of the hill. He had stepped into the crossheads when the steam engine picked up some live steam to turn over and ruined his foot. I think it took his big toe off and so he had to be carried out of the woods. That was the first time I ever saw any logger carried out. The first time I ever saw a long splice put in was right there, too. There was mud coming down the hill and it broke the main line so they had to "fly" at her and roll in a long splice. I was young and I stayed back out of the way, but I got to watch'em. Boy I tell you that impressed me to see them put in a long splice. A lot of things happened and it's hard for me to gather them back in my brain all at once. Dad's brother run the road donkey on this pole road chute here."

(John) " That was Tom?"

(Joe) "Tom, ya, he was a wonderful fiddle player, he wasn't a fiddle player, he was a violinist. He would bring his fiddle over to our house and old Nels Brown would bring his bull fiddle and Dad had a coronet and we had music, lot's of 'er, at night you know. Oh boy, I tell you that just pleased me mightily. Well, Mom finally put me to bed, but I didn't go to sleep, I laid there and listened to every beat, of course.

I think I better tell you about school teaching. Dad taught school here - brace your self - twenty dollars a month, if you can imagine that. And speaking about school teaching, I think he was principal of the Buccoda school for two years and I believe his wages, as near as I can remember, was around sixty five dollars a month I believe and that wasn't twelve months, that was nine months, a hundred and eighty days and he went to South Bay in 1917, somewheres around there and he was principal of that school. That's the most money he ever made teaching school, I think he got ninety-five dollars a month. So, there wasn't any future in that kind of business. Anyway, to get back to teaching, he started out with a third grade certificate. That means he graduated from high school and then you could go teaching providing you could pass some exam. And then you get a second grade certificate and then as you got better at it you could get a first grade certificate. That was the idea behind the whole thing for him all the time was working towards this first grade certificate. So, when he was teaching at Buccoda, him and one of the other teachers there took up psychology and they had to go to University of Washington once or twice a year and report in. They took kinda like a correspondence course more than anything else, but anyway they had to check in at the University of Washington to get their papers on it. One thing that I always laughed about a lot, when he came home from one of those deals, they'd been taking child psychology and that was the thing behind all of this psychology business was how to handle kids in the schoolroom, mostly, that was one of the main things. He came home and drug home a story I will never forget. He said that it didn't make any difference how many kids you get together

in a bunch, there's always one that's just a little bit dimmer than the others and the other kids pick on him. That don't mean that that kid isn't as smart as the others, it just means he's a little slow on the uptake maybe and he sees things a different way than other kids do, so he's a marked man, somebody always picking on him.

Getting back to him teaching, Norbert Plamondon was a schoolteacher and he was teaching at Bordeaux Headquarters around 1905. His wife had to come to Olympia to be under a doctor's care so he got Dad to come there and finish up the term for him. So, we moved down to Bordeaux Headquarters and that's where my brother Guy was born and I guess you know who washed and wiped the dishes. My Mother sprained an ankle about a week or two before he was born, so she was going around sliding her knee on a chair and I did the dishes. Of course they patted me on the back a little bit and I was the hero of the hour and real proud of it. Anyways, the kids that went to school at Bordeaux Headquarters, I can still remember them. There was Madeline Dunning; she lived right along side of us. Sid Dunning was her dad and he left that Bordeaux job later and went to Shelton and went to work for Simpson and he was the head mogul in the electric plant there. I found that out later, but I never did go into visit him. Anyway, Joe Schilling a little bit of a kid, boy, he was my hero, I thought he was about the best kid I ever saw. And there was Bill Morris and Franky Morris. Franky Morris got to be the purchasing agent for Mason County Logging Company and Bill Morris."

(John) "You lived at Bordeaux?"

(Joe) " Bordeaux's ya, they lived at Bordeaux's"

(John) "Did you live there?"

(Joe) "We lived there too, ya."

(John) "You went to school there?"

(Joe) "Oh yeah, I didn't go to school, I was too young. In 1905 I wasn't ready for school yet. And Georgie Brassel, that was Ole Dangers daughter, (old George Brassels daughter) and Brad Brassels sister. Anyway, Georgie was going to school there."

(John) "Are you the oldest of the boys?"

(Joe) "Yes, I'm the oldest."

(John) "Then, who was next?"

(Joe) "Ted. Ted was born in 1903, then Guy was born in 1905, and then Lynn was born in 1907. He was born up at Grandma Haeger's place. Mrs. Meyer's was the midwife for him, I can remember that. And Kenneth was born, I think 1915 right up here where the pump house is at the Grange Hall now. We had an old old school house there."

(John) "Now, where was your Dad born?"

(Joe) "He was born in Kansas. He was about 5 when they came here. They came here in 1881 and Grandpa Brown was the first licensed doctor, regular graduate doctor in this area. And then Dr. J.W. Murrel, after he had been here a year or two, he come out here and took up doctoring with Grandpa Brown."

(John) "How about your Mother?"

(Joe) My Mother was born in Silver Creek Idaho. Her name was Haeger before she got married. Grandpa Haeger had been in the Union Army and got shot. He had a pension, I don't know what his pension was, but after he was gone, Grandma got twelve dollars a

month, so I don't suppose he got over twenty-four. Anyway, he was a horse trader. He liked to farm but then horse tradin' was right in his system; he couldn't get that out of course."

(John) "Do you remember his first name?"

(Joe) " Grandpa Haeger's name was Frederick William I believe. And Grandma's name was Albertina Bauman before she got married. She came to this country from Germany when she was about eleven years old and she had several sisters. One of them married a guy by the name of Adix and they had around two hundred acres around Boone Iowa. They were farmers just like the Japanese, they farmed her right out under the wire. They farmed every inch of their land; and they were progressive farmers and they made money at it."

(John) "When did the Haeger's first come to the Black Lake area or Delphi area?"

(Joe) "I do not know, I couldn't tell ya. He come before I was born. Grandpa Haeger, he didn't have any time for fiddle players, so I guess if he hadn't died, I suppose my Mother and Father wouldn't ever got married maybe."

(John) "Where were your folks living when you were born?"

(Joe) "I was born in a log house right where Ross Brown's log house stood. And that was the house that Grandpa Brown and them had built there when Delphi was quite a community. I was born in that log house."

(John) "That was Dr. Brown's house at one time?"

(Joe) "Ya, they built the house there and lived there. He donated land for the Delphi School District. How much land, I don't know. He gave some, I know that. The old, old, Delphi School House sat right across the road, not straight across but just a little bit towards the school house now, but almost straight across from the log house. It was a one room school house and they turned it into a church after they built the new school house there."

(Margaret) "Where was the post office located?"

(Joe) "Markham's, I think had the first post office. They had a stage line that run from Delphi to Olympia; that was a horse team show of course. Then, I think Jasper took a job running a bridge at Montesano so he gave up the post office job and the stage line and all that and sold out and went down to Monte. Ernest Meyer's took over on the post office, he got the job being postmaster. He built a little dinky post office, that was getting along in 1910 or 11, somewheres along there and Mud Bay moved their camp in up at Delphi, so he got this Post Office job and he built this little post office on Lou Olmstead's place; Lou Olmstead was a brother-in-law of Meyer's."

(John) "That post office was between the Delphi School and up where Tib Brown used to live up on the Brown Road?"

(Joe) "That's right"

(John) About half way between?"

(Joe) "Ya, that's right. There was road went through there at that time, now it's closed off, you can't get through there anymore, but that's the way the road did go through there.

Anyway, to get back to this school teachin' business, we moved to Kelso. Kelso was a big boomtown and really prospering and we no sooner got down there and the bottle busted and there we were. So, Dad and Mom, we came back. In those days, the way you moved was to put your stuff in a freight car. And you can imagine the mess that you got to take out of the car by the time they bang them around and run them back and forth and clang into each other, there was no way of packing stuff so it wouldn't get broken up, I don't believe. Anyways, what we gathered out of the freight car wasn't much. Come back here again and Dad took another job teaching this school up here; he got $20 a month. We lived in, like I said before, you had to live where there was a stream or something for water, so we lived up this creek that comes in by the store down here. Goldsby's lived back in there, Wes Goldsby lived back there, Frank Goldsby lived there and old Frank Stevens had a house there. Quite a little gathering of houses right there in one place. We all drank water out of the creek. That was it; that's the first year I went to school.

In those days nobody bothered to keep the cattle penned up; they ran out on the road, they took'em out of the barn and chased em out in the road and they could gather what they could get and at night the kids would go get the cows when they come home from school. Anyways, going to school in the morning, Uncle Charlie Wellman had a Jersey bull that was getting just a little bit too big to be running loose and he was out in the road. So, right at the foot of this hill he attacked me and the old man. Dad, he shoved the lunch bucket, he had lunch for both of us in that bucket, and he shoved that in my hand. He maneuvered around there some way or other and got that bull by the tail and grabbed up a limb and started beatin' on him and run him off. The next thing, Uncle Charlie had to pen Mr. Bull up; he wanted to fight people so he had to be penned, so that settled that.

In the first grade up here was Marvin and Pal Goldsby, Frank Goldsby, Zig Wellman, Zig was really too young, but he was there; two Medbury boys, Merle and Harold Medbury. There were 7 of us in the first grade, all boys. That was 1907 I believe."

(John) "And your Dad was the teacher?"

(Joe) " He was the teacher. We got a picture around here somewheres of it too. Then about that time, here come Norbert Plamondon again. Norbert was a big husky guy and he was quick tempered and he wasn't about to take any guff from anybody. Down at Bucoda the kids run the teachers off the job there. Tough kids and weak-kneed teachers and they just chased them out, that's all there was to it. So, they got Norbert to come and teach at Bucoda school. He said that he would go if Emmett would go with him. So, Dad went with him. Dad took the intermediate room and Norbert taught the bigger classes. Old Pearl Albone didn't get chased out. Her Dad owned the drug store there in Bucoda and she taught first and second grade. So they hadn't run her off so she still was there. Anyways, Dad and Norbert took over on the teaching. Mutual Lumber Company had a mill there and it seemed like the boys go home for lunch and when they come back and stop and raise a little hell there at the schoolyard, ya know. On top of all that, there were some kids started to school, they'd been better off down at the mill. They were too old to be going to school and they just came there to raise cain, ya know, and make trouble. It didn't take the old man and Norbert very long to thin them out. They passed a few rules around there that these boys coming from the mill stay strictly off the school grounds.

They had no business there and if they didn't stay off, they'd put em off, that's all there was to that, so it wasn't long 'till they stopped that. One kid came in, he was in the fourth grade. He must have been 19 years old and he undertook to put a head on my old man, but the old man beat him to the punch and grabbed him up by the neck and hit him a few clouts. So, he didn't come back any more. Norbert stayed at Bucoda School for two years, I think, and Dad taught intermediate grades for two years. Then Norbert, I think, went to work for the McMillan Publishing Company. Anyway, Dad took a job teaching up at the Skookumchuck School, Ticknor District. Went to school with all the Yantis kids and Wall's and Davis's, a whole bunch of kids like that up there; got pictures of that around here. Then, two years there and he come back and was principal of the Bucoda School. That's when he was taking that psychology deal at that time. Then we came to Black Lake and that's where Kenneth was born. We came to Black Lake and he taught school here. I can't remember how many years, two or three years. Then he went to South Bay and he was principal of the South Bay School and that's the place where he finally got all the school teachin' he wanted and went to work in the woods; anyplace he could to make a dime.

I'd like to tell ya something about people don't realize what it's like to live when you don't have any electric lights, you don't have any car, you don't have any flashlights. Tib Brown, Dad's Uncle, he rented the Dempsey place and he had some cattle and horses runnin loose, runnin' out in the free ground and they had one mare that was going to have a colt and she got in trouble someway. The colt didn't come right, she was down and a bear came along and started eating that colt before it was born. It was still in the mare yet when he started eatin' on the colt. So, somebody came along and saw that performance and shot the mare, put her out of her trouble. So, then the big deal was to get the bear. So, the word got around pretty fast and the game warden, I think his name was Jimmy Fennel, I'm not sure, anyways there were some people around town, they came out and Mud Bay had the Camp 1 there at Delphi where Judge Correa's got his golf links now. So, these guy's came with their guns and dogs and whatnot to get the bear and brought traps and was gonna' trap the bear, but all they caught was the neighbors dogs; they didn't catch the bear. Anyways, Dad and several of the Goldsby boys, I don't remember who all was into it, six or eight guys. The bear would come there to feed on the horse at night. Well, they figured out which way Mr. Bear came in every night, he came in a certain way and then went out that way. So, they were going to lay for him and get the guns all sighted in. They had no lights and had to get the guns all sighted in on the spot where the bear was going to be feedin' on the horse; then wait till he comes, count to three and give him a volley. I guess you know what, I don't think they touched him. Anyways, I often thought about that. What if one of them had of hit that bear? If they'd got him a little bit unhappy, he might have cleaned house. They missed, I don't think anybody touched the bear at all. One of the boys at Camp 1 was comin' down to look at the traps and there stood the bear on a log right along side of the road. He shot him and killed him; and as far as I know that was one of the biggest bears ever killed in this country around here anywheres. I never heard of another one, it must have weighed over 600lbs. They hung it, they put a pole across two tall stumps right there at Camp 1, right

close to where Ernest Meyer's lived. Between his house and the track, they put a pole across and hung Mr. Bear by the gamels and his nose was on the ground and those were pretty tall stumps. I didn't get to see it, I was young enough so I didn't get to go around wherever I wanted, so, I didn't get to see that bear. That was about 1910 or 11 I think when that happened. In 1920 we was livin' in Olympia and I was working at the East Side Club bartendin', kinda takin' the place of a bartender around there sometimes. There was an old guy around there named Capt. McClellan and I got to talkin' to him and he was the man that killed the bear. I think he run a small tugboat or something, and he was up at North Bay and they decided to take the dogs and chase some deer into the bay, ya know, so, they were gonna' get some deer meat anyway. He went up a skid road and somebody else takes the dogs around another way to start the dogs and he was gonna be up some place where the deer come across. He started up there and he saw a bear raise up and a sniffin' in the salal and he said, "I don't know what the hell I done it for, but I let him have her." He said it evidently was a cub bear and let a lot of squalls out of it and the first thing he knew, here come Mrs. Momma bear right after him. He said he started shootin' and he hit her alright, but he couldn't kill her. She just kept comin and he was backin' up down this drag road and stumbled over an alder or something and fell on his hind end there and the bear come and he didn't have another shell in, so he whammed her with the gun barrel. He got her stopped alright. Anyways, he got on his feet and was looking around and just about that time here come the dogs with a deer. He said he ran up there to shoot the deer, but he happened to look at his gun and it was all bent out of shape. Just imagine going after a bear at night with no flashlights or anything; shootin' by guess and by God."

(John) "Do you remember when they first got electricity out in the Black Lake area?"

(Joe) "Ya, we built this telephone line in 1925 and they put the electricity through right shortly after that. And you could pay in $300 cash or buy an electric range or a water heater or both. Otherwise, you had to pay the $300 for them to put the electricity in your house."

(John) "You had something to do with putting in the first telephone line?"

(Joe) "Ya, we put in the first line, ya. Old Gazell from Gate City, he was a graduate of the Heidelburg University, so he was a pretty smooth character. He had a one-wire system and he had a telephone exchange central station at Littlerock, he was headquartered at Rochester. That was a one-wire system and if you wanted to call anybody, you cranked out the number ya know maybe a long and a short or a long and two shorts. When we had a phone we lived at the schoolhouse, our number was two longs and two shorts. That was our ring. I think Haeger's ring was three shorts, I think. A funny thing about a one-wire system like that, if you want to call central, that was one long ring, then you were going to call the Dr. in town, we'll say. Ok, you get central, tell her you want the Dr. There, in the mean time when you turned that crank, everybody would clamp the receiver to their ear to see what's going on. If you don't get central on the first ring there ain't no use tryin' again, because the next time you crank, it's going right into the ground where the first guy's got the receiver up; that's where the call goes. In order to have a phone; you had to buy a share in the company. In that way you'd help keep the

line up, that was the figurin' behind that. And they had this one wire strung all over, they didn't know anything about building a telephone line. Here on my place was a double rail fence went down through here, ya know, two post and six rails between the post. He had the wire on my post. It was nailed to anything they could get an insulator on. She was pretty bad, so like I say, if you wanted to call town, you couldn't get buy the first guy that "rubbernecked". Well, that was it, if you didn't get central the first ring you was beat. So they decided to, John Guerin, Herman Lehman, and my Dad, they got to talkin' and got a hold of Joe Comstock. They had the westside rural telephone, and they had the franchise for all roads west of Olympia. Well, that would take this road in; Gazell didn't have any real deal here, but he was the first one to have a phone line in here. He claimed the rights ya know, so when we put the two-wire system in, old Gazell, he promptly hauled the guys up for a meeting in front of the county commissioners. He was going to try to make them give this brand new telephone line to him, cause he had right of way first. He was here first and we were infringin' on his territory when we built this good line in here. So, we had a meeting. I can't remember the commissioners' name. One of them was named Fred Henderson, I can remember that. I can't remember who the other two commissioners were. Anyways, I had been doing the line work, so when they were holdin' this meeting, they said "come on Joe, you are a lineman, you can go down there with us". So, I went with them. Gazell, like I said was a graduate of Heidelburg University and he could just take a blackboard and just prove it to you that it was white. He was "slick", he was "smooth". So, we didn't have any right to have this telephone line here 'cause he had the line first, so all we had to do was just give him our telephone outfit. And the comissioners were going to go for it. I got mad, that was just a little bit rich for my blood, I got mad and got up and shot off my mouth; I told them to have their linemen come and take your damn wire off my fence tomorrow morning, get her off there! About that time Herman said "we don't have our line on the county road, our line, we got right of way every inch of the way out here, our line is on private property, not on the road". So the county commissioners had no jurisdiction then, so they threw that out. Then they wanted to shake hands, I said "I'll take you boy's word for it not your hand". I was mad! They would have taken the line away from us and given it to Gazell, that's just how close it come."

(John) "How's the weather nowadays compared to what you remember when you were small."

(Joe) " Well, the weather changed alright, I've seen weather like we had this year, I've seen that before. I think it was 1915, we had 70 straight days with no rain. Not a drop of rain for 70 straight days. And the road was real dusty in March here one time, I remember Dora Sturdevant talkin' about it and laughin' about it and it was a year about like this. Also, I've seen it get real honest to God cold too. We had one year here, the winter of 1918 & 19, and we had potatoes planted down on this side of the barn. We lived on the Wellman place and on this side of the barn, we had 66 sacks of potatoes in there. We dug them and sacked them up. It started rainin' in the fall and rained early and that was kinda a muddy show, anyway and we didn't get the potatoes dug very early. But we finally got a little good weather and got them dug and hauled them right past the barn. We had about

30 ton of hay in the barn and my Dad said "you know if we were smart, (we had a hay saw there), we'd cut a tunnel down in there and put those spuds in there". They were tearin' the docks up down where they'd been buildin' ships in Olympia. Me and my big mouth, "ya, you'll have all the rats in Olympia right in there in the spuds"; which we would've. They would sure been into the potatoes if we had put them in that haymow. But, we didn't put them in there, we had a concrete cellar, so we hauled them right by the barn and put 'em in the concrete cellar. In December, I think about the 18th or 19th of December, somewheres along there, the roses were bloomin' and just a real nice mild fall. It had been rainin' awful hard but no bad cold weather. Here come a little snow, maybe 5 or 6 inches deep, nice fluffy snow and I had a camera and I was out there takin pictures of climbin roses. They were in bloom and I was takin' pictures, tryin' to in this snow. Not color, you didn't have any color film but nevertheless here on the side of the house, I can show people this rose in there in the snow. I was doin' real well and about this time a good blast of cold air hit me and boy I was glad to get back in the house. I tell you, now that had just come right off the North Pole. I never felt a blast of cold air like that and in just nothing flat it was blowin' from the north and it just kept it up; and it was blowin' real hard, real hard wind, steady from the north, and the temperature just went down, down, down, down, down. We had a thermometer on the porch that come from the feed store and I don't know how accurate it was, but I'd say it was fairly accurate; and the temperature went down 12, 13, 14 below zero. I'm tellin' you now, we lost our 66 sacks of spuds; you could write your name in the frost on the wall. We put lanterns in there and everything, but it didn't do any good, we lost everything. The only ones we got to eat was just when they was thawin'; we got a couple messes out of that and then they turned black. We lost the whole works. The ice on the lake got to be 21 inches thick, so don't let anybody tell ya it can't get cold here."

(John) "That was 1918?"

(Joe) "1918 and 19, ya"

(John) "Was there years back then when the lake would not freeze over for several years like now?"

(Joe) "Ya, just like now. We had a real heavy snow, I think that was 1916, 15 or 16 along in there. It snowed about 3 feet in one night. Well, then after that heavy snow the lake was just full of slush. Well, then here come a freezin' spell and froze that right up. Mudbay Logging Company, all the loggers were makin' their own skates, all the Scandinavian boys. Took old drag saw blades and made skates and were down here skatin'. I think the weather goes in cycles and we're in a nice cycle here now. That could change in years. But that cycle came on awful fast. I don't think we had any more rainfall then than we do now. I can say one thing, the timber was all standin'; it probably started rainin' quite a bit in September and the salmon trout was runnin' in September, well, we don't have that any more. I guess the salmon trout are gone probably.

Well, about the weather, I think it was about 1915 when we had the 70 days without a drop of rain and so we got some real hot weather. Bob Haeger had an old "one lung" Excelsior motorcycle, belt drive, you put "pitchomastic" on the belt, ya know. We came in to have dinner and "Gosh old fish hooks, lets go down to Thompson's and go

swimmin' Joe". Ok, that'd be fine so we got the old "one lunger" out and started down the hill, I pushed and got it goin' and then jumped on the back and pulled the tightener on the belt and whump whump whump whump whump and away we went. We got down to Medbury place; the road is different there now. It used to come down and in place of going right straight up onto the Delphi road like it does now, it swung left and down in there the road went up around, it didn't go straight across like it does now. It went around towards Medbury's; they had a rail fence. They had ground lead logged across the road, right in front of where John Helland did live; Ray Rossow lives there now. The logs come right across that way and come down past the schoolhouse. Anyways, we got down to this dusty place; all the rain you know had washed all the fine dirt down to the bottom and of course when we got down there the dust was about 6 or 8 inches deep. So, that's where the damned old motorcycle give up, she quit right there. Well, there's only one thing to do, we put her up on the stand and we took turns crankin' and kickin' and we couldn't get a "pop" out of her. So, well, we could push her to the top of the hill and we could coast down to Thompson's place; past where the schoolhouse is now; we could make it to the lake there. Ok, so we pushed her about half way up that hill, about straight out from where Ivan Goldsby's house was, over in there somewheres. Put her up on the stand and cranked some more; ran out of "steam", you know, we just had to stop and rest. We had it on the stand and cranked and cranked and we couldn't do anything with it. About that time we discovered that the gasoline adjustment had jiggled shut. So, opened that up and give her a crank and away she went. We got to ride up to the top of the hill, the rest of the way and down to Thompson's place. I was so damned all in that I never enjoyed the swimmin' at all. Good ol' days!"

(John) " How about Black Lake Thompson?"

(Joe) "Well, yes, I met Black Lake Thompson. Dad took me one time when I was a little kid; we went over to his house and visited with him. He was quite a guy and I was pretty young, I really didn't appreciate it. About 1909, I think it was, we went to a fourth of July celebration in Olympia. I went with the Wellman's;, Uncle Charlie and Aunt Lill. So, when we was down there, we run into Black Lake Thompson, so he rode home with us and he was tellin' about the first time he come to Black Lake. The road was just a trail, an Indian trail was about all it amounted to. It took off right there at Simmons Lake and got on a ridge there and followed the top of the ridges. You couldn't make it through that wet swampy ground, ya know. So the trail was up on top."

(John) "You told me about another Indian trail that went through from Mud Bay; how'd that go?"

(Joe) "Well, these Indian trails that come in here, they came to Thompson's place; that was the Indian camping grounds there for some reason. There was clam shells, oyster shells, there still is, there's loads of them. The Indians had a trail from the Chehalis reservation; came through, oh, about where Hooter Creek dumps. They used to call that area Darlin Swamp; that dumps around to a pond there, puddle, and that's where Lake Lucinda is now. And where that poured out through the solid rock and went into the Dempsey valley, Hudson Bay had a post right close there. The reason for Hudson Bay having this post there, it was on this trail that came through from the Chehalis

reservation, it came through into the Black Hills. The Indians had a camp ground up there right at the head of Beatty Creek; and that's where the Indians from the Puget Sound and the Chehalis River outfit, they would congregate there and hunt deer and dry berries, pick berries and one thing another. When I was a kid it was nothing uncommon to see Indians campin' there. And then the trail came through to Black Lake , so the Mud Bay Indians, there was lot's of oyster shells, lots of clam shells and they evidently made spear and arrow heads because you would find a place here on the lake where there was lots of chippings and you'd find broken off arrow heads where they'd throw them down and left them. I and Ted one day, we got to digging in a place like that, up away from the edge of the lake and we dug up spear points, tomahawks, arrow heads. We got a whole hat full of stuff out of there."

(John) "And that's down where the John Guerin Place is now?"

(Joe) "The John Guerin Place. That was about, oh maybe a thousand feet from where old Black Lake Thompson had his cabin. Where he had his cabin is towards the lake from where Mrs. Guerin's house is now. He had a shack in there; he had dirt floors if I can remember right. I don't think it had any windows, if it did, I don't remember them."

(John) "How about old Jim Pie or Jim Talbot?"

(Joe) "Ya, I knew him, yes. He came from Nebraska, same place where Goldsby's came from Nebraska. Old Jim Talbot came from the same piece of country I guess. So, he was a bachelor and he had his ideas. Us kids used to call him Jim Pie. He always managed to make it around Aunt Janie's place to have Sunday dinner. That was the usual procedure."

(John) "He lived up on the Nels Brown Road?

(Joe) "Ya, he lived up in there. It would be to the south end of the Thompson Donation Claim; he lived just a little past that just southwest of the section corner there. He bought the old Owens Place. Owens' built that place. They had it slashed out and you could look clear down to Black Lake, but it grew up again. And they had something there I never seen anywheres else; they had a fireplace made with mud and clay. It had shakes crisscrossed like this covered with clay. They put a layer of mud and then they put shakes on there, cedar, might not be shakes, but strips of cedar, split like a shake. And then more mud, and that was their fireplace. I'd never seen one like that anywheres before or since. Old Jim, he was a bachelor and he had his peculiarities. One thing he done, he always plowed the same way every year. He started out here on the outside and just plowed around and around like that, so finally he's got a hole down in the center where he throwed the dirt for years. That sounds funny, but it's the truth. The dirt out on the outer edge, it was clear up over the fence, ya know he plowed the same way every year."

(John) "Then he spent his later years livin' with your Aunt Janie?"

(Joe) "Yes, I think he spent his last years down there. I've got a jackknife here that I bought from him when he was gettin' old and gettin' childish. He was comin' along and I met him in the road and he wanted to sell me a knife. "Ya, ya I'll buy a knife. How much you want for it?" "Twenty cents." So, I still got the knife; it was a Case Knife. He had went to one of these sales, I think at Western State. When the inmates would die they would sell their personal stuff. It would be in a suitcase and you'd bid on that suitcase.

You might get something and you might not. You bid on it anyway and so that's what he done and he got this suitcase and it had a hat full of knives in there, so I got a knife from him. I still got it; you want to see it, I'll get it and show it to ya."

(John) " Who was some of the other old timers around when you were small that you remember of?"

(Joe) " Oh, I don't know, I knew all the Lehman's and Meyer's, Olmstead's. I never got acquainted with any of the Dempsey's. They were gone I think but, Neylon's, I knew them and Harlow's. They were old timers, all of em. Ya, I remember stayin' at Harlow's place. You come up the stairs to go to the bedroom where we was gonna sleep, there was flour stacked up like this, they had quite a few sacks of flour piled up. Seemed funny, but that's the way she was. And they had a spring comin' down, a trickle of water in a little valley there right by the house; and there they kept the ducks, the chickens and turkeys even. They had a pen around this and everything stayed in there, all the birds."

(John) "There was quite a group of people lived up at the Waddell Creek area."

(Joe) "Ya"

(John) "You know most of those people?"

(Joe) "Wellman's, Cap Wellman lived up there, Weller's, Hendershot's and Hank Sturdevant had a place there, but that was before I ever remember going down to Hank Sturdevant's place. I think he'd moved out before; I don't remember bein' there anyway. Dad taught school at that North Star Schoolhouse, and I was only about two years old when that happened, so I don't remember much about that."

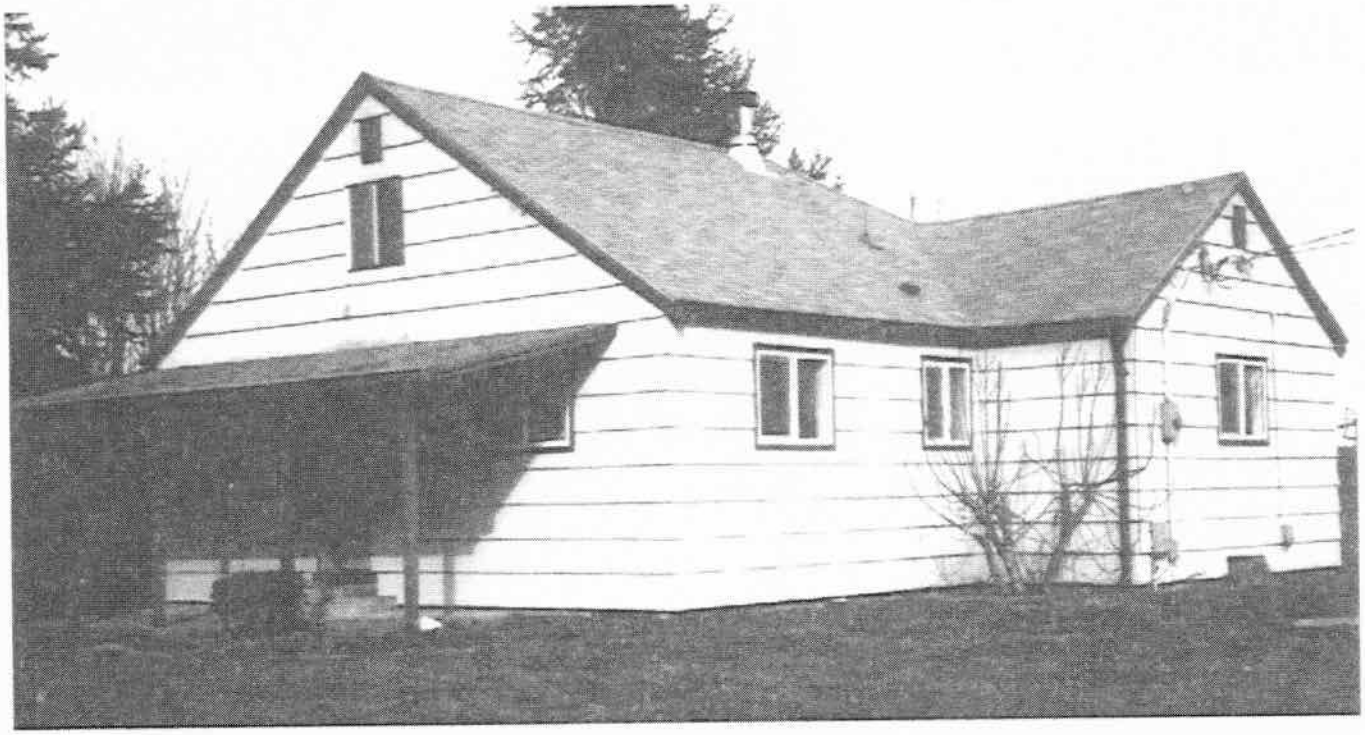
(John) "How about the Buckhorn School?"

(Joe) "Well, I can't remember what year it was, about 1906 I think. A funny thing happened; we was goin' to go somewheres in the morning. We got up early; you had to get up early to go anywheres those days. It took a long time to get anywheres with the horses, you know. So, we got up early and we was havin' breakfast and I sat over here on this, behind the table here and I am lookin' straight west like this and the pantry had a screen over the pantry window and all of a sudden it just seemed like "whissh", something went by there a million miles an hour. Right by that screen, then the dishes began to rattle and clatter, and ho! we're havin' an earthquake. That's the first earthquake I'd heard of, that's new business for me. Anyways, the dishes didn't fall, they just rattled; you could hear em shakin'. When the news finally got around (they had telegraphs those days) but you didn't have any telephone out in the Delphi area, so it took time to get the word that they had had a hellava big earthquake in San Francisco. Mom's oldest sister Clara and Robert Ball, they were down there. So, they were worried about them, wondered what happened to them because you know the earth just opened up and swallowed people, you could hear all kinds of "hot air". I guess it did do some openin' up and get some people maybe. Anyway, it must have been about a month after the earthquake, why here come an old prairie schooner, here come Rob and Clara and Bert. They'd got all the earthquake they wanted and come home. Anyways, while they was there, they had a dance down at the old Buckhorn Schoolhouse. So we went down and that's the only time I can remember goin' to that Buckhorn Schoolhouse. It was down, oh

Re-grading the "Sand Hill" located at the Joe Brown property, 1939.

Re-grading the "Sand Hill" located at the Joe Brown & Zig Wellman property, 1939.

Re-grading the "Sand Hill" located at the Joe Brown property, 1939. Sally (Clauson) & Joe Brown home at upper right.



Sally (Clauson) & Joe Brown

I LOVE TO MAKE BREAD

I NEVER USE A RECIPE TO MAKE BREAD BUT I CAN TELL YOU HOW I MADE THIS LOAF. TUES EVE BOILED AND PEELED 2 MEDIAN POTATOES RUN THEM THRU THE BLENDER USING ABOUT 1 QT HOT WATER DUMPED THAT IN MIXING BOWL (13 QT) ADDED 2 HEAPING TBS YEAST WITH A LITTLE HONEY GROUND ABOUT 1½ PINTS MONTANA HARD WHEAT WITH GRINDER SET FOR CRACKED WHEAT DUMPED THAT PLUS 2 HANDSFUL ROLLED OATS IN YEAST MIX AND WENT TO BED AFTER COVERING BOWL. THAT BATTER WAS ABOUT AS THICK AS PANCAKE BATTER, TOO THIN IT MIGHT WORK OVER BOARD

WED MORN 430

MIXED 1 QT HOT WATER 3 TABLE SPOONS HONEY 1 TBS SALT 1 SMALL CAN CONDENSED MILK AND DUMPED THAT IN BATTER STIRRED IN ENOUGH FLOUR TOO MAKE A HEAVY BATTER LET SET WHILE I DRANK COFFEE - MIXED IN MORE FLOUR UNTIL IT WAS READY TO KNEAD. LET THAT SET WHILE I HAD BREAKFAST AND DID CHORES. MANAGED TO GET MY HANDS PITCHY FIRING FURNACE (THE PATH OF TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.) THE DOUGH HAD RISEN BY THAT TIME SO I KNEADED THOROUGHLY AND LET IT SET WHILE I GREASED BREAD PANS OF COURSE I HAD SPILLED FLOUR ON THE FLOOR SO I _

SCRUBBED THE FLOOR. THE DOUGH WAS UP AGAIN SO I KNEADED SOME MORE JUST ADDING ENOUGH FLOOR SO THE DOUGH WAS STICKY TO THE TOUCH BUT NOT STICKING TO BOWL. DUMPED DOUGH ON FLOURE BOARD AND HAMMER IT DOWN FLAT AND CUT INTO 2 LB LOAVES. HAD 7 LOAVES, ALL MY OVEN WILL HOLD. BAKED 350° ABT 20 MIN AND DROPPED HEAT TO 275° FOR 25 MIN. LET COOL BAGGED IT AND PUT IN FREEZER.

THE REASON FOR ALL THIS FOOLING AROUND IS THAT IT TAKES TIME FOR YEAST TO PENETRATE CRACKED WHEAT SO I LET IT STAND ALL NIGHT IF I START BAKING 4:30 AM. I DONT GET ANY STATIC ABOUT GETTING THE YEAST TOO. HOT AND NO FINGER NAIL INSPECTION AND I DONT HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SOME SISTER GRANGER LOOKING AT MY APRON AND MISTAKENLY THINKING I AM SHOEING A HORSE.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDUM IS IN THE EATUM SO TRY A SLICE

Joe Brown

Mrs. J. Emmett (Mollie (Haeger) Brown. House built in 1937 by Charles Lancaster.
Sally (Clauson) & Joe Brown

POST CARD
KARTE
ARTE

For Correspondence only

For Address only

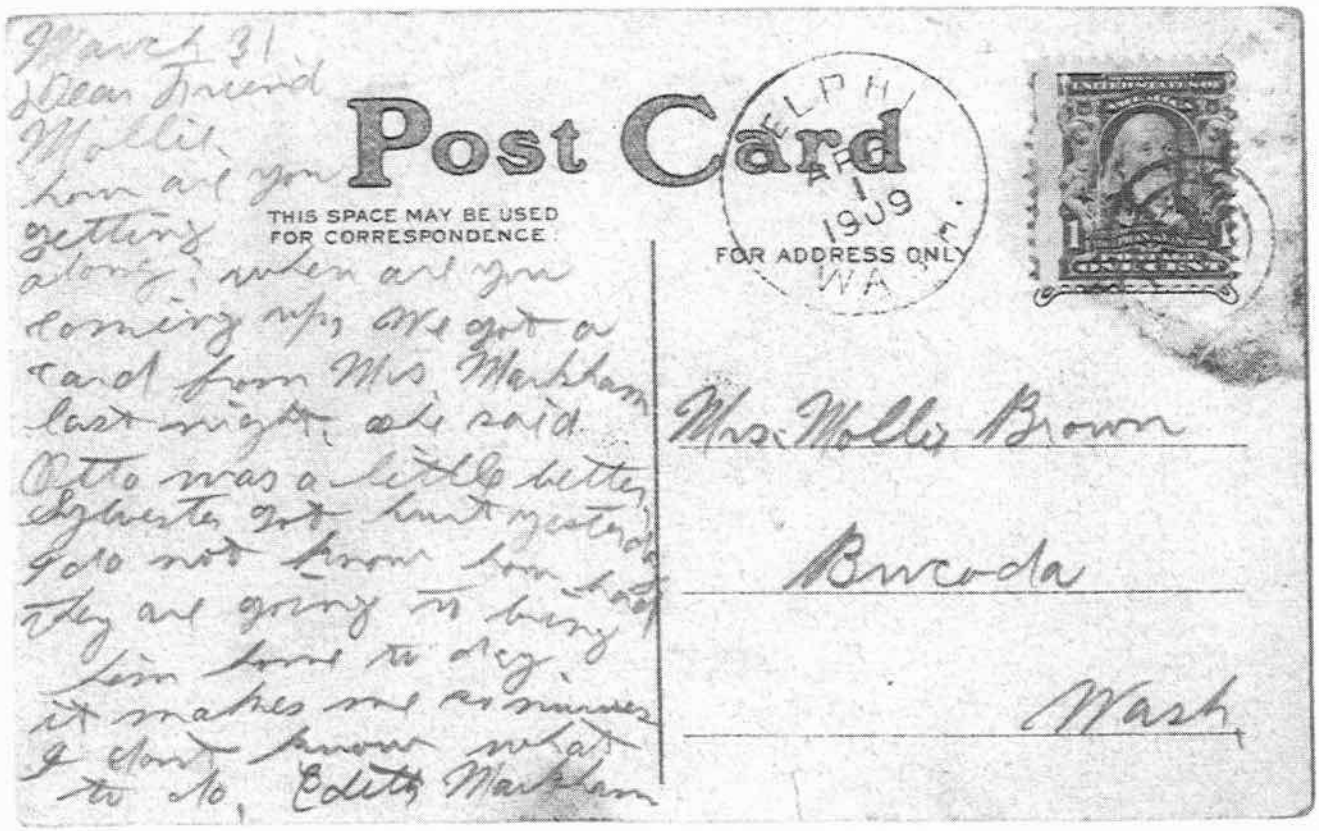
NOV 16

U.S. POSTAGE ONE CENT

Mrs. Wallis Brown

Burcado

Wash



Post Card

THIS SPACE MAY BE USED FOR CORRESPONDENCE

ELPH
APR 1 1909
FOR ADDRESS ONLY
WA

Mrs. Wallis Brown

Burcoda

Wash

maybe a mile from the Seldar's place. Seldar's is where the bridge is across Waddell Creek; that lower bridge. That's Seldar's bridge."

(John) "That was between the Waddell Creek bridge and where the Margaret McKinney Park is now?"

(Joe) "Ya, about half way between there. Right now, if you go there now, they have clear cut and logged out a bunch of stuff and they are buildin' houses in there. And you're goin' pretty much North and you swing to your left, kinda go Northwest, the Buckhorn Schoolhouse sat right there on the right hand side."

(John) "As you're coming from Littlerock?"

(Joe) "Ya, as you're comin from Littlerock ya. Comin up the hill and you come to a flat like this and it was right off to the right. It was right there near as I can remember."

(John) "Your Dad didn't teach the Buckhorn School, just the White Star?"

(Joe) "No, He taught at North Star."

(John) "North Star!"

(Joe) "That was in there on the Waddell Creek Road not far from, well, it was between Bear Creek and Cougar Creek, that's where the North Star School was; on the left hand side goin' into Waddell Creek."

(John) "That's about a quarter of a mile East of the Waddell Creek Bridge?"

(Joe) "Ya, about that far."

The video of the above text is still available, at cost, from John Markham. Also another video of Joe Brown, (Times are Changin') is available at cost. This video was taken in 1988 and consists of Joe Brown and John Markham driving in the car from the Ken Lake area to the Waddell Creek area. Joe Brown does most of the talking and describes the areas, (as we go) and who lived at the various places years ago.

By: Margaret (Brown) Weber

Sand Hill

It was 1939 when negotiations with Thurston County were completed and work began on improving the Black Lake road. The existing road at that time had been used for many years and was a bumpy, some times muddy and a dusty gravel road. The local residents on the west side of Black Lake gave up some of their property where necessary to widen, straighten, and surface the road.

The Sand Hill area, as it was known in earlier times, is located about ¼ mile south of the Black Lake Grocery store. The property on both sides of the road was owned by my Father, Joseph F. Brown. It was quite a steep hill in those days and I am sure some of the old "flivvers" had to gear down to go up and down the hill. I remember when I was very young of sliding on a sled with my uncle Kenneth during a "good" snow.

The years after the Depression when people were becoming more affluent, traffic increased. The Maples and Columbus Park were very popular places to go during the

4. I was about six years old and I was very sick. I made a noise when I breathed which humiliated me, but what I really remember is the compassion in Del Goldsby's eyes as he stood talking to my mother and looking down at me.
5. Leo Lehman was on the telephone line crew. In fact, Leo was the line crew for awhile. 1928, I think.

By: Daisy (Brown) Pier, Goldsby, Ackley

Copied from a book of poems written by "DIPPY DAISY"

Black Lake Grange doings
Dedicated to Sister Gertrude Grate, Chairman of Home Economics for 1951

This is to show what our Grangers have done
During Nineteen-hundred, and fifty-one.
A bunch of live wires, who keep up our Grange,
Thought it high time to make a slight change
So with paint and brushes, with mops and with brooms,
They cleaned up the wood-work, and painted the rooms,
Cleaned window sashes, and curtained the panes,
Shingled a roof to keep out the chill rains.
Drilled a good well for the water supply;
Stored plenty of wood in the basement to dry;
Bought a new range, and a nice coffee urn.
It looked like our Grange must have money to burn.
Then a hot water-heater was brought out from town.
The bank-roll by that time, had gone down,
down,
down!
So they went into a huddle to find ways and means
To build the bank roll without robbing their jeans.
Bazaars, and dances, and big Bingo games
Dragged out the shekels, from gents, and from dames,
'Til at last the lean bank-roll began to grow fat.
When we all pay our dues 'twill not be quite so flat.
They built up a blood bank from all who could give
To help more unfortunate people to live.
After all had been done, they repaired to the grounds;
Cleaned off weeds and bushes, and leveled the mounds.
To that bunch of game grangers, the best in the land,
We're voting to give you a Great Big Fat Hand.

Past Pleasures

Dedicated to Laura Brown on her eightieth birthday.

Here's to the gal who has been a good pal
Since the days of the long, long ago;
In Charlie's old car, we went near, and far
Often travelling too fast, or too slow.

We lined out one day, going Montana way,
Our spirits as high as a kite;
We stopped for wild-flowers, and lost many hours,
'Til Charlie was ready to fight.

We camped near a town just as night settled down,
And proceeded to rustle a meal;
We cooked up a dinner (which made us no thinner)
But made us much better to feel.

There came a loud sound of a merry-go-round,
And we knew that a show was in town;
We wanted to go, but Charlie said "No!
I'm tired, and would sooner lie down".

He gave his consent, and we two then went
For a ride on the big ferris-wheel;
But leaving him there, sitting tired on his chair,
Made me feel like one big blistered "heel".

With our eyes on the light of the big show in sight,
We cut through vacant lots, full of weeds
Full of sock-tearing thorn, and as sure as I'm born
There were thousands of "beggar-lice" seeds.

Upon reaching the show, we promptly did go
To the big ferris-wheel for a ride;
Once aboard the big wheel, it made us to feel
Like Queens, sitting there side by side.

We trundled on back to our cozy wee shack,
Our waggling tongues, going clickty-clack;
We passed up the weed-patch, and kept to the roads
As the weed-patch might well contain snakes, and horned-toads.

This is but one of the trips just for fun,
Sometimes going as far as the old car would run.
Casting out the dull care, we just lapped up the cream,
And we'll never forget 'til we're too old to dream.

Lecture Hour

Dedicated to Mrs. Grace Brown of Black Lake Grange

Much praise has been given the man with the hoe
And the farmer who spades up the gravel,
But no praise (to my knowledge) has ever been given
The lady who wieldeth the gavel.

She sleeplessly worries her poor tired mind
To rig up some new entertainment,
But not one shred of a thing can she find
Nor one who'll take on the assignment.

Somehow or other, when Lecture Hour comes
(though she has only half she had wanted)
And part of the crowd makes a break for the door,
The Lecturer stands all undaunted.

Am satisfied "heroes are made, and not born"
And built from the ground-floor at that
Else how could a Lecturer stand staunch and strong
And not flee at the "drop of the hat".

So "stay with the ship", give the lady a break
Don't sneak out when you think she's not lookin'
To sniff at the coffee and peep at the cake,
And call to the cooks, "hey, what's cookin'?"

The following few pages have been copied from various items found in the scrapbook put together by Dora (Brown) Sturdevant.

Postcard dated Jul. 24th 1914 &
Postmarked Littlerock Wash.

Addressed to: S. H. Brown

Dora (Brown) & Louis Sturdevant

Dora (Brown) & Louis Sturdevant

Celeste Bly
Built by Lester Studevant for his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bly

Sisters Oregon

Jul. 23. Dear father & rest. We received your card. I am glad you are getting along fine. We are all well and am always glad to hear from you all. Mary & son is getting along fine. The rest of the folks are all well. Your son Nelson Brown

---

Postcard dated Nov. 6th 1916 &
Postmarked Littlerock Wash.

Addressed to: Rebecca Brown
417 14th St.
Olympia Wash.

Dear Grandma, How are you. We are all well. Henry Wellman is better. How is Aunt Mae's baby. Answer soon. Helen Brown

---

Postcard dated Jan. 27th 1917 &
Postmarked: Delphi Wash.

Addressed to: Mrs. S. H. Brown
417 14th St.
Olympia Wash.

Dear Mother, I thought I would write and let you know we are all well.
The baby is growing like everything, she weighs 16 ½ lbs.
How are Mary and the baby getting along. I would like to see it, but I can't come till next Sat. Then we are sure coming.
Tell Mary & Mattie I am going to write if I ever get time. Mae G.

Letter dated Feb. 1 1918
No postmark or envelope
Written to Rebecca (Pethoud) Brown

My Dear Mother:
Well we got home all right that night & wasn't very cold, but we built a fire in the bedroom anyway.
I suppose you have got a big snow up there. It is about 3 ½ or 4 inches here & still snowing. Camp did not run today.
I wish we was up there now. I suppose Lenora was glad to see you. When I ask Geraldine where Grandma is, she looks around for you.
I made doughnuts yesterday. How is Mattie & Mary? Tell them both I will write to them when I have some news to write.

I have been busy cleaning my bedroom this morning. I hung all the clothes up & swept the floor already. I am going to embroidery this afternoon.

Geraldine likes to see the snow.

Well I can't think of any thing more to write so will close for this time.

You be sure & come out for we are looking for you.

From Mae

From the "DAILY OLYMPIAN"
(Circa 1924)

BLACK LAKE NEWS

A community Christmas entertainment was given Friday evening at the Black Lake hall. A committee on decoration, ..with Mrs. Grace Brown as chairman, ably assisted by Miss Norma Lehman and the children of the school, made the hall very attractive with garlands and wreaths of evergreen and streamers of red and green. The program consisted of recitations by all the pupils of the school and also one by Little Ruth Brown; and Eskimo drill and song by twelve girls, Lila Lehman, Ethel Hagman, Dorothy Sturdevant, Emily Osborne, Helen Doolittle, Alice Carpenter, Signe Hagman, Stella McStoot, Virginia Goldsby, Margaret Harlow,

The march and song for the drill were played by Mrs. C. L. Goldsby on the piano and Mr. C. L. Goldsby on the violin. A dialogue in two acts entitled, "A Bluebird Christmas" was cleverly presented by a number of children. Lila Lehman, Ethel Hagman, Dorothy Sturdevant, Helen Doolittle, and Donald Sturdevant having leading parts. At the conclusion of the play Mrs. C. L. Goldsby sang "The Bluebird" very beautifully. An other one-act dialogue, "Mail Early" was humorously given by Everett Osborne, Alice Carpenter, Emily Osborne, Tom Brown, Stella McStoot, Signe Hagman, Charles Carpenter, and Robert Brown.

The musical numbers of the entertainment were especially fine this year. In addition to the songs "Christmas Time," "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and "The Christmas Ship" sung by the children of the school, there were also solos by Virginia Goldsby and Emily Osborne, two solos with guitar accompaniment by Del Goldsby, and Christmas carols by a mixed quartet, composed of Mrs. C. L. Goldsby, Mrs. Bruce Brown, and Messers. Charles Goldsby and Del Goldsby with piano and violin obbligato. The final feature of the entertainment was a song, "The Shadowman" by the children of the school. Mr. William Lehman made a very entertaining "Santa Claus."

From the "DAILY OLYMPIAN"
Date unknown

RIGHT OR WRONG, THE READERS ALWAYS WRITE

Says Appreciation Standard Should Be Raised

Editor, Daily Olympian:

One of the most important problems in the United States has been to raise the standard of living for the average man. It seems to be a better way to look at this problem is to raise our standard of appreciation.

If dissatisfaction were dispelled we would have a better world to live in. However, we should never be satisfied with everything to the point where we cease to progress.

This attitude is a problem we should attack as individuals, and see if we cannot inject some romance into making the most of our blessings. The way to make progress always has been to start from wherever we might be and take stock of our assets, recognize our liabilities for the sole purpose of making the best use of our assets, set a goal, and then plan the work necessary to reach this goal, and, most important, work with the plan.

We would find it much more pleasant to do this than merely to seek out what the other fellow does wrong to create dissatisfaction with his methods or acts.

It seems to me this would be good advice for us to take personally, give to other individuals to practice in business, or to use in governments, large or small.

I sincerely believe we as a people have more to be proud of and make use of than any other people at any time in the past. DAVE PIER, 703 South Central Street

---

Letter dated: Feb. 21, 1944 &
Postmarked: Vancouver Wash.

From: Daisy Goldsby
Oregon Washington Pythian Home
3409 Main St.
Vancouver Wash.

Dear Dora and Family- -

Just a few lines to let you know how much my sympathies turn toward you in your hour of sorrow.

Having been through it all can surely understand just exactly what you are all having to bear.

There was no chance for me to get away so as to attend the funeral, but know you understand. Wasn't quite sure as to when it was to be held anyway.

Have been very busy lately can't seem to be able to pull loose from this job, as they have a hard time getting nurses, and I hate to just pull out and leave them. This is a nice place to work, and I really do like this kind if work.

Once again, I want to tell you that you have my sincere sympathy.

Lovingly----------

Your cousin Daisy Goldsby

About the above letter: Lewis Edgar Sturdevant had passed away 5 days earlier on Feb. 16, 1944.

---- ----

Letter dated: May 31, 1942 &
Postmarked: Abilene Texas

Pvt. Robert L. Sturdevant
U. S. Army

Co. A. 56 Bn. Med. Relief Center
Camp Barkley Texas

Mrs. L. E. Sturdevant
Olympia Wash
Rt. 6 Box 302

May 30, 1942
Time 6 o'clock

Hi Mom, Hi Pap, Hi Ethel, Hi Rose Bud

Boy it sure has been hot here the last few days. We got two more shots in our arms last night, and about three or four guys passed out from the shock of it. It didn't hurt very much but you didn't know whether you was going to have the use of your arm for awhile. We sure have been getting hell the last three days. Yesterday we walked about 7 miles in the afternoon and today we went about 2 miles.

If John wants to use Bonnie very much why you don't have to be in a very big hurry about the shoes.

My fingers are just about well now. I guess it was the water alright. Them hillbillies sure do like all the shiny buttons on their uniforms. Most of them are used to their shoes now.

I still got my clothes yet and will send them home one of these days. A G. I. Haircut is where you get your hair cut like Obies. My suntan suit is a lite tan and pretty thin. I don't think I will get homesick very bad anyway.

You got it right when you guessed quarantine. We can't even go to the show here at the post.

When I found out where I was going from the fort, it was about 10 min. Before we got on the train.

We got our first pay day on the 30th of June. I got a letter from Nina and John today. If you ever have to send for me on anything urgent such as sickness or anything like that go to the Red Cross and they will help you get me a furlough. But send a telegram to me.

They told us to be sure and tell our folks that. There is a Robert Brown in our company. I have been eating a pint of ice cream a day. It only cost 10 cents a pint. The grub sure is different here than it was at the fort.

Boy I sure got a bunch of crap to take care of. I think we will have chicken for dinner tomorrow. This sure is a s- - t of a place down here. The dust sure does get in your clothes. I have to wash my socks, undershirts and shorts every other night.

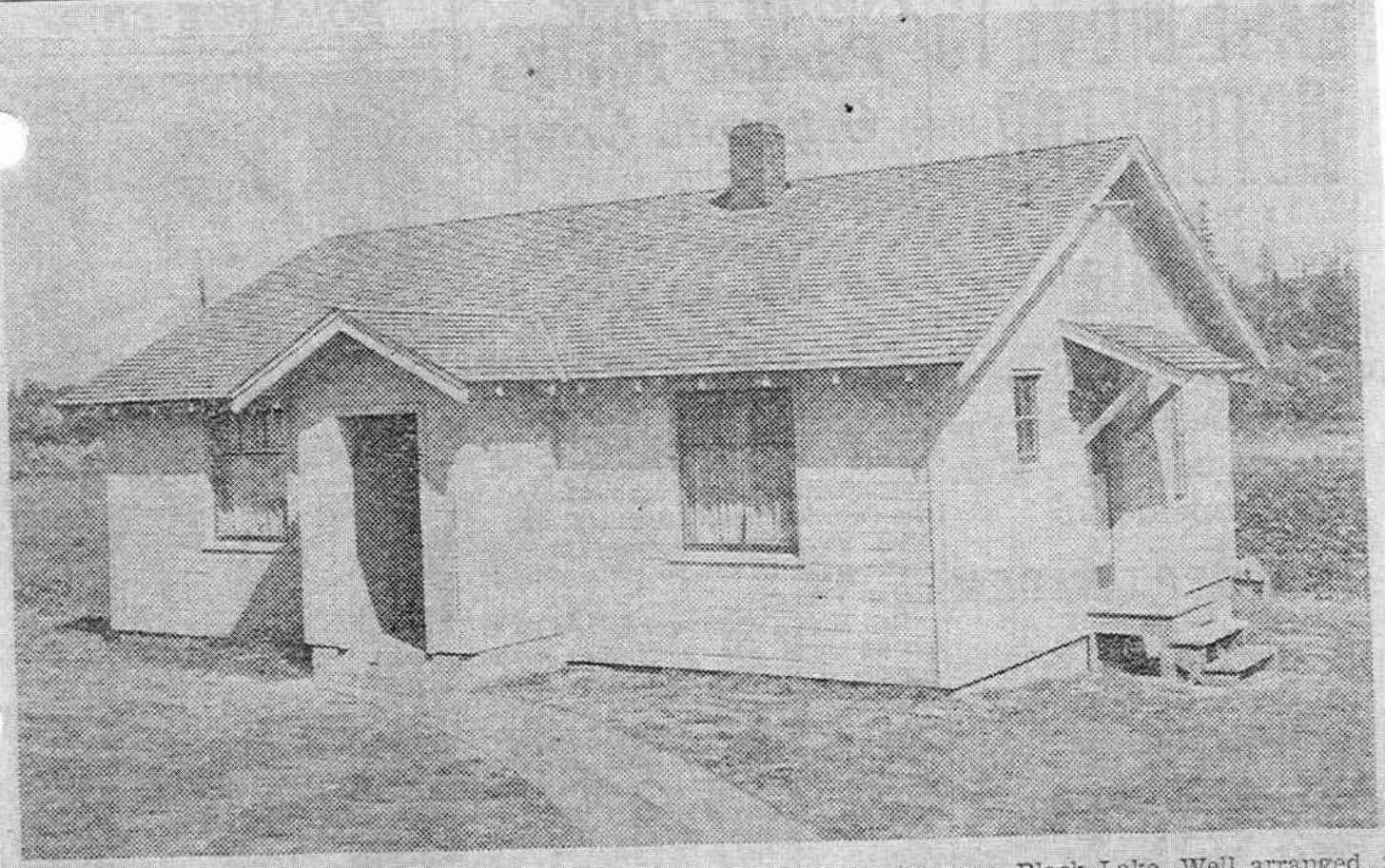
Well I guess I better quit now. Tell all the kids hello and to write. Goodbye now until maybe Monday. Yours Yard Bird Pardie

P. S. I sure feel good and my cold has clear gone.

Letter dated: Jul 10 1945&
Postmarked: U.S. Army Postal Service

Rebecca (Pethoud) & Sidney Hampton Brown. This was their first home in Thurston County
This house built c.1882 near East end of Barnes Lake
Emma (Brown) Lehman was born here 9/9/1885

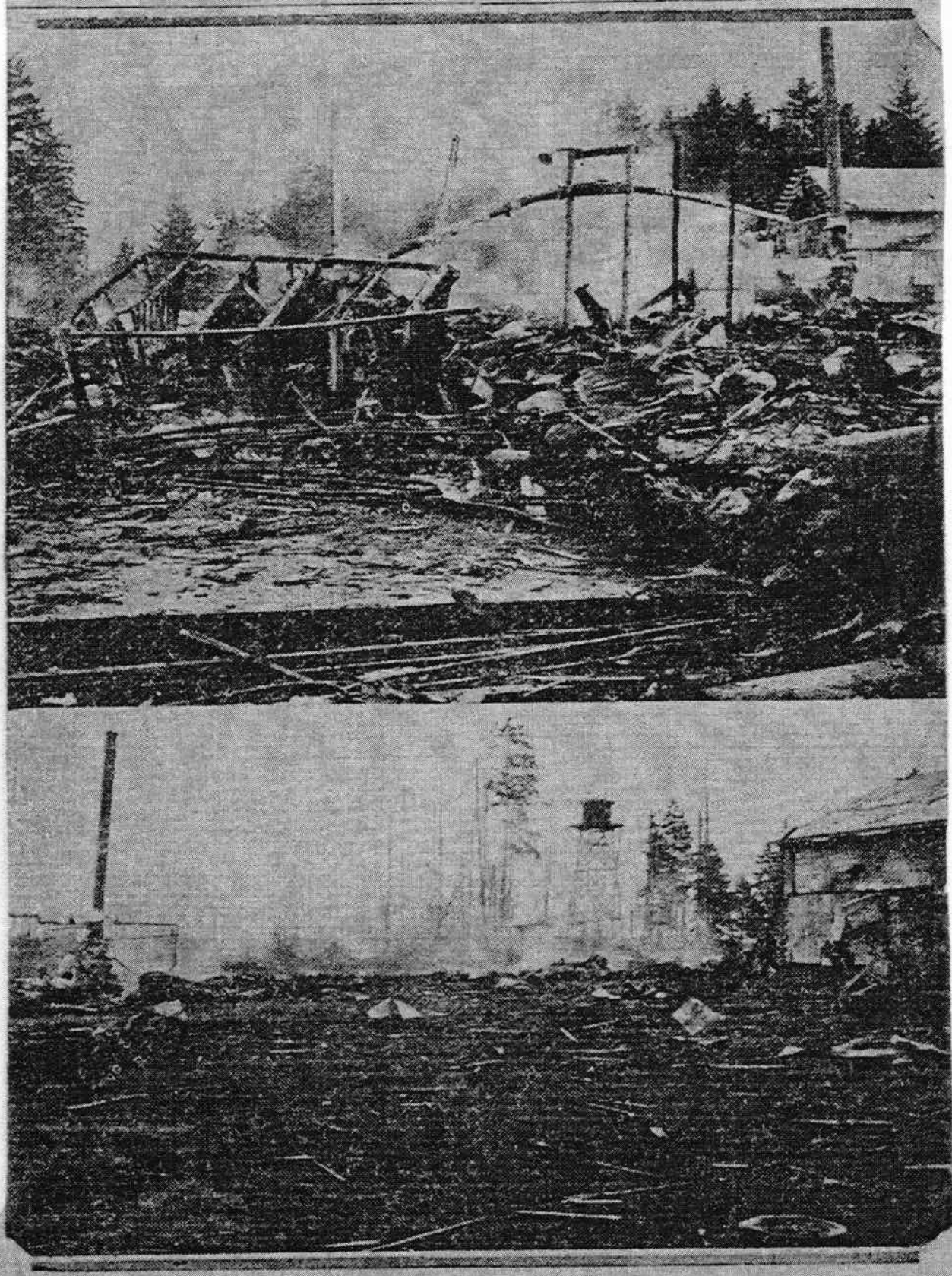
MRS. CARPENTER'S NEW HOME NEAR BLACK LAKE



his home has just been completed for Mrs. Martha Belle Carpenter near Black Lake. Well arranged, it cludes two bedrooms, living room, kitchen and bathroom. It has concrete foundation. The cost was only $1,100. Hyak Lumber and Millwork Company furnished the material and Ostrom & Milholland handled theconstr uction.

Martha Carpenter. House built c.1936. Previous house burned in 1934 and the family moved to Columbus Park.

WHERE TEN MET DEATH IN POWDER PLANT EXPLOSION



The devastated plant of the J .A. Denn powder p lant on Hawks Prairie, six miles east of Olympia shortly after the terrific explosion Wednesday that k illed ten persons and injured six. The upper view shows what was left of the chlorate and and mixing rooms, where the fire which led to the blast was believed to have started. The lower scene depicts a gen eral view of the devastation.—AP photo.

P3

A. P. O. 518 A

Sgt. Robert L. Sturdevant
318th Stat Hosp.
A.P.O. 518 A
% P.M.N.Y.N.Y
A.S.N. 39181158

Mrs. D. J. Sturdevant
Rt. 6 Box 302
Olympia Wash.

England
July 8, 1945

Dear Mom

Just a few lines to let you know I am okay and out of the hospital again.

Guess they figured I had layed around long enough so they sent me back to the 318th. My thumb is still a little stiff but guess it will come out of that in a little while. I sure got a good scar on my nose yet but guess I am lucky to even have a nose.

I got a letter from Cal and from what he says they will be home in a couple of months. He was sure fed up with the way they are doing them. He said now that they have a chance to run around they have to be in by eleven and when they were on the front they didn't give a damn how long they kept him up.

I sure would like to be home to help him "cut a rusty" (*something different or spectacular),* but don't reckon I will make it.

Boy I sure would like to be home about now and lay into about six blackberry pies and about a gal. of good cold milk but guess I will have to eat my eggs and like it.

I picked this pen up out of the trash can and I just washed it out and I got enough ink on me to write a book.

I loaned my good pen to a kid in the hospital and he went to sleep while he had it and dropped it on the floor and the darned thing wont write no more.

I guess I will sign off for this time. You can send my mail to the old address again.

Hope you are okay and don't worry about me. As ever Pard

From: The Sunday Olympian
Nov. 12, 1944

Couldn't Take It

A FRUSTRATED musician is Mrs. Daisy Goldsby, 926 North Tullis Street, who on numerous occasions has released her sorrows in rhyme. When her music failed to charm, Mrs. Goldsby again took to verse:

Just couldn't see why folks should groan
When I took out my saxophone;
So thought I'd try the doctor's rig,
And played it for my guinea pig.
He scratched and tried to get away—
My guinea pig was dead next day!

From: The Daily Olympian
1940

Old Green Tin Lunch Box Repast Replaced By Deer Meat Meals

By Winifred Kerr

Remember the little green tin lunch box you used to carry to school?

Remember the thick chunks of bread soaked purple with grape jelly?

Remember how the smell of hard boiled eggs lingered in the cubby hole of a desk and brought hunger hours before lunch time?

Remember the time the bucket came unfastened and the thermos bottle rolled out from its nest in the top and hot cocoa spilled all over the sidewalk . . . and the licking you got when you came home?

All of these things have now passed into the limbo of the leather book strap and the slate as far as most Thurston County school children are concerned.

No longer does the green tin lunch box with the pink flowered top and the compartment for pie dangle from the handles of passing bicycles. No longer do battered oranges roll under the seats of the school bus.

Indeed, the majority of tin boxes now holds nothing but fishing worms.

Originated In Tumwater

The hot lunch plan in Thurston County probably originated in Tumwater School, Marvin S. Stevens, county superintendent recalls. Several years ago, the mothers of children in Tumwater determined to cook lunch for the pupils and hired a neighbor to take care of the lunch problem.

Since that time, workers from WPA have been secured to cook the meals and take care of the serving. To such an extent has the project grown that now virtually each community has its school vegetable garden, from which the beans, peas, tomatoes and other vegetables are canned in the summer for use during the winter months.

Mothers Went Into Action

For instance, take the Black Lake School. One day not so long ago, the game warden told some of the mothers that he had several confiscated deer they might use. The mothers immediately went into action.

For three or four days, in fact, the mothers worked in the schoolhouse kitchen, cooking the sweetest mess of venison you ever saw, filling approximately 145 quart jars with the meat to be used next year in the school lunches.

They'll Eat Well

Forty-four pupils in Black Lake School will enjoy soups and hash and other tasty venison dishes because of the days of work put in by the five mothers working on the project. Each year the Black Lake School also has some 1,500 or 2,000 quarts of vegetables, jams, jellies and fruits put away on the cupboard shelf for use in the lunch project.

A good part of the work is done by WPA crews, but as in the Black Lake example, the mothers help at any time when food is donated and a WPA crew is not available. Originally, of course, the mothers of the school children did all the work.

Project Spread Rapidly

In the past two years, since the projects have been assisted by WPA funds, 20 schools in Thurston County and nine in Mason County have begun to serve hot lunches. These do not include the schools inside the city of Olympia.

Somehow, it almost seems a shame to see the demise of the lunch box. Somehow, it seems that most folks looking back would regret the loss of those surprise packages of sandwiches, the hot cocoa, the squish of a ripe banana, the licking up of cake frosting stuck to waxed paper.

But that's progress for you. And venison isn't to be sneezed at as a luncheon dish. Hmm, wonder if I could sneak out for a snack next winter?

(Typed under a picture of Mrs. McLean:) Mrs. Hugh McLean stirs up a pot full of steaming venison, cooking on a temporary stove set up in the Black Lake schoolhouse. The venison, canned by a group of Black Lake mothers, will be used in the school's hot lunch plan this winter.

(Typed under a picture of Laura Brown:) Mrs. Laura Brown carries out almost the last batch of canned venison to add to the quarts already on the table in Black Lake School. The ladies canned about 145 quarts of the deer the game warden presented them. The venison will be used next year in the school's hot lunch plan.

(Typed under a picture of Wilma Lambert:) Wilma Lambert, eight-year old Black Lake School student, is one of the forty-four pupils who next winter will enjoy soups and other hot dishes made from the venison her mother helped can recently. Wilma takes a sample in advance of her fellow students as she waits for mother to finish working at the school.

End of Dora Sturdevant scrapbook.

By: Jo (Swayne) Magin

Things I remember about Grandma and Grandpa Sturdevant's place.

Swinging on the hung saddles in the barn

Picnics or family gatherings under the trees in the front yard—food on tables made of planks and saw horses.

Grandma sitting on the low oil heater in the front room.

Boxes of baby chicks on the open warm oven door in the kitchen.

Dining table stretched out to completely fill the dining room—with always room for one more.

By: Pam (Pearson) Keselburg

SO I'VE BEEN TOLD

My Aunt Dot (Dorothy Sturdevant Freelund) used to tell me stories about when she was young. I wish I could remember all of them.

One time before she died she wanted to go for a ride up the Waddell Creek Road. She couldn't believe all the houses and how it had changed. She told me about going to Aunt

Mattie's when John was born. She tried to find the place. When we came back to the Delphi Road I asked her if she wanted to take the Delphi Road into town and go past Capital Mall. Her reply was "Oh my, that would take too long – that would take all day." I told her it would take only about 10 to 15 minutes. (She probably was thinking of how long Aunt Mattie and Aunt Sarah would have taken - several hours.) She said, the first time she went to town she was 7 years old. She went by horse and buggy, probably a buckboard. She said it took pretty much all day to go to town and back. She said the thing that she most remembered were the men sitting on the wooden sidewalks spitting.

She told me about her and some of the cousins, probably some of her brothers and sisters too, would steal chickens and go out into the woods and build a fire and cook the chickens. She thought they were the best chickens she has ever eaten.

There wasn't hardly a place around that she had a story about it or tell the history. I wish I would have written it all down.

Aunt Dot says that her Dad used to say "If it rained on Easter Sunday, it will rain for seven Sundays."

Seems like Aunt Dot helped a lot of people when they were sick or having babies. I know she helped Aunt Mattie, Aunt Enied & Peggy Markham.

Mert Lehman's mom, Granny, told me about Aunt Dot and Uncle Don entering dance contest. Granny says they were good dancers. She told me about one time Aunt Dot or Uncle Don had new shoes, bought in time for the dance. Well the shoes hurt their feet so bad, they eventually had to drop out of the contest. Of course the other one was upset because they had to drop out of the contest.

Aunt Enied told us about Uncle Pard riding his horse through Grandma's house.

Marie Brown is a lady with stories. Again I wish I would have written them down. She told me about Uncle Pard and Stanley Brown – one day, it was a real hot day, they drew a bucket of water, cold of course, and one of them would go outside and run under the kitchen window and the other one would throw the bucket of water out the window. Must have been a modern day sprinkler system. Poor Grandma, she must of had a mess to clean up. Course I'm sure the guys didn't get one drop of water on the floor.

Sid and Mert Lehman are really good story tellers. Mert gets laughing and she makes you laugh because she has such an infectious laugh. Here's one of their stories. It was on a Saturday night, the gang was going out, Mert couldn't go. Her Dad wouldn't let her go because she had confirmation the next day at church. So Sid, my Mom (Ethel Sturdevant Pearson), Charlie Weber (the driver), Jean Haeger Weber, and I can't remember for sure but I think Ruth Brown and maybe Uncle Pard were there, but they stole a goose. They got stopped and of course they didn't want to get caught with this goose. So my Mom says, give me the goose. She grabbed the goose and stuck it up her dress. Gee I wonder if that was the best goose of her life?

I hope someone tells Sid's story about Uncle Ross and Uncle Dick playing and singing on the porch when the school teacher came along.

Vina would tell Kay and I stories about our families. She would tell us that every time they were sent up to Aunt Dora's (my grandmother), they knew that when they came

home there would either be a new baby in the house or something happened to one of the animals.

I like Shirley Rossow's story about when she was young and learning to sew. When Shirley would break or loose a needle, which she didn't want her Mom to know because her Mom was not happy with the number of needles Shirley used and that she would go get more from My Grandmother. So Shirley would go down the hill to my Grandmother's to get a needle. Well, Shirley would go home up the hill backwards, that way her mom would not know if she was going or coming.

I also like the story of John Markham and June Collins Thorpe having a peeing contest. One thought they could pee further than the other. Yes, June won. She could pee further than John.

One time, out at Butlers's Cove, where everyone went to dance, June Collins Thorpe had gone to the bathroom, she came out of the bathroom with the toilet paper stuck in the back of her pants. Well, the more she walked, the more paper came off the roll. Ray Rossow saw what was happening and trying to save June from embarrassment, tried to step on the paper. So as they were dancing, he kept trying to stomp on this paper behind her. She could not figure out what kind of dance he was trying to do. She asked him what in the ____ are you trying to do? He says, well, you got the toilet paper stuck in your pants and I am just trying to break it, you got almost the whole roll trailing behind you. (This happened about 1945, after the war when there was more paper on TP roll.)

From Mattie (Brown) Markham's saved items

By: Ted Brown

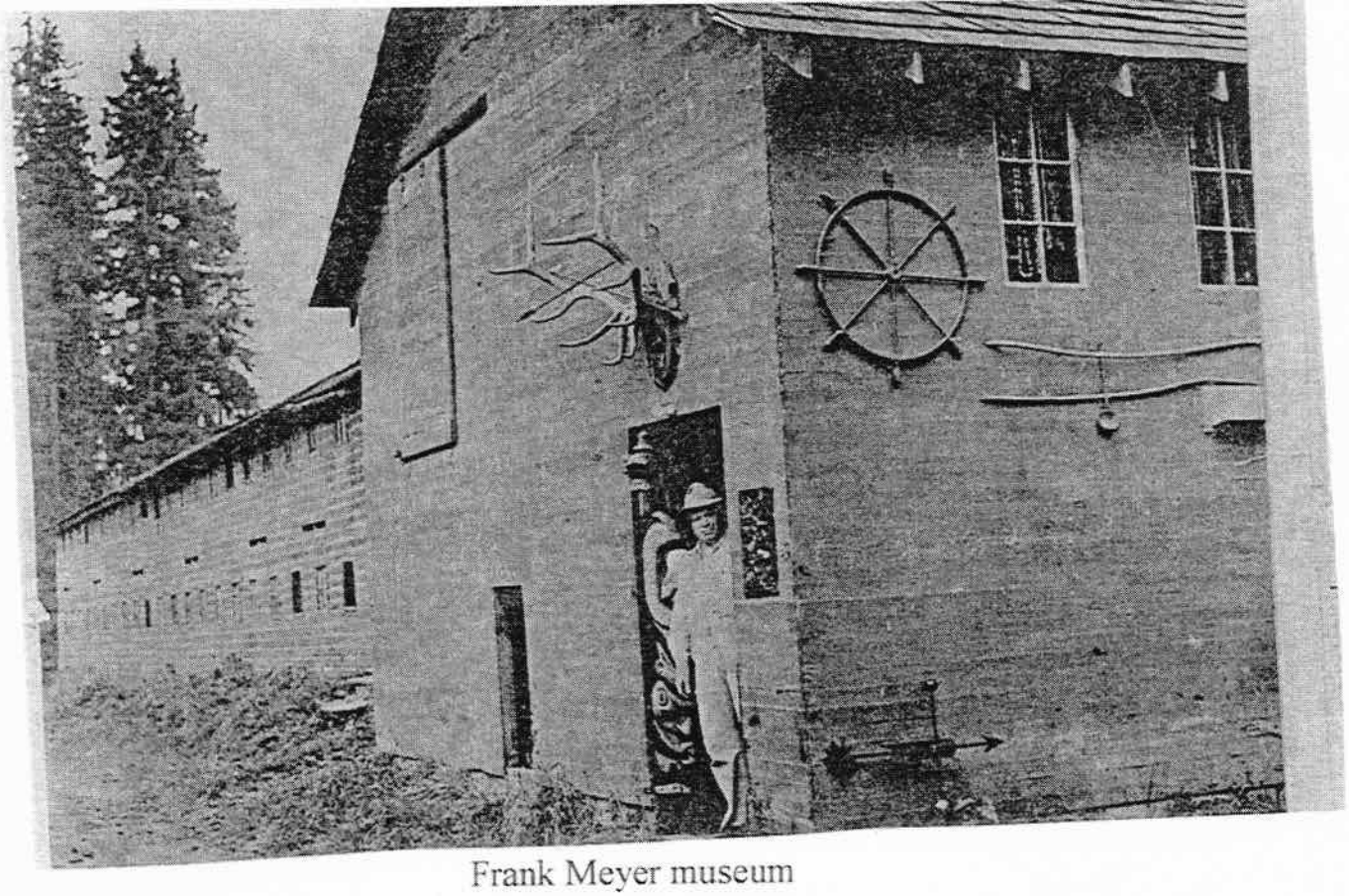
GLIMPSES

At night as I sit by my window
And dream of a by-gone day,
I see a sweet, flaxon haired baby,
With her cart and her dolly at play.

Toddling and laughing and dancing,
All with the highest of glee---
Of all my fond recollections,
'Tis the one I love most to see.

But alas, 'tis naught but a mem'ry
Brought thro' the long weary years;
A mem'ry of love's greatest gladness;---
A gladness still fresh mixed with tears.

From: ""The Seattle Sunday Times"
Nov. 14, 1948



Frank Meyer museum

In a red painted building, once a chicken hatchery on the Meyer Brothers farm at Delphi, 10 miles southwest of Olympia, Frank Meyer has installed a museum he has been assembling for 25 years. He owns 72 music boxes, probably the most complete collection of its kind in the pacific Northwest; clocks with moving figures, mechanical banks, porcelains, wood carvings, beer steins, bisque statues, glassware and an endless variety of uncatalogued curios.

"My museum was built on hard dollars from milking cows," he says, "I do a lot of livestock buying and selling in our own business. Dealing in horses and cattle, one has to be shrewd and study his brands. That's the way I've got my antiques—I'm a horse trader."

Meyer's family is Swiss and he played with small turnabout music boxes as a child. He began collecting them at the age of 15. When he traveled east or south, he looked for more complicated ones and also for steins. This got him into action places, homes and private sales. Sometimes he did not buy the music box he had come to look at, but something else which caught his fancy. When he started, he knew nothing about either music boxes or many of the objects he later accumulated, but he has read up on them and carries their pedigrees in his head. The thousands of exhibits are displayed in heated rooms on two floors of the hatchery, converted after the three Meyer brothers disposed of their 8,500 chickens and turned to dairy farming. Another of the hen-houses holds a toy village and railroads set up for the pleasure of young nephews and nieces. Meyer shows his museum only by appointment. Care of the cattle must come first.

Postcard dated Aug. 2nd 1909 &
Postmarked Rochester Wash.

Addressed to: Miss Mattie Brown
Delphi Wash.

Hello Mattie. I promised you I would send a postal to you. I am going home with Floy. She came to visit us and I am going back with her. Ans. Soon Hazel

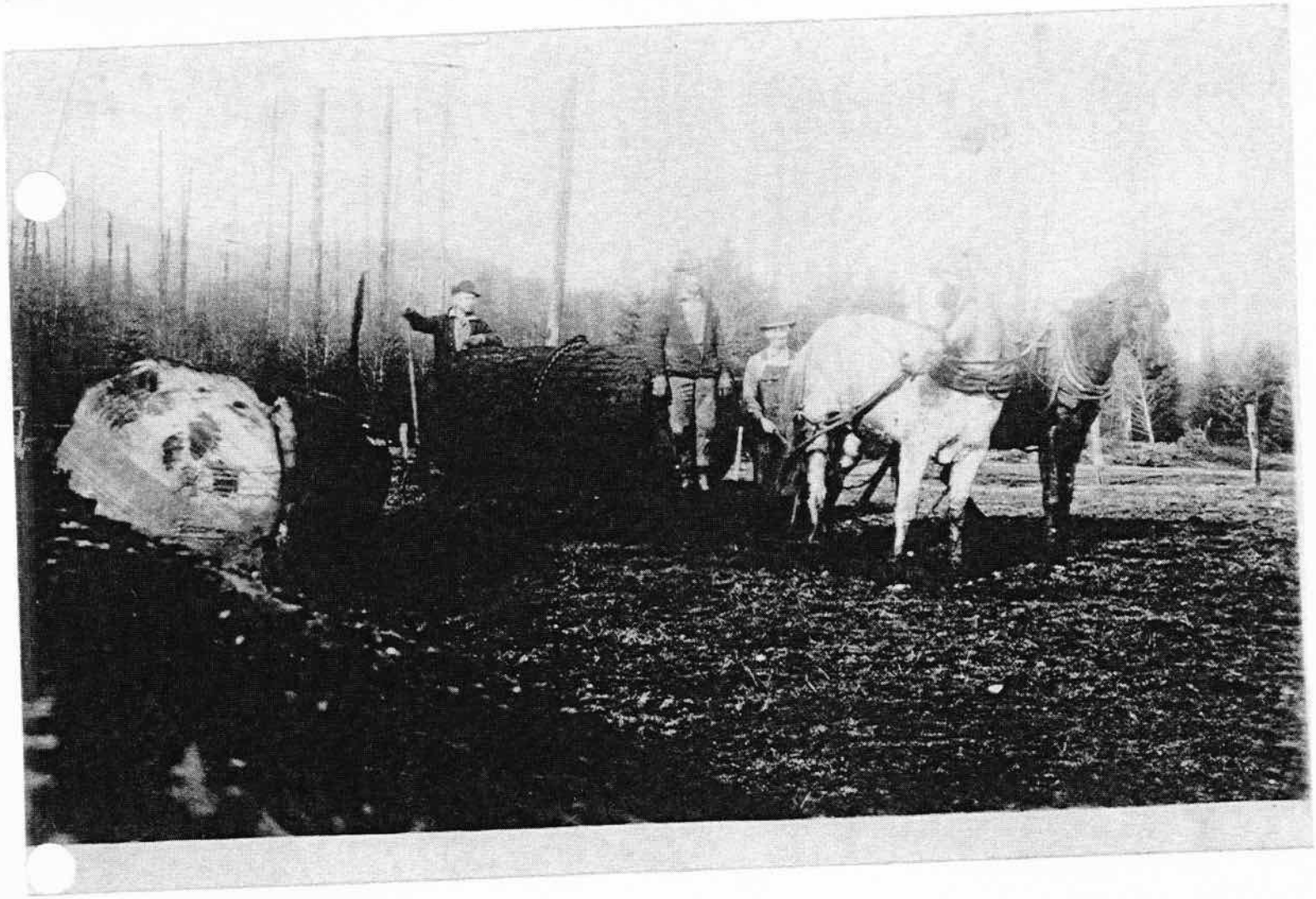
---

Postcard dated Nov. 23rd 1910
Birthday card, No postmark

Addressed to: Miss Mattie Brown

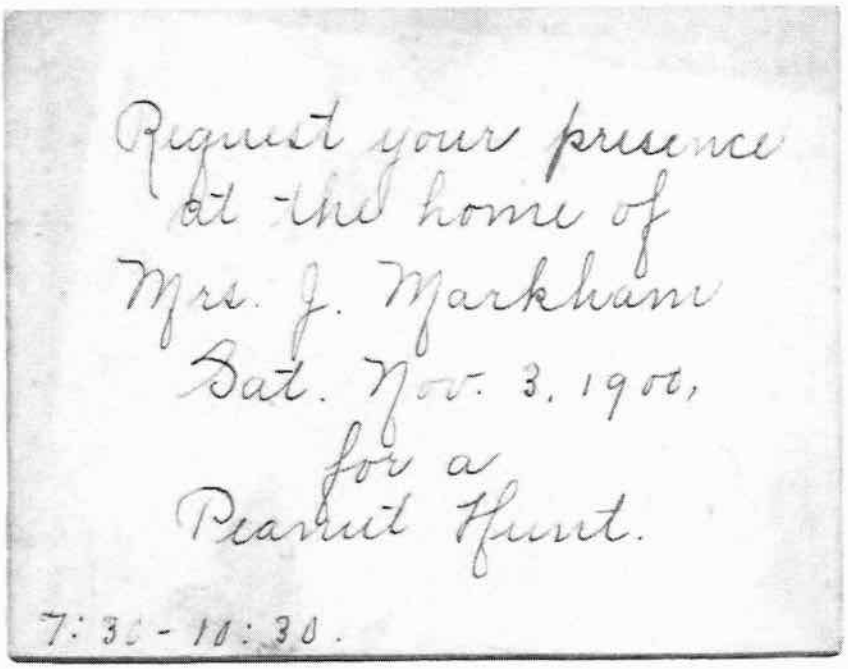
May this day of joy and gladness be for ever free from sadness.
Love from Sis Mary

End of Mattie Markham's saved items



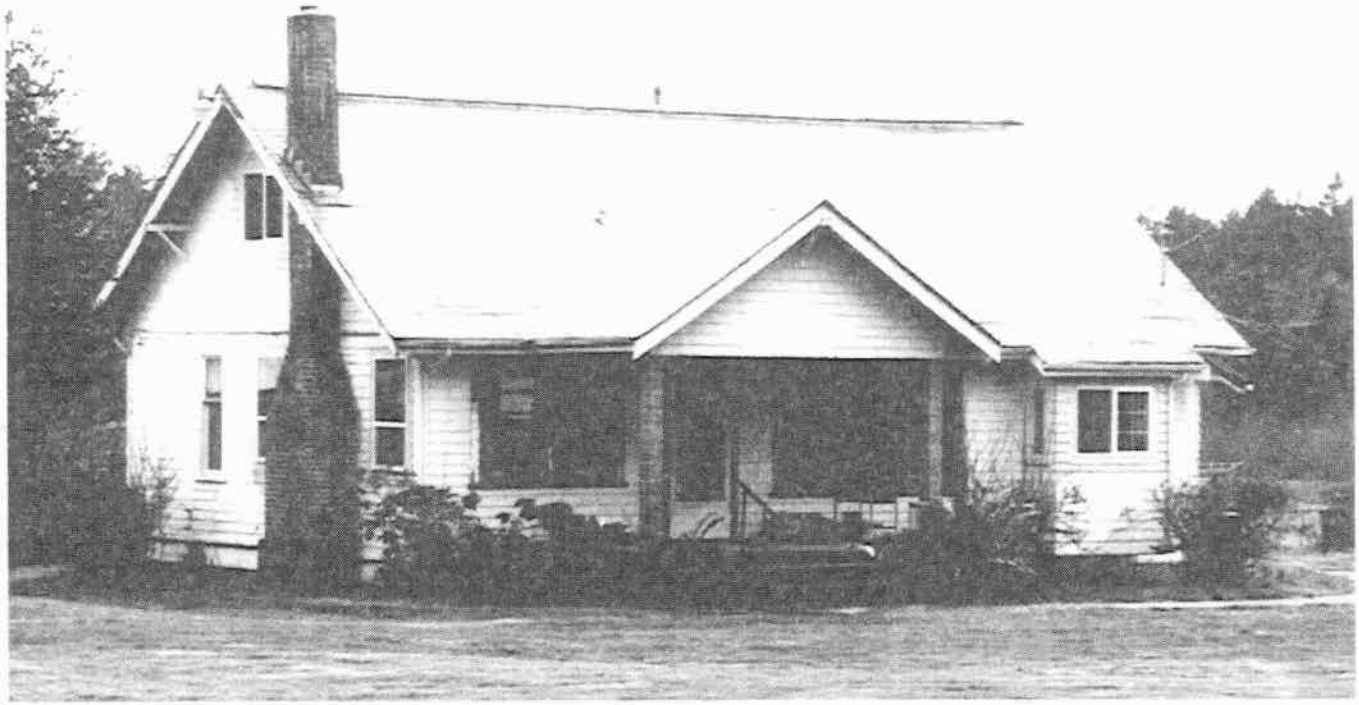
Markham logging at Waddell Creek

Noschka / Beulha ( ) & Lee Hendershot / Rebecca (Pethoud) & Tib Brown
Sidney (Tib) Brown died here in 1914



The grandmother of John Markham, Mrs. Jasper Markham, wrote the above card. At the time, the Markham family was living at Delphi at what later became the Meyer's Dairy property. This card has been in the possession of John Markham for about fifty years and all this time, no one seemed to know what a "Peanut Hunt" was all about. After making a few phone calls, the answer to the question was finally solved. Carla (Brown) Mendenhall found the answer in a book "The Complete Book of Games". In 1900, times were much different than they are now. No TV, no radio, so they had to improvise, and this game was one of the ways people of that time period entertained themselves. Following, are the rules of the game as shown in the above-mentioned book.

The players are divided into two packs of hounds. Each pack selects a leader, the Huntsman, who is given a basket. Peanuts have been concealed throughout the house or the room. At a signal, the hounds start seeking the peanuts, hunting in pairs. When a peanut is found the hounds do not touch it, but stand by, baying, until the Huntsman comes to collect it. The Huntsman must try to recognize the baying of his own hounds. When rival hounds find the same nut, each pair bays, and the Huntsman who gets there first wins the nut. The team collecting the most peanuts wins.



Edith (Webber) & Ivan Goldsby / Mattie (Brown) & Orville Markham / Gladys ( )
& Wendal Knause / Marion (Austin) & Joe Freitas
Jean (Haeger) Weber was born at this site in a different house.

By: John O. Markham

LIFE AT HOME

Along about 9:30 P.M. on the 14th of Aug. 1929, I was born at Waddell Creek WA. We always had a lot of company and that day was no exception. My mother's sister Emma Lehman was there and acted as midwife. Also there were Emma's three daughters, Norma, Vina and Lila.

The farm where I was born was known as "The Johnson Place" and is located about ½ mile beyond the Waddell Creek Bridge on the right side of the road (T17N R3W Sec. 17). There was a barn and large chicken house and several sheds as well as the house. My parents raised a lot of chickens and had quite a few cows. They sold milk and eggs to the nearby logging camp. It was known as "Hollywood" or "Camp 4".

Along about this same time, the depression came along and changed many things. After struggling along for about three more years, We moved away to Littlerock and then to Independence.

Sometime, probably in 1934, we moved from Independence. For a short time we lived with my mother's sister and brother-in-law, Mary and Martin Lehman. They lived about ½ mile beyond the Delphi schoolhouse on the left side of the road. After a short time, we moved again. This time we moved in with my mother's sister and brother-in-law, Mae and Buck Goldsby. They lived just to the east of the Ivan Goldsby place, just to the top of the hill.

The first Christmas that I remember was when we lived with Aunt Mae and Uncle Buck. It was either 1934 or 35 and my folks were in the process of building a house just down the hill. I am not sure how long we lived with them, but we were there at Christmas time. Sidney Goldsby and I were just two years minus 1-day difference in age. Our folks had us in the kitchen, it was Christmas Eve, and we were told that Santa Claus was coming very soon. We heard a noise in by the Christmas Tree. I peeked around the corner and caught a very short glimpse of Santa just as he was leaving.???

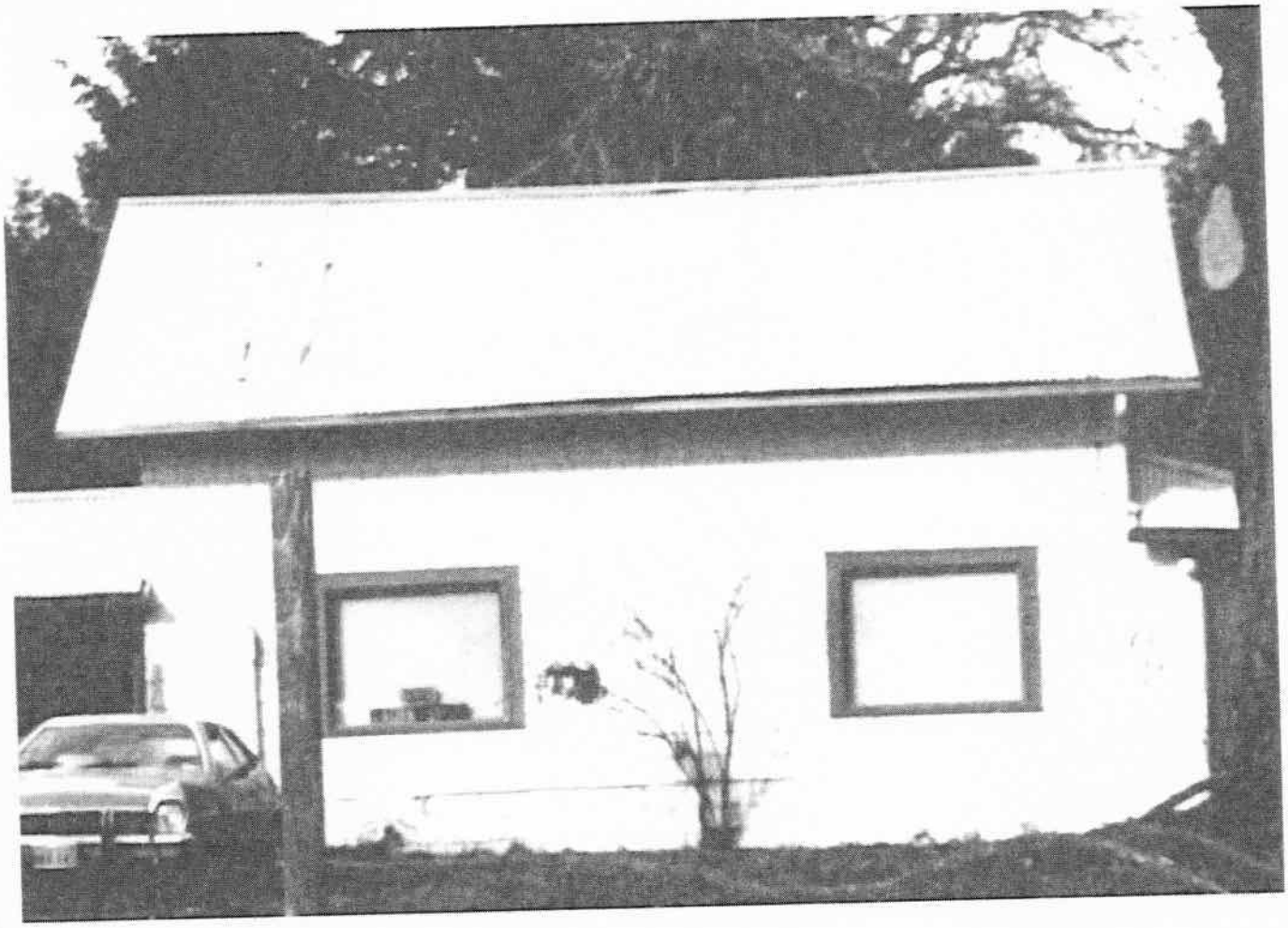
My father built a small house about 200 feet east of the Ivan and Edith Goldsby house and along about 1935, we moved in. I don't remember how big the house was, but I think it was about 24'x 20'. The outside walls were made of rough 1x12 inch vertical siding with 1x4 inch batten. The kitchen had a wood cookstove; a table with chairs and some cupboards made from old apple boxes. Near the back door was a water bucket with a dipper in it. We didn't use water glasses for drinking, as everyone drank out of the dipper.

When it was bath day, we would heat the bath water on the wood cook stove in a big galvanized tub. The tubs were usually round and about 2 feet wide and 1 foot deep. When the water was just about the right temperature, then it would take two persons to get the tub from the stove to the floor. Then for a few minutes, the kitchen became the bathroom. At that time, a bath wasn't something you had every day. When we first moved in we didn't have a well, so the water had to be carried, either in buckets from the neighbors or in barrels hauled by the neighbors.

( ) & Henry Nelson / ( ) & Charles Kampman / Eltina (Young) & Roscoe Haeger at house on far left.
Eltina (Young) & Roscoe Haeger / Mattie (Brown) & Orville Markham at house on right.
Mattie & Orville Markham moved to the house on right in spring of 1942

Eltina (Young) & Roscoe Haeger / Mattie (Brown) & Orville Markham

Steam operated pump used to pump water to the steam donkey engines



Maude (Endicott) & Fred Haeger

In the "Master" bedroom there was just enough room for one double bed, my little cot, an armoire to hang our clothes in and an old cedar chest containing all the family treasures, such as pictures, old watches, linen etc. Oh yes! There was something else of great importance. It was the old pot, or often called the "thunder mug". Since we didn't have an inside toilet, this was an important item, especially in the wintertime. It was stored under the bed.

In the living room we had an old piano that had been through a fire and was pretty badly scorched. Also there was a small table in the corner, which was used by my dad in the evening to listen to "Amos and Andy" and "Fibber McGee and Molly". My mother would listen in the morning to "The Haven of Rest" with "First Mate Bob and the Ship of Good Hope" and a soap opera called "Ma Perkins". My dad had Frank Hallmeyer build a huge fireplace that would take 4' long logs. This and our cook stove was the only heat. My mother would wrap big rocks (about 6'' through) (that she had heated in the fireplace) in newspaper and put them in our beds at night to help us stay warm. On an especially cold night, we would get up in the morning and there would be ice on our water bucket in the kitchen.

There was also a second bed room, which was quite small. It was for my sister Jean and was about 8'x10'. It didn't have a door, but a curtain instead.

We also didn't have electricity for quite some time. We used kerosene lamps in the house and kerosene lanterns for the woodshed and barn. Eventually, Les Johnson wired the house and we were somewhat better off.

We had a small barn with about two stanchions and room for a little hay. Our woodshed was rather large and had room for several cord of wood plus a stall for a car. In one corner was a fruit room about 6' by 10'. My dad had made double thick walls for the fruit room and filled them with sawdust to keep things from freezing in the winter and to keep things cool in the summer. Up in the attic was a large storage place for lumber and plenty of room for us kids to play.

One time June Collins and I picked some peas and pulled some carrots. We cleaned them up real good and put them in jars. We put lids on the jars and we thought that we were canning. This was probably about 1937.

If it hadn't been for my mothers canning of fruit and vegetables, we would have probably gone hungry. We mostly ate corn meal or oatmeal mush for breakfast and usually had lots of home canned vegetables and fruit for other meals.

In the evenings at home we almost always had a little snack before bedtime. This was usually bread and milk with a little sugar on it. I still like it and eat it quite often. Sometimes though we would put a little canned fruit with it.

My cousin, Sidney Goldsby and I were chopping in and old rotten log that was full of big black ants. I had a single bit hatchet and he was using a double bitted axe. When Sidney brought the axe up over his head to swing at the log, I guess I was in the wrong spot and he hit me right on top of my head. I started bleeding real bad and being scarred, jumped in my wagon and headed down the hill to my house. Sidney thought that he had killed me and went home and hid in the attic. My mother was quite excited when she first

saw me with all that blood running down my face, but it turned out to be not quite as bad as it looked.

I spent hours and hours looking at the Montgomery Wards catalogue, looking at bicycles and finally my folks charged a brand new Hawthorne Bicycle. It had Morrow brakes and I was just as happy as a clam at high tide. I didn't know how to ride too good at first and on one of my first times going down the hill and turning into Ivan Goldsby's driveway, I had a little mishap. Ivan had just purchased a new 1936 Ford which was parked in his garage. I wasn't too good at stopping yet and ran right into the back of his new car. I don't think it left a mark, but I was sure scared that someone would find out.

One time I was trying to get the best of my sister Jean. She had been doing some schoolwork and I took her pencil and slipped it under the radio. I don't remember how my folks found out, but they did, and I got a pretty good spanking. I didn't get a lot of them, but enough to get my attention. My mother said that she quit spanking me when it started hurting her hand more than it hurt me.

Another time, Jean and I got into a fight about something and I locked her out of the house. We didn't have locks on our doors in those days, but I took the butcher knife and stuck it in the door casing so she couldn't get in. She got even with me, but I forgot how she did it.

Since our fireplace was 4 feet wide inside, we burned 4 foot long wood. Dad would pay me $1.00 per cord and I would get some of the other kids to help. We really thought we were big stuff when we were out cutting wood. We fell the trees with an axe and then sawed them up with an old saw that had been shortened to about 4-foot long. Since the wood was 4 foot long, it didn't take too many days to get a cord. Of course this got old before long and we quit doing it.

My folks had been without a car for several years. We had to depend on other people when we needed to go to town or when my dad went to work. So along about Feb. 1938, my dad sold his mobile donkey, that he had built, and bought an automobile. It was a 1928 Chevrolet Panel Delivery Truck. It was sure a treat to now be able to go somewhere without depending on the neighbors. We went to a lot of shows and made a lot of trips to Aberdeen and the ocean. My dad always carried an extra rear axle, as there seemed to be some kind of a flaw somewhere that caused the axle to break quite frequently.

Along about 1939, Edith, Ivan, Christine and Dale Goldsby moved to Black Diamond. We moved into their house and rented our old house to some people named Isom. This was the first time that I was able to have a bedroom of my own. I had the upstairs bedroom on the West End of the house. Jean had the downstairs bedroom on the East End of the house and mom and dad in the West End. We also for the first time had a real bathroom with a real bathtub.

Ivan Goldsby had built the house quite a few years before this time. I have heard from several sources that the house had been built from railroad ties that had been cut at the Goldsby Brothers sawmill.

Our woodshed was located on the backside of the house. It had previously been a house before Ivan built the new one. It so happens that my mother and her husband Bill Haeger

had lived in that house when my sister Jean was born. I always teased Jean about being born in our woodshed.

There was a firecracker stand out front along side the road. I think Dale Goldsby had sold fireworks there in the past. My folks bought a bunch of fireworks and put me into business. I think that I only did this the year of 1939 only.

My dad was pretty clever at making things and being able to figure out how they would work before they were made. One time while we were at the Ivan Goldsby house, dad made an airplane for me. It was about 1 foot long and had folding wings that folded up along side the fuselage. There was a notch in the nose for a large rubber band made from an inner tube. The rubber band was attached to a stick about a foot long. I would shoot the airplane into the air and when it got to the top of its arc, the plane stopped for an instant ant the wings unfolded into place and the plane would glide to the ground. The wings had rubber bands to snap them into place when the plane stopped

There was a pretty good-sized chicken house and chicken pen just south of the garage. The folks usually got about 100 baby chicks every spring. As soon as they got big enough to eat, my mother would take our dog "June" out to the chicken pen and point to the rooster that she wanted and tell June to "Get that One". Of course the chickens got pretty excited when June ran in and there was a lot of feathers flying. In less than a minute, June would walk out of the flock and have the same rooster, holding it by the legs. My mother would take it from her and point to another rooster and the process would begin all over again until mom had enough chickens for supper.

We had a pretty good-sized field that was full of hay. The hay had been cut and raked and I was putting it into shocks. We were all down in the field and our dog June was playing hide and seek with me. My mother would hold her hands over June's eyes and I would run and hide behind a shock of hay. Then my mother would turn June loose and tell her to "go find John". June would take off running and looking behind the hay shocks until she found me. That night, as always, June slept on the back porch by the back door. When we got up and opened the door, she was lying there just as she had slept, but she had died in her sleep. This was a very sad day as I had had this dog all my life. We kept one of June's pups. Her name was "Lady" and she turned out to be an awfully smart dog also.

On Apr. 20th, 1940, we moved back to our old house next door to the Ivan Goldsby house. The people that moved into Ivan's house were named Knause. His name was Wendell and her name was Gladys. They also had a little boy named Boyd

The Army personnel used to spend a lot of time at Columbus Park. They seemed to have a lot of picnics and party's with lots of fried chicken, potato salad, coke and beer. It seemed that the local people would also join in. I didn't get any of the beer, but I sure got my share of food and coke. One time, I think the summer of 1941, the Army was having their maneuver exercises and there seemed to be army jeeps, trucks and soldiers everywhere. One of the places that they were camped is where the McLane School is now located (1999). I rode down there on my bicycle and got to talking to some of the soldiers. One of them had a real nice baseball mitt and he wanted to sell it. I didn't have any money and was trying to figure out a way to get the mitt. Finally, I told him that my

mother made awfully good whip cream cakes. He apparently thought that sounded pretty good and said he would make the trade. I got on my bicycle and hurried back home to tell my mother about the good deal I had just made. She seemed to agree and immediately started baking a cake. I think that this was on a Saturday or Sunday as my dad was home that day. When mom got through with the cake, dad took the cake and me to McLane and we made the trade. I sure was proud of the mitt as I think it was the best looking one at school.

I think this was about the time I started helping with the milking of the cows. As I got older, I seemed to have to do more of the milking.

Sometime in the spring of 1942, we moved again. My folks had made a trade of properties with Eltina and Roscoe Haeger. They had just built a new house up on what was called the "Kampman Place". There had been an old 2-story house there before. The house hadn't been completed yet as there were no finished walls on the inside, only 2x4 studs to divide the rooms. It wasn't too long though until we got some shiplap and boarded up the walls. We still didn't have a ceiling, but that came a little later when I bought some sheet rock and my sister Jean and I put it up. I think mom and Jean did most of the inside painting. We didn't have any electricity yet, but that came later.

The house had 2 bedrooms, a room for a bathroom, which came later, a living room, a kitchen and a small room for storage. Mom and dad had the front bedroom and Jean had the back bedroom. I turned the bathroom into a bedroom for myself. It was just barely big enough for a small cot and a chest of drawers. The kitchen had a wood stove and a cupboard called a cooler. The cooler cupboard had screens at the top and bottom on the outside wall, allowing air to circulate from outside. The screens were on the north side of the house so that they wouldn't be in the sun. This cupboard is where we kept all of the things that are now kept in a refrigerator. There was a sink and a makeshift countertop. The living room was about 12x18 feet and had a wood heater. On the backside of the house was a full-length porch about 6 feet wide. Another porch on the front of the house about 8 feet square.

We had running water part of the time, but the system wasn't foolproof by any means. The well was about 300 feet west of the house and about 60 feet or so below the house level. There was an old car engine that ran the pump and this old engine was quite temperamental. Dad spent an awfully lot of time fighting the darned OLE thing. Up by the house was a big wooden tank that set up about 20 feet above the ground on poles similar to telephone poles. The tank was probably about 1000 or 1500 gallons. Dad would stay down at the pumphouse until the tank was full and then shut the pump off. This would be enough water to last about a week and we would do it all over again. Several years later after we got electricity, we got an electric pump and then were able to eliminate the big wooden tank.

Our barn was about 150 feet SW of the house and about 20 feet lower. There was room for several tons of hay and stanchions enough for about 8 or 9 cows. About half way between the house and the barn was the milk-house. It had concrete floor and a sunken area big enough to place several cans of milk or cream. The sunken part was filled with

water and that kept the milk reasonably cool until we took it down to the county road. The creamery sent a truck out once a day to pick up the cans of milk and cream.

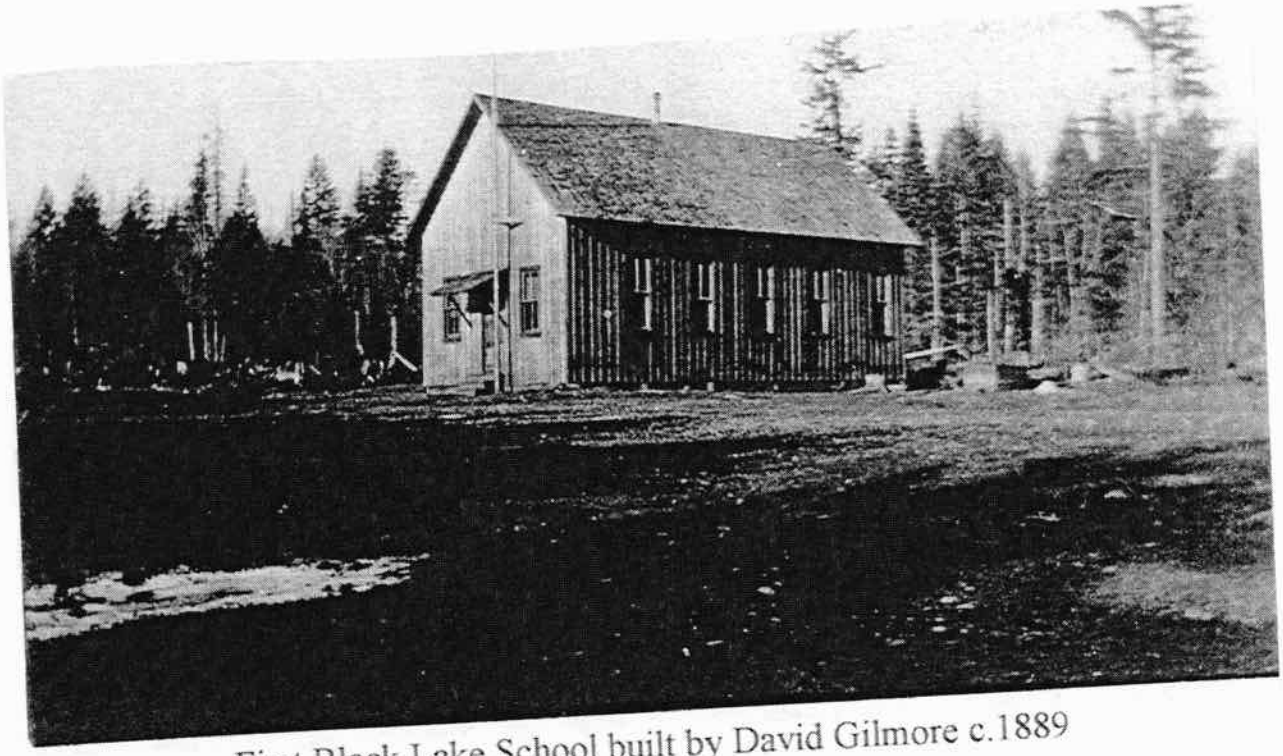
SE of the house about 200 feet was an old equipment shed that dad turned into a blacksmith shop. Dad still had quite a few blacksmithing tools. There was a hand-cranked forge, a big anvil, a big vise and a lot of tools, most of which dad made himself.

We hadn't lived there too long when dad decided to take his blacksmithing job door to door. He built a platform that hung from the back of the old 28 Chevy. Panel truck. On the platform were the forge and the anvil. The tools were kept in the back of the truck along with a bunch of various size horseshoes. Dad would go mostly toward Rochester, Oakville and Littlerock, stopping at each farm to see if they had any work for him. He would sharpen plowshares, picks, etc. and maybe shoe a horse or two. At that time, most of the farmers were still using horses. The housewives would bring out their knives and scissors to be sharpened. This worked out to be a pretty good job for awhile. I used to go with dad and just mostly watch what he was doing.

One fishing trip I won't ever forget was with my dad. We went down to the creek behind the house (Broyles Creek) and walked along the bank until dad spotted a steelhead. I think this was in January. The fish was under a log and only about a foot below the surface. Dad told me to stand real still. I could see the steelhead and as dad put his hand in the water, I knew the fish would dart out from under him, but dad's hand moved so slowly, it looked like extra slow motion. It must have taken 5 or more minutes, but eventually his fingers were right over the fish's head. The next thing I knew, dad was standing up with a steelhead in his hands. He made such a fast grasp, and was only maybe an inch away, that the fish didn't have a chance. I tried to do this several times in later years, but couldn't even come close. I had a little different method of catching steelhead down at the creek. I would jump right in the creek and start chasing them until eventually they would miss a curve in the stream and go right up on the bank.

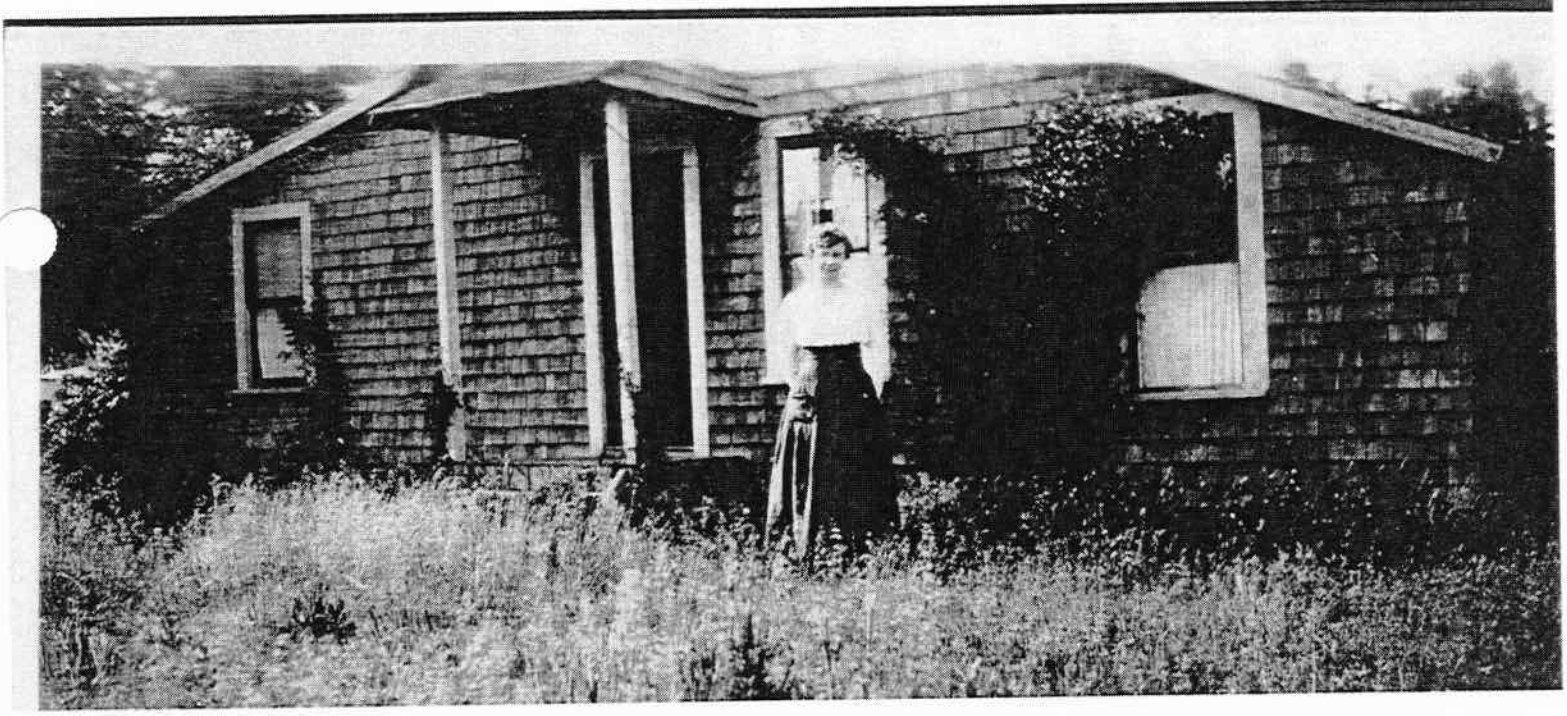
I was fishing back on Hart Creek one day with my dog Tippie. I was standing on a log and Tippie was standing on the ground about 3 feet below me. We both heard a noise upstream, which I thought, was probably a bear. I don't know what Tippie thought, but his hair was standing straight up. Tippie was facing away from me looking upstream and I jumped off the log and landed right behind him. He went straight in the air and whirled around with his teeth showing and making a growling noise. The minute he saw me, he at once started looking very sheepish. Tippie was the grandson of our dog-named "June".

One day Tippie and I were down the old railroad grade on our way to go fishing, when a grouse flew up and landed in a small tree. I picked up some rocks from the railroad grade and walked back where the grouse was sitting in a tree. I started throwing the rocks but didn't do too well and had to go for more rocks. This time I did a little better and grazed the grouse enough to make it glide down and land about 50 feet away. I went over and looked for a long time, but couldn't locate him. Tippie had also run over to where the grouse landed and had been just standing there in one spot. I was about to give up when I walked over to where Tippie was standing and looked down. He had been standing there all this time with his foot on the grouse and not saying a word. The dog must have thought I was nuts to be looking in all those places where the bird wasn't

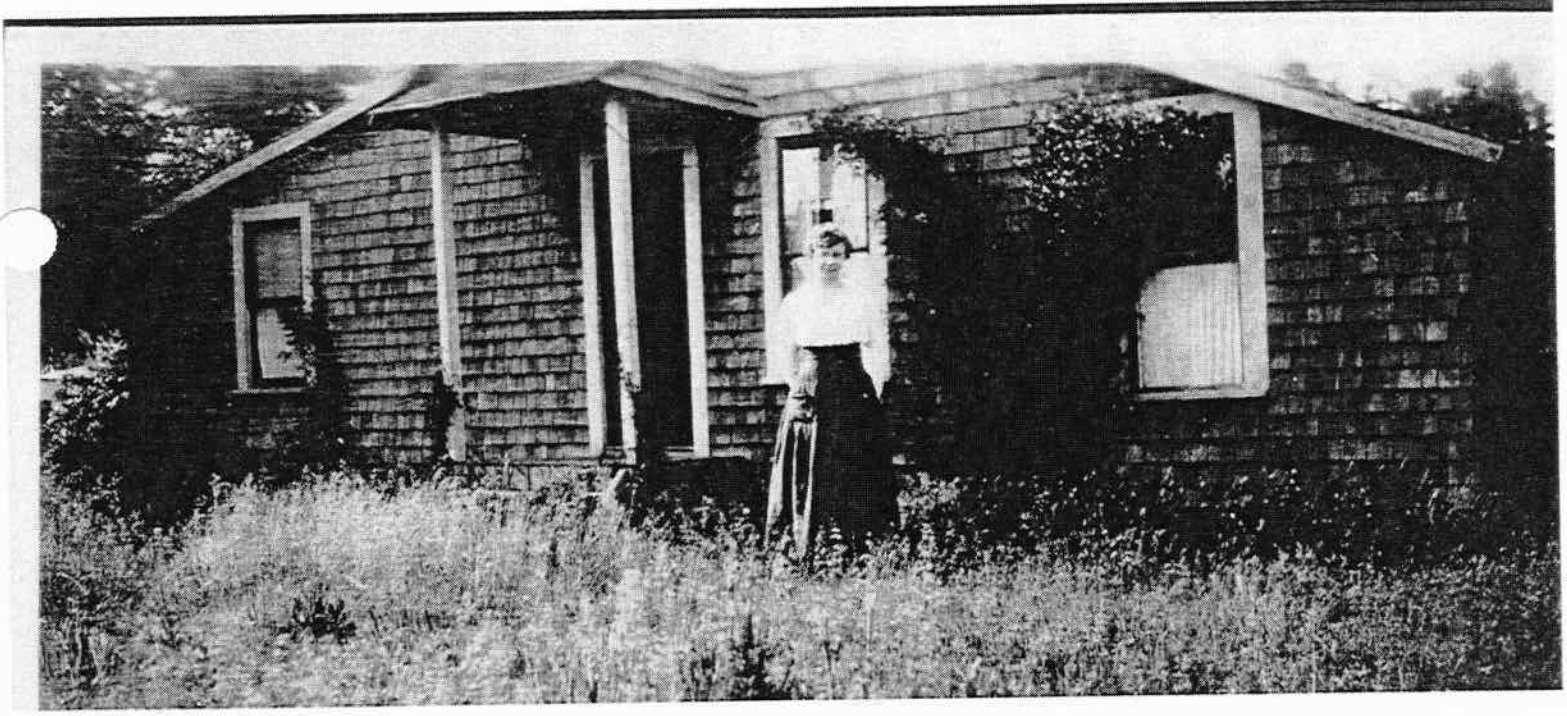


First Black Lake School built by David Gilmore c.1889

Black Lake School c.1913



Black Lake School teachers cottage
Rebecca (Pethoud) Brown died here in 1923 while living with her daughter Mary (Brown) Lehman



Black Lake School teachers cottage
Rebecca (Pethoud) Brown died here in 1923 while living with her daughter Mary (Brown) Lehman

Black Lake School

Black Lake School c. 1936

In early 1943 we got more cows and a separator. At one time, we were milking 7 cows. Milking was quite a job and for me and I can only remember the worst part. To me, it seemed as though the cows were always wet and it was always dark at milking time. I know that isn't true, but that's the way I remember it. Dad worked away from home part of the time and that is when I did the milking. I learned right then and there that I didn't want to be a dairy farmer. The milk would have to be put through the separator and then put the cream and the skim milk into cans and then put into the sunken cooler in the milk house. Cleaning out the barn was also part of the daily chores. One day I decided to be a bull rider. I had the bull in the barn and in a stanchion. I got on the bull, reached up and opened the stanchion, and away we went. By the time I got to the door, I decided that I had all the bull riding I wanted. I reached up and grabbed the timber above the door opening and away he went. That was my first and last attempt of this "Sport".

My folks got me a riding horse that had in the past been a racehorse. She was pretty old, but sure could run fast. I usually used a saddle, but eventually got tired of packing the saddle across the road to where we kept her. I would find a stump or something to climb on to get on top of her. The only problem with this horse, was that once she got to running she was hard to stop. I had got used to riding without a saddle or bridle and one-day when we had been down to Columbus Park with some of the other guys on horses, my horse decided to go home. I couldn't get her slowed down and we were coming to the intersection of the Black Lake Road and the Delphi Road. At that time the intersection was a little different than it is today. I was afraid that there would be a car coming and we would run into it. The only way to stop her was to grab her by the neck and swing down to the ground. She always seemed to stop then. I didn't much want to do this but I also didn't want to get hit by a car. Anyhow it worked and she came to a quick stop. I didn't keep the horse too long, as I guess I got interested in other things. We had some work horses earlier, but this was my only riding horse. It was about this time that I first started driving the old 28 Chevy. We went down to see aunt Dora quite a bit and mom would let me drive down there and back. I was about 13 or 14 at the time.

We still didn't have electricity, but my folks had got some of the necessary hardware and we got Les Johnson and I think Bob Brown to start wiring the house. It took quite awhile, but on Jul. 5th 1943 we got our power hooked up. We never did get power to the barn or milk house.

We still didn't have a bathroom and the old outhouse was in pretty bad shape. There were a bunch of boards left over from the house, so I proceeded to build us a new outhouse. That was the first time I had ever built anything.

This was the summer that I started working at Columbus Park. I sold tickets for parking and would sit in a chair out close to the entrance of the Park. I think it cost .25 cents to park all day. The people that ran the park would bring me a plate of food at lunchtime. They only charged for parking on Saturdays and Sundays. I usually got anywhere from $2.00 to $3.00 for the day.

This was the year I started working out for other people in the hay. I worked for Ike Prather this year (1943) and some again in 1944. Ike paid me $6.00 per day sometimes and other times it would be $5.00

Several time throughout the years I would help dad cut fire wood. At one time he had an old drag-saw and he would haul it out into the woods to a big old fir log. This old thing was quite temperamental and sometimes I think it was more work than if we would have just cut it by hand. When dad and I fell trees together, I just couldn't seem to keep up with him. I was about 13 and he was about 60. He didn't seem to want to stop to rest at all, and I was tired all of the time.

By: John O. Markham

LIFE AT SCHOOL

I remember my first day of school. It must have been the first part of Sept. or the last of Aug. 1935. Wesley Goldsby was probably in the 7th or 8th grade at the time. He offered to take me to school on his bicycle. I sat sideways on the bar between the seat and handlebars. It seemed to me that we were going about 100 mph down the Sturdevant hill.

In my second year the schoolhouse was in the process of being changed from a 1 room to a 2-room schoolhouse with a kitchen, basement and a wood furnace. At first, we had classes out in the yard on benches, as the workmen were putting the finishing touches on the inside. The W.P.A. was doing the work and my Uncle Ross Brown was one of those workers. The kids could hardly wait for recess, and then a lot of the boys would find Uncle Ross and we would trade pocketknives, sight unseen, with him. Sometimes you would get a pretty good one and other times it would be no good at all. It didn't seem to matter though, as you would trade it again at the next recess.

My mother baked most of our bread, and once in awhile we would get a loaf from the bread delivery man. It was really a treat to have some bakery baked bread. Lots of times I would take homemade bread and butter for my lunch and then go to Scott Creek and get some watercress to put in it. That sure did make for a good sandwich. Several people told me, that John Goldsby was the one to start the growth of watercress in Scott Creek.

Eventually, we started to get hot lunches at school and that was a lot better. When we had soup, a bunch of us boys would try to out fox one another and get to the back of the line. We knew that the farther down in the pot, the thicker the soup would be.

I think it was when I was in the 1st grade that several of the boys had gone to Columbus Park and killed a peacock. In those days the park was really beautiful and had quite a few different kinds of birds. Somehow, Mr. Kruetchcamp (sp), the park manager thought that I was one of those boys. Several of us had to go down to the park and listen to Mr. Kruetchcamp tell us how bad it was to kill a peacock. I still don't know for sure who killed the peacock. All I do know is that it wasn't me. After talking with Lee Wellman, it appears as though my memory isn't as good as his. Lee says he remembers the incident very well. He said that it was Sidney Goldsby, himself and John Markham. He said it started out by us throwing just a few rocks into the peacock pen. The first thing we know, we had a dead peacock and I guess somebody caught us. I don't doubt Lee's story; I just don't remember it that way. I think though that sometimes you can deny something so strongly that you start to believe it.

One of my good friends in the first grade was Hubert Blocher. He had a small sized BB gun that was smaller than any I had seen before. I was trying to figure a way to get the gun from him. School had only been going a few days when he fell from his boat and drowned. Blocher's lived about 500 ft. NE of the Black Lake Store. I think that Hubert rowed his boat to Columbus Park and then walked to school. This was a real sad day around Black Lake. That was Sept. 8th, 1936

The new remodeled school now has two rooms with a set of folding doors that could be closed for two rooms of four grades each or open for one big room with all 8 grades. This was done depending if there were 2 teachers or 1. For the eight years that I was there, here is a list of the teachers we had. For 1935-36 was Francis J. Kennedy, 1936-37 was Patricia Grover as teacher and W.H. Thun as principal (pronounced "Tune"), 1937-38 was Miss Watson as teacher and Mr. William Thun as principal, 1938-39 was Miss Watson as teacher and Mr. W. Thun as principal, 1939-40 was W.H.Thun only, 1940-41 was W.H. Thun only, 1941-42 was F. Hawk as teacher and Thun as principal, and 1942-43 was Frances Hawk only.

Mr. Thun was probably the most liked teacher we ever had at Black Lake School (in my time). He was especially good at seeing that the boys got involved in sports. We used to play a lot of Speedball and Baseball. When we went to another school to play, Mr. Thun would load all the boys that were on the team, into his Ford and haul us there and back. Another thing I remember about him was our camping trips to Waddell Creek. He would load all of the food, bedding etc. into his car and take it to the camping spot. Us boys would ride our bicycles and meet him there. We never had another teacher like Mr. Thun. He left Black Lake School in Nov. 1941 to teach at Yelm.

We also had a substitute teacher for a short time right after Mr. Thun left. His name was Mr. Bowman. He didn't seem to know too much about teaching. At times, some of the boys would leave school and go fishing down at Scott Creek, come back to school and he didn't seem to know that anyone was gone. June Collins said that some of them convinced him that the previous teacher had let them take field trips every day, so he let us do that. I remember that we listened to him read to us every day for days about "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves". Then for some reason he would let us boys build model airplanes all day long. One day when it became apparent that the kids weren't learning what we were supposed to be learning, June Collins and Donna Lee Nolan went down to Guerin's house and called the superintendent of schools and told him what was going on. It was only a very short time later when we got a new teacher.

One time when Mrs. Hawk was teaching, I was fooling around doing something I wasn't supposed to be doing. I thought that Mrs. Hawk was somewhere else in the building. It turned out that Mrs. Hawk had been standing right behind me all of the time. The first thing I knew, she grabbed me by the hair and lifted me right out of my seat.

As we progressed toward the higher grades, the teacher would send one of us boys down to fill the furnace. One day when it was my turn, I decided to make a little scientific experiment. There were some cans of milk on the shelves near by and I wondered what would happen if I tossed one into the furnace. I waited, what seemed an awfully long time and nothing happened. I thought that I better open the door and see what was wrong.

Well, just as I opened the door, the can exploded, I jumped, and hot milk blew out the door. Now, after 60 years, you can still see the milk stains on the metal furnace ducts.

Around Halloween we usually had some kind of program or party at the schoolhouse. The main drink at these parties was apple cider. Mr. Guerin lived a few hundred feet south of the school on the old Thompson D.L.C. Anyhow, Mr. Guerin had lots of apples and he also had a cider press. He would let us school kids come to his place and make all of the cider needed for these Halloween party's. I remember being there helping with the gathering of apples and operating the press a lot of years.

One time several of us boys were making noises in class by blowing on rubber bands that were stretched out. I guess we thought we were fooling the teacher and didn't think she would know where the noise was coming from. Somehow she figured out who was making all the commotion and told us that we were doing so good that she would like for us to stay after school and play some more for her. I told people afterwards that I used to play in the rubber band at school.

The Black Lake School had been out for the summer for a few days. I apparently was lacking for something to do and the Delphi School still had a few days to go. I decided to go up to Delphi and try their school for a day. When I got there, I told the teacher that I wanted to attend their school for the day. The teacher said OK, so she put me in the proper area for the grade that I was in. She treated me as though I had been there all the time and I worked right along with the other kids. I did not know in advance that I would be there all day, so I didn't take a lunch. That didn't seem to be a problem, as a bunch of the kids there shared their lunch with me. The Gault girls and the Lougheed's are the ones that shared as I remember. That was on May 25th, 1938

1943 was the last year for the Black Lake School to operate. It was also my last year of grade school. From then on, the Black Lake kids went to Tumwater Grade School.

Well here it is Aug. 30th, 1943 and my first day of high school. I was really scarred of all these new things we had to do. It wasn't anything at all like what I had been used to. I never really liked high school, except for a few things. I was on the projection crew, which I liked pretty well. I would go to different classes and show them a movie. The part I liked best was when I would go to the girl's home economics class. We also showed quite a few movies at our general assembly held in the auditorium. I also liked mechanical drawing, general science and wood shop.

I had a choice of busses to take to school. If I wanted to walk down to the intersection of the Nels Brown Road and Black Lake Road, I could ride the Tumwater Bus, or if I only wanted to walk down to the beginning of our driveway, I could take the Littlerock Bus. The Littlerock Bus took quite a bit longer, as we had to go up through Waddell Creek, then to Littlerock, and then on to the Olympia High School on Capitol Way.

One day when we were on our way to school, we got run off the road. Betty Morgan was driving the bus and when we came around a corner up near the Margaret McKenny Park, we met a car on the wrong side of the road. Betty cranked the wheel as hard as she could to the right, and out through the woods we went. The trees were mostly alders about 2 to 3 inches in diameter. We just mowed them all down and were almost out of

sight from the road. Betty tried to back out, but the bus wouldn't move. Then all the kids got off the buss and pushed and we made it. I don't think we were even late for school.

By: John O. Markham

LIFE AROUND BLACK LAKE

The first time I remember going to a show was sometime in 1935. We didn't have a car so we went with Emmet and Molly Brown. The car was a sedan, I think a Dodge Touring Car. It had isinglass windows that could be rolled up out of the way in warm weather, or rolled down in cool weather.

It seemed as though we used to be able to ice skate on Black Lake almost every winter. In the winter of 1936-37 was the first time I remember being on the ice. We didn't have enough money to buy skates, so my Dad made my first pair. The runners were made from old files and were imbedded into pieces of wood that were carved to fit the bottom of my shoes. Then there were leather straps to hold them on.

We also seemed to have a lot more snow than we do now. In the wintertime it seemed as though we were either ice skating on the lake or a pond, or sliding down the Sturdevant Hill. Lots of people would gather at the top of the hill and slide almost down to the schoolhouse. We didn't have to worry about cars because there weren't many around and they couldn't go up the hill anyhow. From continuous sledding and walking on the snow, it would become almost like an ice arena. It's a good thing for me that my dad was a blacksmith. He made my first sled, which looked just like the ones from the store. The only thing different was it was much heavier, and it couldn't be steered. I finally learned to steer by dragging either my left or right foot.

At the top of the Sturdevant Hill was a large fir stump about 5 or 6 feet through. Every night when we were sledding, someone would build a fire at the base of the stump. This was where everybody congregated and was the starting place for the sleds. I don't remember how many years we used the old stump for fires, but it was quite a few.

We used to have a lot of entertainment for the neighborhood at the schoolhouse. Most generally someone in the neighborhood would come up with something. One of these nights was a play put on by Robert (Pard) Sturdevant and my dad, Orville Markham. They had built a windlass, which had a base about 4 feet square. It was on the stage and looked as though there was a well right there in the middle of the stage. When the curtain opened, someone hollered "Pard, go out and get some water". Pard came out, got the bucket, and started lowering it into the well. He was leaning on the windlass structure, when all at once the thing broke and Pard appeared to fall into the well. You could hear a muffled voice hollering for help. My dad ran out on the stage and hollered down to Pard, telling him to hang on and he would pull him out. This all looked so real; that some people in the audience thought it was really happening. Dad started to crank the handle of the windlass and pretty soon Pard's hands appeared, hanging onto the rope. Next you could see Pard's head coming up and just about the time he got to the top, a big stream of water spurted out of Pard's mouth and hit my dad right square in the face. At that instant, my dad let go of the windlass handle and it looked as though Pard fell right back in the

well. The windlass handle was spinning about 90mph. Of course what was really happening was that Pard was setting on the stage, ducked down out of sight and pulling the rope as fast as he could.

The schoolhouse was like a community hall. Every so often, and usually on a Saturday night, there would be a dance. I remember Uncle Nels Brown would play the bass fiddle, Uncle Ross Brown would play the fiddle. Daisy Goldsby played the piano. Emmett Brown also played the fiddle and Uncle Herman Lehman called the square dances. There were a number of other musicians, but I don't remember their names. There were benches around the room for people to sit on and there were also a lot of kids sleeping on these benches. I liked to listen to the music so much, I don't think that I ever went to sleep.

Barbara Brown had spent quite a bit of time staying at our house as she had lost her mother when she was just a baby. She mostly stayed with her dad though and I would go up there from time to time to play with Barbara. She was about 5 years older than I was, but she put up with me anyhow. The one thing that always stuck in my mind was an old phonograph. It was in the room upstairs, which was over the front porch. It had the old cylinder records, which slid onto a drum. We used to spend hours up there listening to old records

Aunt Mae and Uncle Buck bought a new Willys automobile. They took mom for a ride one day and Uncle Buck decided that mom should drive their new car. Sidney Goldsby and I were on our way home from school and were just about to the top of the Sturdevant Hill. The car came by us and we could see my mother driving. Just about that time, the car engine quit and the car started rolling backwards down the Sturdevant Hill. My mother was trying to put on the brakes, but they weren't working. By the time they got down to the Nels Brown Road, they were going a pretty good clip. At just the right moment, my mother cranked on the steering wheel and they shot into the Nels Brown Road. The car went beyond Norma and John Weber's house before it stopped. They never did figure out what happened to the brakes and the car ran ok afterwards. At that time the Sturdevant Hill was much steeper than it is today (1998) and it was a gravel road.

In the 1930's and 40's it was quite common to see one of my three uncles, Nels, Lloyd or Ross Brown going by our house driving a horse or team of horses pulling a wagon with probably a plow and a harrow in the back. That is how we got our garden readied and also a lot of the neighbor's gardens.

One night Sandy Sturdevant came to our house to get mom to go down to their house. Sara was having a baby and needed some help. I was very upset because I wanted to go. I thought that I should be able to help too. The baby was Sandra Charlene, born 6-26-1937.

We always spent a lot of time down at Aunt Dora and Uncle Lewis Sturdevant's house. There always seemed to be a big crowd of people there. If I were there while they were eating, they would always ask me to eat too. If I had already eaten and wanted to play with the kids, it seemed like it took them forever to eat. I couldn't understand why any body could take so long to eat. The Swayne's came there quite often and the girls would tease me continuously. When the song "Oh Johnny" came out, they would take me down and sit on me and sing that song

In the summer time there would always be lots of people at the lake swimming. We used to go to Guerin's Cove an awfully lot. I only remember my dad going swimming once, but my mother went quite often. One of these times at Guerin's Cove was when I learned to swim. I had been on an inner tube and it slipped out from under me. I started to dog paddle and got back to where my feet would touch bottom. That was my first day to swim without the tube. Over the years I got better at this. We spent a lot of time at the lake, and as I got older we seemed to spend more time at Columbus Park. I would spend so much time swimming with my eyes open, under water, that by the time I got home it looked like I had pink eye.

Since we were mostly all related and very close, I felt at home most anywhere I went. I remember coming home from an all day swim lots of times and being so hungry I didn't think I could get home without a snack. I would usually stop at Aunt Dora Sturdevant's and would always get a handout. If they weren't home, I would just go in anyhow and make myself a sandwich. That was how close I felt with lots of our relatives around the lake.

I can still almost smell the newly baked bread aroma that seemed to fill the air when ever we went to Aunt Grace's Aunt Emma's, Aunt Dora's, Aunt Mae's or at our own house. What a pleasant memory.

Most of us boys had BB guns and bean shooters. One time Sidney Goldsby and I were trying to see how straight up in the air we could shoot a rock with our bean shooters. We could usually hear how close the rock came to us when it hit the bushes. We would stand there looking up and watching for the rock to come back down and this one time it got me right on the chin. I guess that must have been the winner for being straight up. We would sometimes kill a small bird or a squirrel and then try to cook them by holding burning matches under the meat after we had skinned them.

One day I was out in Aunt Mae's woodshed and was trying to cut up some wire for some reason. I had the wire on the chopping block and had the hatchet that dad made me for my 4th birthday. I guess I was trying to hold the wire with one hand and chop it with the other. Anyhow, I got just a little too close and chopped off a little corner of my middle finger. The scar is still there.

Sidney and I were cutting some trees one day and the head flew off the handle and went through the brush. We looked for it but could never find it. This was right at the top of the hill about 250 feet straight east of where Ray and Shirley Rossow live at the present time (1999). This was the same hatchet that I got for my fourth birthday.

In Sept. 1937, my dad and Ivan Goldsby opened up a blacksmith shop at 217 N. Columbia St. in Olympia. Ivan Goldsby put up the money and my dad was the most knowledgeable about blacksmithing. There was a huge forge and lots of equipment. There was a long shaft that went almost the whole length of the building. It had about a dozen pulleys on it that ran various pieces of equipment. The flat belts that were on the pulleys were about 6 inches wide. I spent a lot of time watching my dad build different things. The shop only operated until Mar. 1939. A lot of the machinery was sold to a person in Montesano who had a large blacksmith shop. My Dad kept a lot of the smaller pieces of equipment and continued to do some blacksmithing at home.

Along about the end of 1937, Aunt Mae and Uncle Buck Goldsby built another house just a few hundred feet east of the one they had been living in. It was at the top of the Sturdevant Hill at almost the same spot as the existing house belonging to Ray and Shirley Rossow (1998). A family named Keplinger moved into Aunt Mae's old house. This new house had 2 bedrooms, one, which belonged to Sidney. He used to walk in his sleep a lot. One night when Aunt Mae was taking care of Geraldine's (Mae and Bucks daughter) daughter Edna Mae, Sidney dreamed the house was on fire. Edna Mae was about 2 years old or younger. Anyhow, Sidney grabbed Edna Mae from where she was sleeping and went out side with her. The next morning Uncle Buck looked outside and there were footprints in the snow where Sidney had made several trips around the house, barefooted and had been carrying Edna Mae.

Out in front of Sara and Sandy Sturdevant's house was a trail leading down to the county road. It was pretty steep and angled down the hill about half way and then made a 90-degree turn and angled down the other way. One of the things us kids spent a lot of time doing was to go down the hill in a go-cart sort of a wagon. We used to make these carts all the time just for that purpose. We would usually get an old car steering wheel, mount it on a broom handle and drill holes through an old apple box at an angle. We would wrap rope around the broom handle and tie each one of the ends to each axle near the two front wheels. Then the trick was to drive this cart down the trail around the 90-degree corner without running off the trail. If you missed the trail you would usually get thrown off the cart and roll on down the hill through the brush.

I still have a scar on my leg from pushing Gary Sturdevant in the wheelbarrow. There was a metal brace between the two legs of the wheelbarrow, which I managed to run my shinbone into. There happened to be a big rock in our path that I didn't see and when the wheelbarrow stopped, I didn't. My leg was bleeding pretty badly, so I told Gary to go in and get his mother. I also hollered to him to tell her I was dead. That really got her attention and she was there like a shot. She was quite relived to find out I wasn't dead and then immediately mad because of the trick we had played.

There were two things us boys did quite often for our own amusement. Before I mention what they were, remember that this all happened in the 30's and early 40's and the traffic on the Black Lake Road was only a few cars per hour and their speed was probably 20 or 25 miles an hour. The roads hadn't been paved yet, which made it even better for our games. Us boys would get an old purse that had been discarded by one of our mothers and get a piece of string. We would take a stick and make a groove across the road, place the string in the groove and then take a fir bough and sweep the dirt over the string. The purse would be out in the road tied to the string. We would wait in the bushes until a car came by. Usually the first person to come by would see the purse and slam on the brakes and back up the car. By then we had pulled the purse into the bushes. They would usually get out of their car, stand there, look around and maybe scratch their head and usually get back in the car and take off. One time though we were caught by a lady that thought it quite amusing and offered to buy us a milkshake. Another time we were chased from the Delphi road almost back to Hart Creek.

Another thing that we got a lot of fun with was the fine wire that we got out of an old Ford Model "T" coil. The wire was about the size of a hair and would break a little easier. We would place several strands of the wire across the road about eye level, usually right at the top of a hill. Then we would hang some newspaper on the wire and wait out in the brush. As the roads weren't paved, it took quite a bit of space to get a car stopped. When the driver got to the brink of the hill, he would see the newspaper and slam on the brakes. By the time he got stopped, he had slid through the wire and paper. The wire was so fine it couldn't easily be seen, so they would get back in their car, wondering what had happened, and drive away. These last two things were not dangerous and no one was ever hurt. Since we didn't have TV, we had to dream up things to keep us amused.

Goldine and Les Johnson lived behind Aunt Mae and Uncle Buck Goldsby for quite a few years. We spent a lot of time visiting them back there and they spent a lot of time visiting us. They used to have an old car that was parked in their yard, but it didn't run. I spent quite a few days pretending to drive this old car and Joyce and Lee Johnson were usually with me.

Out near our woodshed was a big pile of 1x 12 inch x 8 feet boards that were left over from building our house and woodshed. Some of us boys decided to build a boat. It didn't have a pointed bow, but a sloping bow, more like a barge. The bottom was flat and the sides and stern were each a single 1x 12-inch board. All of the lumber was rough so we couldn't get a very tight joint at the seems. We went up on the prairie and got some gobs of pitch from the pine trees and melted it in a can. We then poured the hot pitch over the seams. This worked for awhile, but there were always new leaks developing. I think the boat is still somewhere at the bottom of Black Lake.

In that same pile of lumber was a family of chipmunks. Sidney Goldsby and I caught some of the young ones and had them for pets. They ran around in the house and would sit in our hands and eat. I think that we each had two of them. My mother wasn't too excited about all of this, but being a very understanding mother, she didn't say too much. One day, when Sidney and I were down to Columbus Park and had our chipmunks with us in the pockets of our bib overalls, some guy approached us and said he would give us 50 cents apiece for them. That sounded like a lot of money to both of us, so we sold them. I think mom was pleased with our deal.

I guess the first time I ever tried smoking cigarettes was probably about 1938. Uncle Buck Goldsby always smoked Bull Durham tobacco and when he left cigarettes in the ash tray, we would gather them up and take the tobacco out of them and role our own. It was a long time before I ever smoked in front of my folks, as I knew they wouldn't like it.

I don't remember just how old we were, but I suppose about 10 or 12, when Lee Wellman and I decided to try out some chewing tobacco. Aunt Ollie Wellman owned the Black Lake Grocery Store and Lee being her grandson and I being a nephew, it was quite easy to help ourselves to a plug of tobacco. I think it may have been a brand called "Days Work". We went down by the lake and crawled into the big culvert pipe that went under the road near the store. Anyhow we started chewing and it went OK for awhile, but I remember I accidentally swallowed some and got the hiccups. I also got very sick to my

stomach and felt as though I would throw up. I believe this was the only time that we attempted to chew tobacco, at least until we were older.

One day Sidney Goldsby and I were down to Columbus Park swimming, when we noticed a sack of Bull Durham tobacco that one of the swimmers had left on top of his pile of clothes. We decided to help ourselves, but I guess someone had been watching us and we got caught. There happened to be a County Sheriff there at the time. He decided to take me home and explain to my mother what had just happened. I don't think I was ever so scared in my life. My mother didn't say very much, but she didn't have to, as I knew that I had really hurt her. That bothered me a lot and I never attempted anything like that again.

For a long time Alvin and Eleanor Wellman lived across the road from Dora and Lewis Sturdevant. It was also next door to Helen and Maurice Van Mechelen. One time a few of us boys were at Van Mechelen's. It was probably Lee Wellman, Gary Sturdevant, Jr. Helland, Dan Van Mechelen and me. We had been trying out some tobacco alternates. One thing was coffee grounds and another was dry alder leaves and dry alder cones. We made some pipes out of corncobs using honeysuckle vines for stems. We also made some miniature pipes from hazel nuts. None of these things ever caught on with us though.

Later on Alvin Wellman and family moved down to the lake to a place called the Jake Henney Place. It is the next house towards Olympia from where Frank and Margaret Weber now live (1999). I used to spend quite a bit of time down there fishing with Lee in the lake. One thing I never forgot was the bicycle that Lee had. It was a 24-inch bike and for awhile it seemed as though every time I would see the bicycle, it would be a different color. Apparently Alvin had a good supply of various colors of paint and Lee seemed to like painting.

One thing that we did almost every year, for a lot of years, was to pick wild blackberries. What I remember most was going with Aunt Mae, Uncle Buck, Wesley and Sidney Goldsby. We also went quite a bit with Goldine and Les Johnson. Usually when we went with Aunt Mae and Uncle Buck, we would stop on our way at Thompson's Corner in Tumwater (a local little grocery store at the corner of Trosper Road and Old Highway 99) and get a quart of orange pop, a loaf of bread and a stack of bologna. This would be our lunch. When we got through for the day we would usually go to the south end of Olympia and go door to door trying to sell the berries. We also went to the Governors Mansion and The Brown Derby restaurant, and sometimes to The French Cafe, located about halfway between Olympia and Tenino. The going price for wild blackberries in those days was $1.00 per gallon. I was always a slow picker and Sidney was very fast. If I managed to get 3 gallons of berries, Sidney would get about 6.

One of the great things to do was to stay overnight with someone or have someone stay over at our place. I spent the most time staying at Larry Brown's. For a long time, I would stay with Larry one night and he would stay with me the next night. When I stayed at Larry's we would usually go fishing in the lake. When Larry stayed at our house we would usually go to Hart Creek and go fishing.

The first time I ever remember staying up all night was down at Larry's. It may have been New Years Eve. Margaret, Larry and Ronnie Brown and I were playing monopoly

and their mother "Sally" let us stay up. We sure thought we had accomplished something great. I also spent a lot of nights staying with Sidney Goldsby, Jr. Helland, Gary Sturdevant and Lee Wellman.

One night when I stayed down at Larry Brown's, a bunch of us kids slept in the barn. I think those present were Larry, Margaret and Ronnie Brown, Helen and Janie Goldsby and myself. In the middle of the night there was quite a commotion going on and Larry was getting pretty excited. It turned out that all the commotion was Larry's cat just had kittens in Larry's bed.

Several of us boys were down at the lake one-day and had been fooling around in a boat. At the mouth of Scott Creek, there used to be a small boathouse and there were some small piling like poles sticking up out of the water. We were coming in to tie up the boat, but accidentally hit one of the poles. In the top of this pole, or post, there happened to be a yellow jackets nest. The minute I saw the bees, I dove into the water and was stung once or twice. I think it was Jr. Helland and Gary Sturdevant that were with me. May have been more, anyhow Jr. And Gary stayed in the boat and got stung several times. A few minutes later we were all up the creek mixing up some mud and putting it on our bee stings.

A lot of us kids would go out into the woods in the springtime and peel cascara bark. That was a good way to make a little spending money. My dad made a peeler for me from an old file, which I still have. We would bring the bark home and spread it out to dry. Sometimes I would put it on the roof of the shed. When it got dry enough to break instead of bend, we would break it up into small pieces (about ¼ to ½ inch) and put it into a gunnysack. I usually took it to Barnes Feed Store in Olympia. Sometimes the buyers would buy wet bark, but it would be for a lot less money. May and Buck Goldsby and family would sometimes camp out in the woods and peel cascara bark for several days at a time. This would be their only income for a few weeks. In case you haven't heard about cascara bark before, it is used to make laxative. Cascara trees look a lot like an alder tree.

One of the things us boys used to do was roll a hoop. The hoops were usually made of metal and were about 8 or 10 inches in diameter. I don't know where they came from or what their original purpose was, but there always seemed to be some around. The metal was usually about an eighth of an inch thick and about an inch wide. We would take a stick about 4 feet long, probably about 1 inch square, and nail a cross piece, of the same size and about 8 inches long on the bottom end. Then we would push the hoop with the stick and see who could go the furthest. That doesn't sound very interesting now, but at the time it seemed like a lot of fun.

Another thing that we did was walking with stilts. We most always built our own out of whatever lumber we could find. That was another challenge, to see who could go the furthest.

When we went anywhere, even though it wasn't very far away, we would often stay overnight. We hardly ever went to Aberdeen without staying all night. One trip that we took was up to Independence to visit Ivy Yocum and her family. Ivy was the daughter of Daisey Pier, my mother's first cousin. We stayed overnight with them and the Yocum kids took me with them to a basketball game at Centralia.

Pard (Robert) Sturdevant was gone away and in the Army. He had a one-horse buggy and while he was away, a bunch of us kids used to push it to the top of the Sturdevant Hill and coast down. We tied ropes to the front axle so that we could steer it down the hill. Some of the names of the kids were Lee Wellman, Jr. Helland, Gary Sturdevant, Sidney Goldsby and myself. There may have been others, but I can't remember whom. I think we also used Pard's horse Rambler, sometimes to pull the buggy. We also used to go down the Sturdevant Hill on Wesley Goldsby's old motorcycle. It didn't run, but it was a lot of fun going down the hill. We didn't do this too many times, as it was too hard pushing the old cycle back up the hill.

In Aug. 1941, the Freitas family moved in next door into the Ivan Goldsby home. They had two boys, Jim and Joe. Jim was about 2 or 3 years older than me and Joe about 1 year older than I was. I used to stay at their house or barn occasionally and they would stay at our house or barn. Sleeping in the barn seemed to be a big thing in those days. Jim and Joe had a horse and a 2-wheeled wagon, sort of a chariot type wagon with automobile tires. One day I rode to town with them. It was when they were just starting to make a change in the Black Lake Road. They were in the process of clearing the right of way for the section of road that goes from the area of Ken Lake to the corner of 4th and Division. There were several piles of slash burning and most of the tree stumps were still in the ground. We had to wind around between the stumps. I guess we were about the first persons, other than the workers, to use this section of the Black Lake Road.

My folks finally got another car and had given me the old 28 Chevy van. I decided to cut it down and eliminate the doors, windshield and the van box on the back. All that was left was the dash, the steering wheel, engine and hood, seats and an open flatbed on the back. I was allowed to go as far as the end of the lake down past the store and up towards Waddle Creek, there wasn't any limit. One day when Lee Wellman, Gary Sturdevant and Jr. Helland were with me, we were driving along by the Maples (Salmon Shores now). We came up behind one of the military trucks and crew. They took care of the communications system at Capitol Peak. These soldiers were stationed at The Maples and I assumed they were on their way to Capitol Peak. We got to the entrance of Columbus Park and I decided to pass the truck. Just as I was starting to get along side of the truck, the driver, not knowing I was there, turned into the park. The back dual caught my front bumper and raised the old truck about 3 feet in the air. I turned to see if Lee, Gary and Jr. Were OK and I saw Gary rolling down the road behind us head over heals. Lee & Jr. managed to stay on and Gary wasn't hurt. Gary's glasses were knocked off but didn't bust. The guys in the military truck were just going for beer at Columbus Park. It was sort of a no fault deal, as I wasn't supposed to be there and he didn't look or signal before he turned. I think I was grounded for a few days from driving, as I still didn't have a license.

One day I decided to go up towards Waddell Creek. I stopped at the Gault's house to ask the two Gault girls, Dori and Geri If they wanted to go for a ride. They decided to go with me and we went up to the Old Provoe Place as the Robinson's lived there. Their daughter was one of the girls that I used to give a bad time to when we were on the school bus. Anyhow, Mrs. Robinson let Viola go with us. I guess I must have thought I had died and gone to heaven, having three good looking girls and just out driving around

up in the hills. One of the places that we went, was up to the old gold mine that is located straight across the road from the upper Waddell Creek bridge. At that time you could drive clear up to the mine. There were still steel tracks intact and some of the old ore cars were there. We peeked inside, but it didn't look safe so we didn't go in. There was lots of water standing along the tracks and dripping from the ceiling.

I was driving along the road one day, when I came upon Shirley Wellman and Maureen McCarthy. I gave them a ride as they were on their way to Shirley's Grandmother's (Ollie Wellman) place. Aunt Ollie wasn't home so we went in and proceeded to make ourselves at home. In the refrigerator or icebox, I can't remember which, was a bottle of whiskey. We decided to have a little "snort" and then we got to thinking that maybe Aunt Ollie would notice that some was gone, so we filled it back up with water. This kept happening for so long, that the bottle was finally almost all water. We decided to get on the truck and go down the road and ended up at our house. The girls walked on home from there, as driving didn't seem to be the thing to do. When Shirley got home, she went to bed to let the world slow down a little. When Alvin got home from work, he asked Shirley, "How come you're in bed?" She said, "I have the flu". At that point Alvin commenced to laugh. I guess parents are a lot smarter than we think they are.

I mentioned ice skating on the lake, but don't think anything has been said about the ponds. We had a large pond across the road from our house and there was another one just up the Delphi Road a few feet before the Kinney road. It was on the right hand side as you are going towards Delphi. Both of these ponds were pretty popular in the wintertime when the lake wasn't frozen over. Each place had a spot where there would always be a bon fire and a group of people standing around it and another group out skating. We used to have some real good hockey games. We usually used a tin can for the puck and a hazel limb for the club. One day I was just standing there on the ice with my skates on and my feet flew out behind me and I came down right on my face. It broke one of my front teeth off about half way, which stayed that way until 1951.

Near the pond up towards the Kinney Road had been the location of a house owned by Henry and Inez Haeger. The house had burned and all that was left were a few boards and the angle irons from the bed frame. One day I took my dog Tippie up to check out the ice. There wasn't anyone there and the ice was a little too soft for skating. I got to playing a game with Tippie by throwing a stick out on the pond. He would run after it and when he went to pick it up, he would slide right on by. We did this for awhile and I guess there must have been an extra soft spot and he broke the ice. He couldn't get back up on the ice, so I knew I had to do something. I ran over by where the house had been and got two boards and a bed rail. I took the boards and started walking out on them placing one in front of the other until I got almost to where the dog was and all at once everything gave away. It was only about chest deep or I may have been in real trouble. I first got the dog back up on the ice and then I started breaking the ice with the bed rail until I had worked my way back to shore. It was probably a distance of about 50 feet that I had to break the ice. We hurried on home and by the time we got there, my clothes were frozen stiff and some of the hair on the dog had frozen.

By: Dee Weber

STORIES MY MOM AND DAD TALKED ABOUT

When my mom, Jean (Haeger) Weber was three years old her dad, William (Bill) Haeger died of TB. He had to live in a tent for health reasons and Jean wasn't allowed to go in to see him because she may have gotten it.

Then grandma later married Lorenzo Orville Markham. Jean got to go on their honeymoon with them to Washington D.C. Mom said that grandpa would go down to the lobby and get a pitcher of malted milk.

Jean thought a lot of her step-dad. She said that on her birthday he would make a whipped cream cake for her and put real roses on the cake.

They lived at Waddell Creek and had a dairy. My mom would deliver milk to the people around there.

Later, while living at Black Lake, she used to walk down to her cousin Ethel Sturdevant's and they would walk to town. She hung out with her other cousins too. They would go ice skating on the lake and then sledding down the Sturdevant Hill after they had the snow all packed down. She said that grandma and grandpa would go to and some of the other people there would build a big fire. She also talked about skating on the ponds around different places.

She used to walk down to her Aunt Dora's place and get her cousin Ethel and they would walk to town. Sometimes, she said that they would get a quart of canned pears and eat them and then they would get diarrhea and have to stop somewhere and go to the bathroom.

She talked about staying with her cousin Ruth Brown and they argued about who had the biggest feet.

She talked about Waddell creek a lot, about hauling her little brother out of the creek. He would ride his tricycle into the creek and she would have to haul him out of creek.

She told of one time her brother John going to the show and he had a hunting knife and Zabel (movie theatre owner) took it away from her brother and wouldn't give it back to him. So Jean went to get the knife for her little brother.

She later met Charlie Weber. He lived on one side of Black Lake and Jean lived on the other. Charlie had a train whistle on his truck and when he would get down at the end of Black Lake and blow that train whistle, which meant get ready. She would be ready by the time he got there.

One time Charlie was going to take Jean out on a date and Tom Pier was over at Charlie's. Charlie was going to take a bath. He got the water ready to put in the tub and Tom Pier took it out and put it in his radiator. So, Charlie had to start all over again.

Charlie talked about the time that Lee Wellman put some horse manure on the seat of Charlie's truck. Charlie took the horse manure and threatened he would make him eat some. Charlie said that Lee didn't bother him after that.

By: Helen (Goldsby) Spain

Black Lake Remembered

I was born at St. Peters (old hospital) on January 9, 1929. The first thing I remember is having the flu. Mom, Dad, Jane and I were all sleeping on cots in the living room. The shades were drawn during the day and the awful smell of the flu. Grandma Goldsby (Dad's mother) came and fed us soup and kept the fire going. I remember wanting to get up but was too tired. I would have been about two and a half or three at the time.

We were living at Mom and Dad's honeymoon home. (Blocher's place now) Our guest room was the most beautiful (I thought) room I had ever seen. Mom had found wallpaper with silver stripes on a white background with alternating stripes of bouquets of violets and leaves. The woodwork was a pale green and we had white Pricilla curtains at the windows. There was a two-drawer dresser (very low to the floor) with a swinging mirror. It and the bed were painted a pale green, too. Mom had taken us kids to see Alice in Wonderland. Jane and I were so thrilled that we were able to push the dresser out from the wall (it must have been on casters) and that we were able to go through the looking glass. We would swing the mirror up and climb through to get behind the mirror.

Mom had a rag bag which she let us dress up in. We were allowed to play in the guest room. I will always think of that room every time I smell apple blossoms, and see those white curtains flutter in the breeze.

Dad built the fireplace when I was about three. When he made the hearth, he had Jane, Bess (who was a baby at the time) and me put our footprints in the cement. Each week or so we would check to see if our feet had grown.

Christmas was a magic time at home. Mom would send us kids to the barn with Dad while he was milking each evening. Years later I found that was the time she spent making doll clothes for Christmas. We always got a new doll, each with a complete wardrobe of clothes. Also a little table and one chair each. (which Dad made for us) We got a set of little dishes and were allowed to eat Christmas dinner at our own table. One year we got a set of tiny silverware and Mom made us a tiny tablecloth.

Dad, Uncle Frank and Uncle Floyd shared a BIG barn. They would all go down to milk at about the same time. I remember all the cats and kittens waiting for their milk. Dad would be milking a squirt for one of the cats; they would open their mouths and get the milk. When they were through milking they would dump a pan full for the cats.

Dad and his brothers each raised a pig each year. Down behind our house was a creek with a little island in it. They built a pig house on it and used it each year. The creek was shallow but just deep enough to keep the pigs in. One summer just after the butchering, Evelyn, Stanley, Jane and I decided that the pig house would be a wonderful playhouse. We found an old tin can and carried water from the creek, took a broom and scrubbed the thing. We thought we had done a wonderful job. (even though it did smell a little?) When we had finished we very proudly went up to the houses. Aunt Eva was out watering her sweet peas. (with a hose) When we got near her she just yelled at the top of her voice, "ANNIE." Mom came running out. Aunt Eva turned the hose on us, clothes and all. Mom

Annie (Norrie) & Del Goldsby. Del Goldsby built this home as his honeymoon home when he and Annie were married.
Later purchased by Alice (Lang) & Modest (Mod or Jack) Blocher

put Jane and me in a wash tub on the back porch and scrubbed us before she would let us in the house. I don't remember playing there anymore.

One warm summer day when I was about four, Evelyn, Stan, Jane and I went to the lakeshore, just across the road from our houses. (At that time there wouldn't be over one car an hour so we had no trouble crossing.) I don't know how we got by Mom and Aunt Eva because we were forbidden to play anywhere near the lake. We decided to have a picnic. We brought some apples (very green and at least as big as cherries) from the trees by the house. Stan found an old rusty tin can. We caught some crawdads, put them in the can with some lake water and Stan built a fire. (He would have been about four and a half or five at the time.) I do know we ate both the apples and crawdads. I don't think Mom or Aunt Eva ever found out about it.

We thought a radio was the most wonderful thing there ever was. (The reception was so poor I had to hold my ear to the speaker to hear it.) Also, if you looked in the back there were (I thought) tiny cities in glass domes, just like Buck Rogers. The tubes lit up and it did look like tiny buildings. Also you could hear people talking, so that proved it.

We had a Model T Ford that huffed and puffed going up each hill. We would usually get to the top with steam shooting out of the radiator to the point that it steamed up the windshield where Dad couldn't see. I remember him going up the hill just before you get to Quilcene with his head hanging out the window, muttering "Damned old steam engine" He had to stop before the summit for water. Dad had his work hat under the seat. I remember him taking it out and bailing water out of the ditch to put in the radiator.

During the fall and winter when we went to town or anywhere else, Mom would put some blankets in the back seat and bundle us kids up. I used to daydream about some day they would make a car that would have a heater in it and they would be able to ride around with snow on the ground without even a coat on.

To warm our beds at night, Mom would put a warm iron wrapped in a towel at the foot of the bed.

When we had company all the kids would sleep cross ways in the bed. That way you could get about six or seven kids in one bed. Or sometimes half were at the head of the bed and the other half at the foot, which didn't work too well because each time there was someone that would start a kicking match.

Dad took the family up to some of the mill settings where there were loads of blackberries. I can still smell the fresh fir sawdust, wild blackberries and honeysuckle. The air was always warm so the smell was enhanced. Even yet the smell makes me think back tom those times.

It was about 1935 when we moved to the Montanni place. (Next to the old Weatherman place on the lake) We lived there until Dad had our house built, right next door. He built the house out of peeled logs. It was a large house with a kitchen and pantry and dining room on one end. The side toward the lake was the dining room on the south end, then the living room. There were French windows all across the front. The north end (in the living room) was a huge granite fireplace. Dad built a large veranda all along the front (Lake Side) of the house. On the West Side was a bedroom. (Mom and Dad's room) Next was the bathroom, then the laundry (or wash room as it was called then) next the pantry.

Up stairs was to be four bedrooms. (The house wasn't finished when we moved to Selleck, in King County.) Outside was a Mock Orange grove. The flowers were so sweet smelling. Nana (Grandma Norrie) took us to see "Snow White" and I remember waiting in the grove for *Prince Charming* to ride up on his beautiful whit horse

One of our picnics we went up to Waddell Creek. (where Margaret McKinney Camp Grounds are now) On the way down the hill tom the creek Dad showed us a humming bird nest. It was so soft and about the size of a thimble.

While we lived at the log house we walked to school across the field. One year the snow came up to our hips. Mom made us wear long stockings in the winter and I just hated them. As soon as I was out of the sight of the house I rolled them down – and about froze to death!

There were programs put on once a month with plays, skits, music and food. The neighborhood was divided into the north and the south ends of the lake , then there was a contest to see who could put on the best program. They were held at the school and everyone living around the lake came.

Dad was working for Mud Bay Logging and didn't get home till fairly late in the evening. When Mom needed groceries she would put us all in the boat and row to the store. (About a mile away) It was easier to do that than to try to take five little ones for a mile walking. Also one dog. He was about as worthless as they come but everyone loved him with a passion. He was white with one black eye, so Dad named him "Shiner". When we would start for the store Shiner would run after the boat. Mom would try to make him go home because he would fight with all the dogs between home and the store. (and there were loads of them) After while Shiner would jump into the lake and start swimming after the boat. Mom couldn't make him go home and all us kids were sure he was going to drown so each time she would lift him into the boat. Needles to say he was extremely happy and wanted everyone to know it. He would run from one end of the boat to the other shaking water all over us and jumping on everyone.

The depression was very bad. When Dad got laid off from Mud Bay Logging he went on WPA for a few months, then he and his brothers were able to get a stand of timber in King County in the Cascades. We then moved to Selleck

Soon after Fran was born, Dad got a job for $100 per month at the State Capitol building. Mom and Dad were so happy about the big money. While we were at Palmer, Dad and his brothers paid their expenses. (gas and oil for the mill, stumpage for the timber they cut, and wages for their men.) After that they divided the rest between themselves. They figured that, by the end of the year, they cleared about $1.10 per day each. After that the money from the State looked very big and regular!

When Dad went to work for the State we moved into Aunt Lil's house. (my Grandmother Goldsby's sister) The house was just about where the Wilkins place is now. It was a big old house, two stories, four bedrooms. There were cherry, apple, pear, and peach trees there, and grapes, raspberries, rhubarb, lilac, snowballs, quince, and blue bells.

The time we spent here was lovely. Us kids were swimming all day every day in the summer. Evelyn, Stan, Rosie, Lee Wellman, and Shirley, Larry and Margaret Brown

were there to play with. The house was about sixty years old, so when Mr. and Mrs. Wilkens bought it they tore it down. We had to move since we were only renting at the time.

Mom and Dad rented a cabin at Columbus Park for the winter, then in the spring moved into a two-room summer cabin on the place where Del lives now. Dad started building onto the house every day (he worked night shift) and every weekend.

By this time the war had started. At first we were afraid we were going to be bombed. There were black outs. At night you had to keep your windows covered with dark blinds. Gas was rationed. (Four gallons per week) Sugar, meat, butter, vegetables and shoes were all rationed. Everyone started carpooling, riding bicycles, or walking.

The grange put on dances every Saturday night and some of the older people would go into town and round up a bunch of service men and bring them out to the dances. They all had sons in the service and wanted someone to help their boys while they were away from home. The families had several of the boys spend the weekends. (Using their son's rooms) They got home cooked meals, dances and a little fun. Most of them came back each leave they got. Aunt Eva and Uncle Floyd had several that they kept in touch with even well after the war. It was so hard to have one killed or missing in action. I met Chuck at one of the dances. When his leave was up I started writing to him.

Sights, smells, sounds that bring memories:
Flocks of geese (several hundred at a time) each spring and fall
Mom's fresh bread and her marshmallows
Soft smooth clay on bare feet
The smell of fresh cut fir trees and blackberries
Sleeping outside on warm summer nights and counting meteorites
The sound of the juke box late in the evening
Finding pictures in the clouds
Trying to catch minnows in the creek
Playing in the old cistern and Grandma's house
Picking and eating cherries at Grandma's (she had two trees that were for all the grandchildren to climb and eat)
Sitting on Grandma Goldsby's back porch and eating fresh brown bread with sour cream and brown sugar. (She lined us all up on the porch to eat it.)
Uncle Floyd's rock collection
Walking the rafters in the barn
Riding on the hay wagon
The smell of Mock Orange, fresh mown hay, and lilac
Singing around the piano in the evenings
Fishing with safety pins
Finding arrow heads on our beach

There is so much more to write and remember that I just don't have the time. Maybe this will let our grandchildren know a little of what our childhood was like.

This song was written by Kathy (Spain) McLaughlin about her grandparents, Delwyn and Annie Goldsby.

HOME

I stood in the garden all covered with thorns, and remembered the times I'd stood there before.

The smell of the flowers, the roses in spring, the violets and buttercups, the white snowball tree.

The hillside was covered with daffodils bright, in the back were the fruit trees, berries and vines.

As one lost in wonder I stood there in time, and looked back to the home I knew as a child.

A home to remember through life's ups and downs, a Daddy and Mamma whose love knew no bounds.

A house filled with laughter we all loved so much, the closeness we shared and the warmth of their touch.

The house stands no longer, the flowers are gone, the years have erased all the comfort and warmth.

But I was surrounded with peace as I stood, in the place where my Daddy and Mamma once stood.

With tears I remember their strength and their deeds, a lifetime of hardship to provide for our needs.

They gave us all love and a spirit for life; My Daddy and Mamma still fill me with pride.

Now I visit a place not so far from that home, to the stillness and beauty I find myself drawn.

Where Daddy and Mamma now rest while they wait, for the day we can all be together again.

Someday we will all be together again.

By: Bessie (Goldsby) Elsner

Memories of my childhood

When I was six, we lived on Black Lake. Helen was the oldest and her friend Betty would come over to play. Every time we went swimming Helen and Betty, since they were older than Janie and I, got to trade off being Prince Charming and the princess. Janie and I always had to be the ladies-in-waiting.

It was a squeeze when we went in the car. Cars were so small in those days, especially with nine children. We would sit there across the back, two deep. Daddy would drive with one baby in his lap, one in the middle, and Mama held one. Our brothers had such bony hips. One time we went to Seattle. Mama was out of the car to buy something. There were no bathrooms in stores those days. Daddy let one of my brothers go potty down a small hole in the floorboard.

I remember every Sunday we would go to mass and Daddy would bring us and keep the tiny ones in the car waiting for Mama and the other children . Daddy wasn't catholic but he was such a wonderful man. He would never in all our lives lie. We could always count on what he said. One time one of my sisters wanted him to tell a boyfriend she wasn't home when she was, but he wouldn't do it.

My grandma Goldsby had a huge barn. We lived nearby. Some neighbor kids and some of us would climb up what we called the dizzy ladder onto a little ledge and jump in the hay. So often when we were growing up we would sleep in the hay with cousins and friends. Such fun.

Daddy was gone to work one day and Del took many, many pieces off the car. When Daddy got back Del told him he wanted to see what was inside the motor. Daddy was so patient.

I don't remember Grandpa Goldsby because he died before I was born. My Uncle Floyd and Aunt Eva moved in with Grandma then. Grandma would give us each a dollar on our birthdays. Big money then. We could go to a movie, buy lunch, and still have money to buy a little gift. We would just happen to come to see her on our birthday. We could always climb her cherry trees and eat all we wanted, play croquette on her lawn, and help her with her 1500-piece puzzles. (I know she must have had to re-do it every time.

By: Mary (Goldsby) Moore

Remembering Black Lake

Dad and Mom were warm and loving parents to all nine of us. Always there for us. Daddy would play the piano and we would sing. He had a beautiful voice. Mom also had a beautiful, high voice, but her love was classical music. I'm afraid we didn't appreciate her beautiful voice because we didn't like the style of music. Anyway, Mama would read to us nearly every night, a chapter for each age group

About the first thing I remember is living at the place that was later known as the Linton place. Dad, as usual, built our home – log. Our back yard was Black Lake. I remember so clearly Dad teaching me to swim. He would go farther and farther out into the lake. Great fun. I must have been about three years old, about the same age I got my first smack on the bottom. Daddy was building our big stone fireplace and was on some scaffolding. He came down to get something, telling Bess and I not to climb up, but as soon as he was around the corner, up we went. Dad came back and gave us a smack. Shortly after that Bess and I got into a fight and bit each other. We got another smack for that, too (Bad day)

I don't know, but I think we moved to what was later called the Wilkens place. I may have started school there. I went my first and second grades at Black Lake School. And, yes, kids, we had to walk a mile to school. But if Mrs. Hawk would see us she would pile all the kids along the way into her pickup and we would ride to school. Sometimes on our way home we would walk through the park. Most of the time we could find enough tax tokens, three to the penny, and later five to the penny. We'd stop by the store and buy

really bad candy with our loot. The reason I'd buy that candy is they had what I thought was a beautiful ring on top. I'd give the candy away but not the ring.

We moved to the place that Del lives on now. I think it was a two-room house, but Dad built on to make a much larger home. Sometimes Helen and Janie would give us jewelry that a friend of Mom's had given them. We kids in the neighborhood would hide it, usually under the bridge on the way to Grace and Lloyd's next door.

We kids in the neighborhood were so close. We started a teen club, holding dances, meetings and hikes. For two winters the lake froze over. We'd find an old tire to burn, roasting our wieners over it. We thought it was great! The boys would clean the snow off the ice so we could skate or play hockey.

I always sang everywhere I could. Dad was buying me some sheet music and talking to Ray Walker, the owner of the music store. His band played out at Butler's Cove dance hall, and he'd just fired his singer. I auditioned and got the job, but wasn't even thirteen yet and they were a union band. Members of the band had to be at least eighteen years old, so I could sing until I was caught. Well, then I knew I was really a star, especially when we were on the radio for an hour on Saturday nights. About six months later the union found out. Someone said that the last singer had turned us in. Oh, well. Anyway I was happy to be back with our teen club.

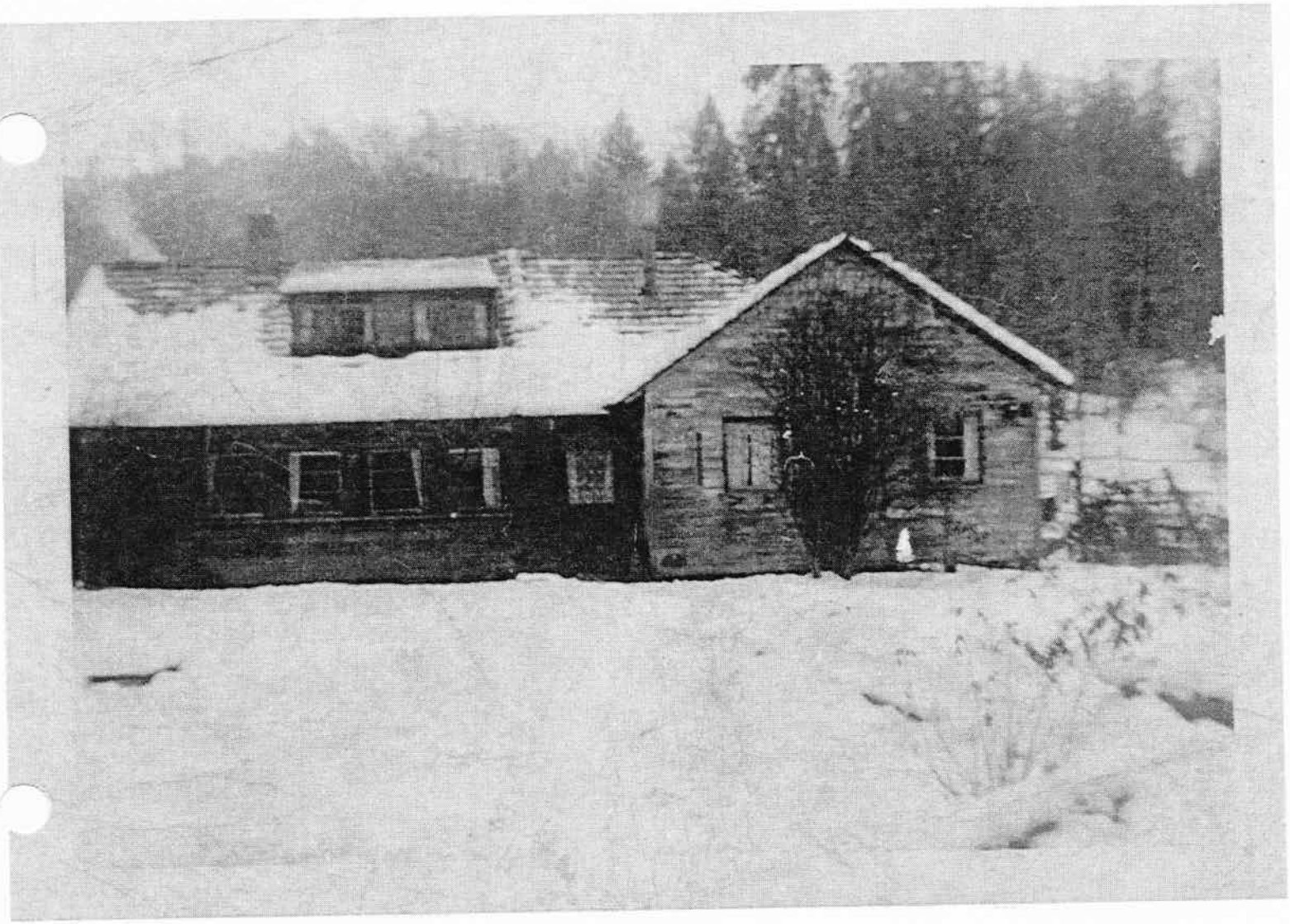
I always liked anything active – swimming, hiking, dancing, baseball, and even flag football or just running. Aunt Eva and Uncle Floyd used to take Del and I to picnics all the time. They would have three-legged races, baseball games and pennies in the haystack. I would always win the races. Great fun!

We all loved our grandparents. I, though, I don't even remember my Dad's mother ever kissing or hugging me, but we always knew she loved us. She was kind and gentle. She used to tell us stories of coming out in the days of covered wagons. We used to play on the wheels, play in the big barn, sleep in the hay. We also smoked coffee in the old pig house that we had cleaned out. Dreen Blocher would get the coffee and dry it, and we would smoke it in brown paper bags. Pretty good, too. God knows where he got it.

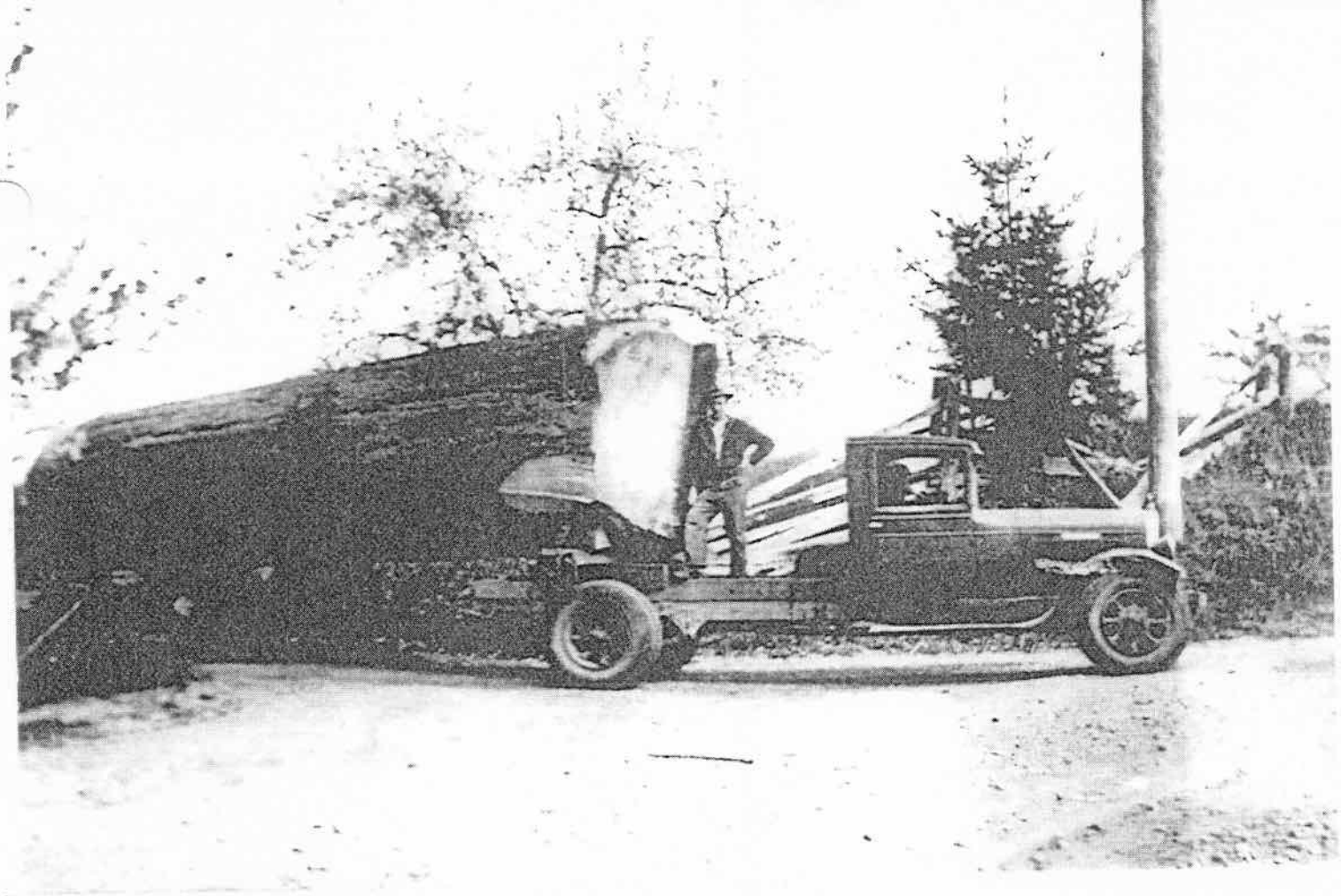
After years of having to play with only boys, Goldie and Shirley Figgins moved into the neighborhood. A cousin of theirs came for a visit. She couldn't swim so we got her a board so she could kick out into the lake where we were swimming. She screamed, having lost her board, so I swam to her and pulled her to shore. Dumb kids never thought she could drown. Thinking of that, a boy named Joe Chase moved into the neighborhood and was flirting with Dotty and Shirley, pushing them off the dock into the water. They got tired of it and pushed him in, clothes and all. As the girls were rolling in laughter, I saw Joe was in trouble. He was a big kid, nearly as big as I was. He nearly drowned me as I was trying to get him out. Believe me he learned to swim in a hurry!

I had lots of dates, mostly with the boys around the lake, and normally in groups. Jim, Bess' husband brought some guys over once in awhile.

When I was sixteen I met the love of my life. Ken, Janie's husband, introduced Larry to me. He was blond with the blackest-blue eyes I have ever seen. His smile was what won me over. He told his mother that night that he was going to marry me. We have been in love for forty six years and will be forever.



Annie (Norrie) & Del Goldsby.



Goldsby Logging @ Black Lake

By Delwyn Goldsby Jr.

What Del Goldsby did as a kid:

About 1943 or 44, dad took me to the sawmill he and his brothers worked in (Uncle Tony Weber's Mill). Dad had me offbear three or four hours and when I got done my arms felt like they were going to break off.

About 1946 or 47, dad and his brothers had a mill up past where Ollie Wellman used to live, near a field, near Hart Creek. They had a lot of slab wood there. Charles Goldsby and I cut it up and sold it for firewood. We got $8.00 a cord. We used a buzz saw with a 1928 Chevrolet engine on it and hauled it with a 1924 Model T truck. We built the bed so it would hold one cord of wood if we stacked it. We would haul two or three loads after school every day. That kept us in spending money

Every day we buzzed a bunch of wood, we would get so hot, we would run to Hart Creek and flop on our bellies and suck up that icy water from the creek. Then when we come back to work we couldn't do anything for about a half-hour afterwards.

Now, you don't want to drink the water in Hart Creek, with Alpine Hills above it.

By: Al Goldsby, Sr.

MEMORIES FROM WHAT LITTLE IS LEFT

Well, as many years have come and gone and my father and his family are all dead and gone for lots of years. Though all my love and memories I will always keep. But with all the years gone by, things are getting rather dim.

But I still recall my dad telling about this one occurrence. In the year of 1934, one year before I was born, Dad and family lived in what is now the Blocher house which Dad had built. Well, my father, Del, and his brothers Floyd, Charley, Clyde and Frank were logging in the hills in back of what is now the Black Lake Grocery. Where they were at, they could see most of Black Lake.

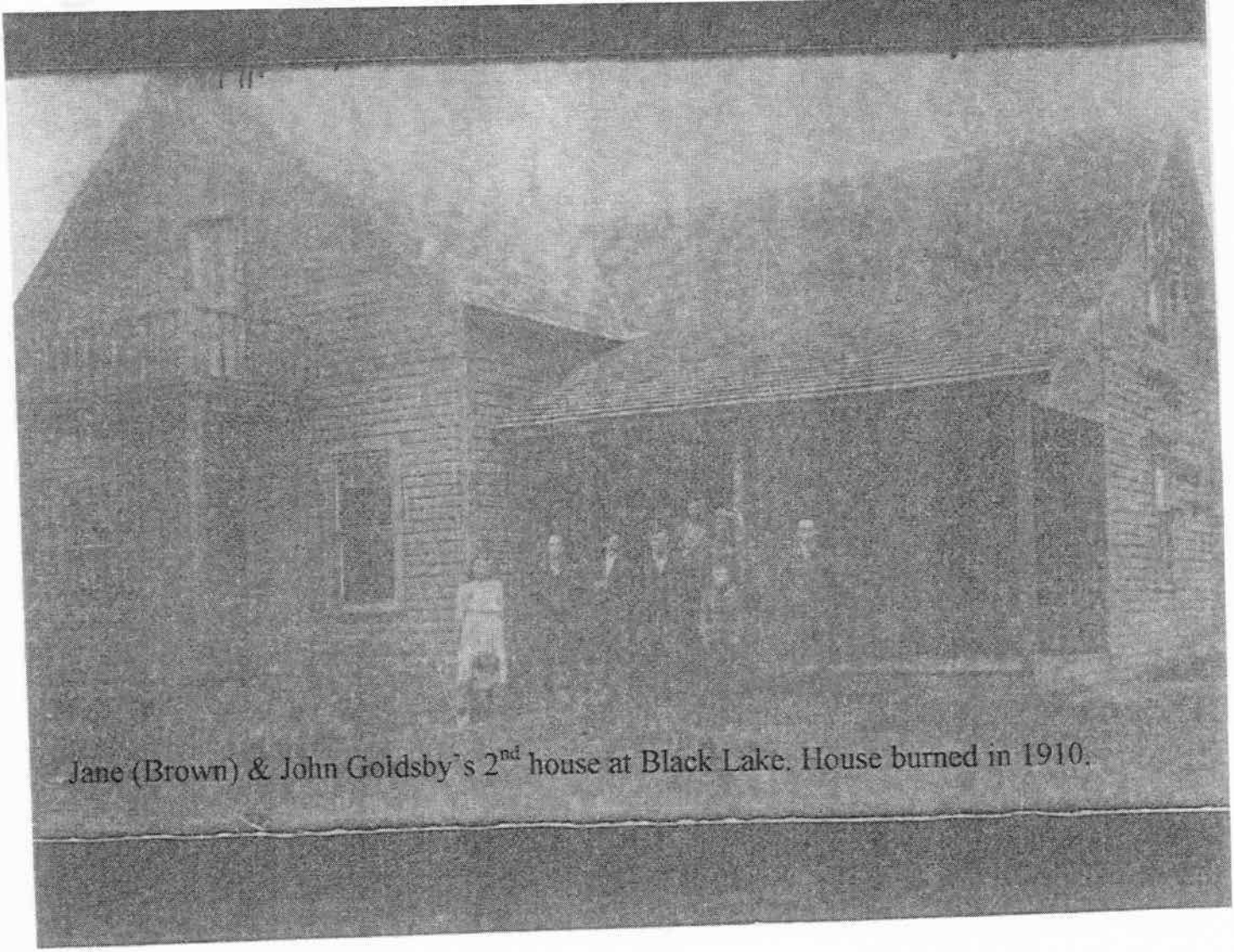
Well, my father had climbed a very high tree with his spurs and a safety belt. When he reached the top, he had to top this tree, which would be called a spar tree. When the top went out, and with all the hours they had to work plus the whip of the tree when the top went out, my father had his first heart attack. He was only forty-one years old. As he looked over the valley, he could see the kids playing around the house, he said that he would never top another tree again. Well, Dad's older brother, Floyd had to climb the spar tree, unlash Dad from the tree and pack him out. As I see it, that took one hell of a lot of courage and one hell of a lot of guts.

Now to me, as I see it, they were all, every one of them. Men above all men.

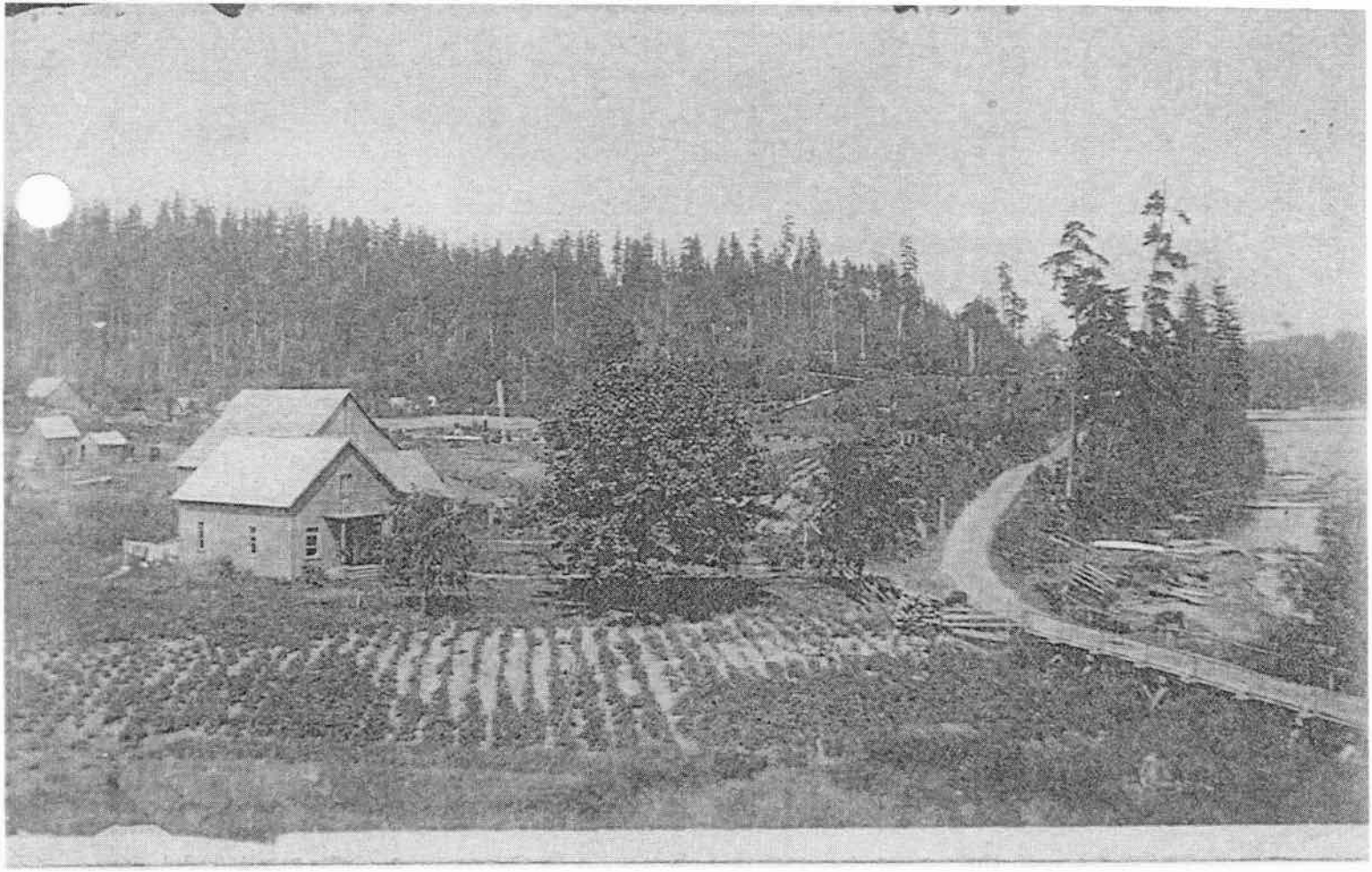
Boathouse in front of the Jane & John Goldsby home

Boathouse in front of the Jane & John Goldsby home

This house is believed to be the first house at Black Lake for Jane (Brown) Goldsby & John Goldsby, located in field behind the second and third house.

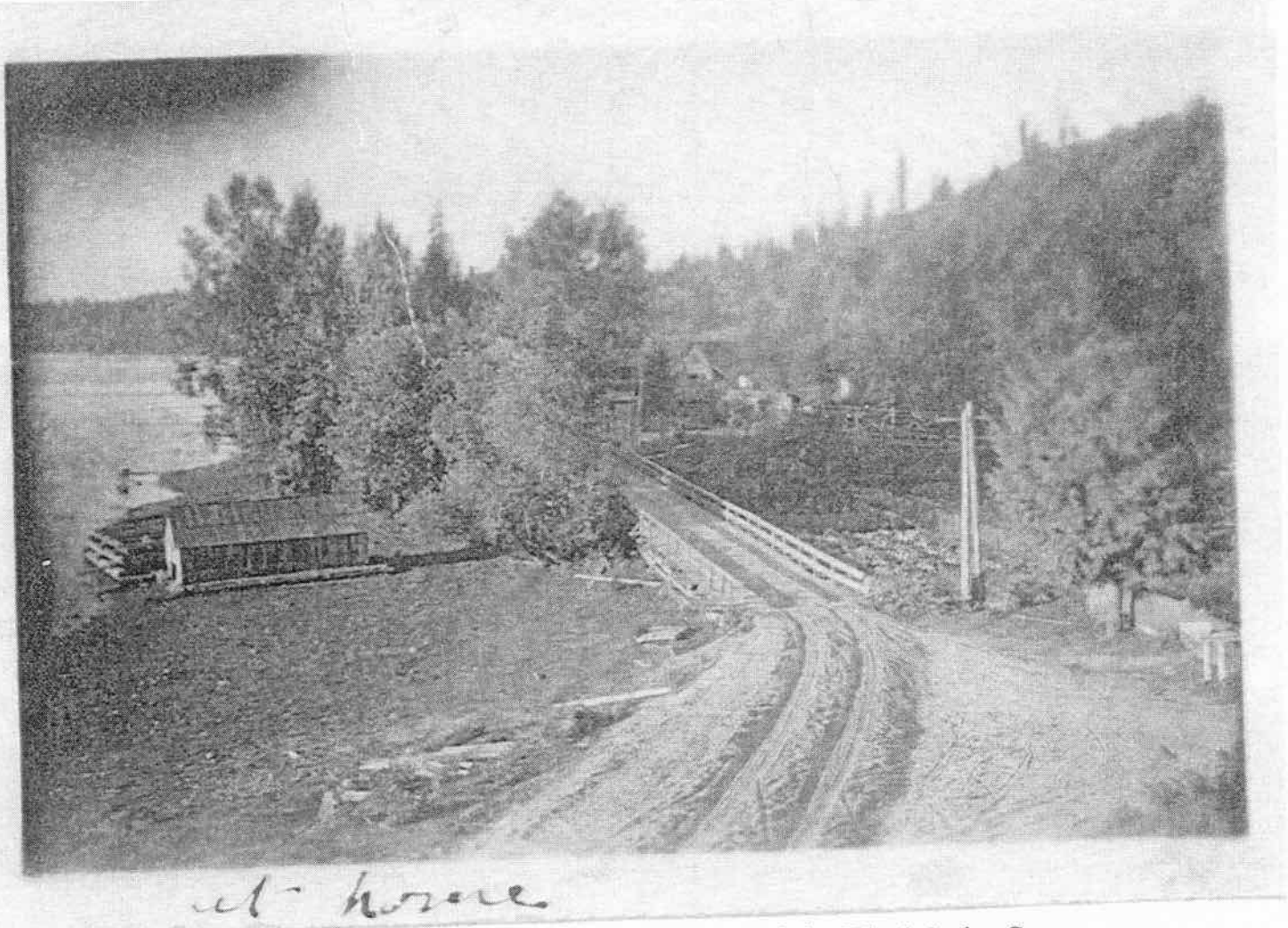


Jane (Brown) & John Goldsby's 2nd house at Black Lake. House burned in 1910.

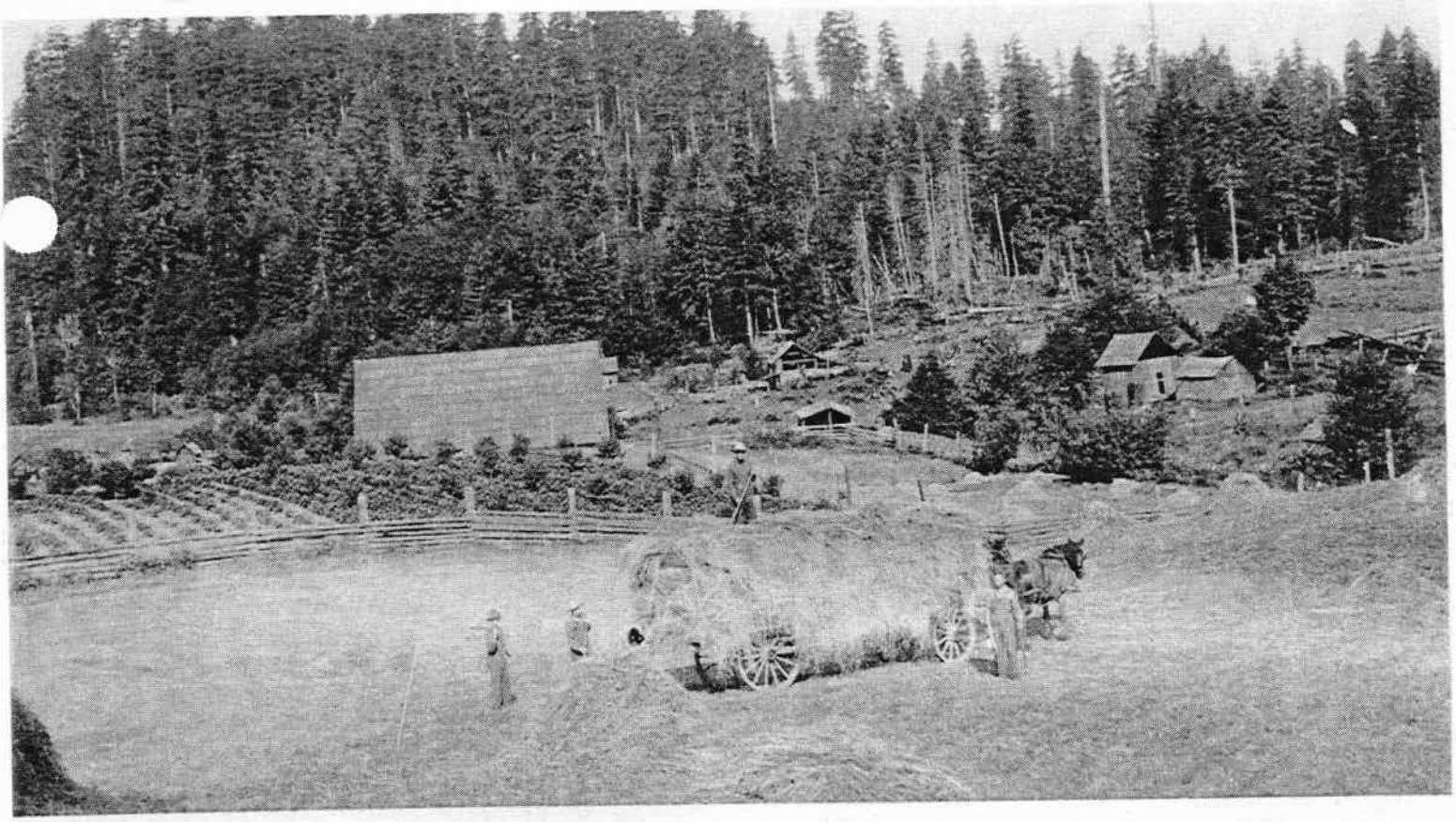


Jane (Brown) & John Goldsby's 2nd house at Black Lake. Picture taken from hill behind the Black Lake Grocery

Road in front of Jane & John Goldsby's house. Black Lake Grocery at center right.



Bridge between the Jane & John Goldsby home and the Black Lake Grocery.



Hay time in the Goldsby field in back of the Charles Goldsby property.

Jane (Brown) & John Goldsby's 3rd house at Black Lake, built in 1910 after fire.
Located same place as house # 2.

Frank Stevens, located behind the Goldsby's

By: Fran (Goldsby) Dana

THE GOLDSBY'S

In 1900, my grandparents, John Goldsby and Eliza Jane Brown Goldsby sold their homestead which had been located where the Mottman Industrial Park now stands. They bought some land on the West Side of Black Lake back about a quarter mile from the lake. It had a cedar shake cabin on it. They lived in this cabin for a short time.

In the same little valley, John's recently widowed father, William Goldsby, built a cabin for himself and his unmarried son Marion. Frank Stevens, a Civil War veteran and friend of William's, built another small home for himself, as did two of John's brothers, Frank and Wesley. There was quite a little community up there at one time.

A short time later, John made two more purchases of land adjoining his, one on the lake where they built a large home. In 1910 that house burned, so for a couple of months they lived in a tent while they built a large new home just North of Black Lake Grocery. It still stands today, although slightly altered.

John was big and husky. As a young man he was the local boxing champion in his area before they came West by covered wagon.

He was a hard worker who could always be counted on in an emergency. One neighbor who lived about a mile from the Goldsby's was an abusive man when he was drinking. One day he threatened his family with a knife. His wife sent some of the children running for John. He told the man; "I think you had better put the knife away". The man did without an argument.

John was quite a farmer. He raised big gardens and large numbers of fruit trees of different kinds as well as berries and grapes. He loved to graft trees.

Grandpa died eleven years before I was born, but he became very real to me from the stories I was told.

John was meticulous with his equipment. It had to be in top shape at all times. His son-in-law, my Uncle Tony Weber told me that Grandpa even hung his horse's harnesses in just the right way on the hooks in the barn so he could pick them off the hooks and put them straight on the horse without having to straighten them first. His daughter, Aunt Elsie said he never even let a hinge squeak in his house.

When he sold his homestead,(on Mottman Road) for a time the new owner allowed him to run his stock on the old homestead until he was ready for them at Black Lake. There was an understanding that he would keep an eye on the place as the new owner didn't live there. In those days, if you got caught out somewhere at night, it was customary to find an empty cabin to spend the night in, but to leave it in the same condition you found it. When John saw smoke coming from the chimney of the cabin he thought nothing of it. He came in to find two men just making breakfast. He had coffee with them and told them to be sure the fire was out when they left. They assured him they would. He later learned they were Merle and Tracy, two famous outlaws of the time.

In the late 1800's there was a great depression. Grandma's parents, Joseph Brown and Docia (Adams) Brown were living in the little town of Gate City. It was expected to become quite a town since it had a railroad station. Of course later the railroad bypassed

them and Gate City died. But at the time it was an up and coming town. Joseph was a doctor and he ran a drug store. When the depression hit it was decided Joseph and Docia's girls and grandchildren would live with them in Gate while the men, John Goldsby and Aunt Lil's husband, Uncle Charlie Wellman went into the hills to hunt, trap and pan for gold. All week they would work and on weekends they would come in. This kept the family going during the hard times. Dad once told me you could pan a day's wages out of Waddell Creek in a day if you were good at it. John and Janie had taken their family by canoe through Black River to Gate City. At that time it was clear all the way through.

John and Janie had six boys and one girl. These were Charles, Floyd, Clyde, Ivan, Delwyn, Elsie and Frank. The family did a lot of camping and hiking together. Once, all but Grandma and Aunt Elsie hiked clear through the Olympic Mountains.

John also expected his children to behave. One day when Dad (Delwyn) was eleven, he and some of his brothers were in another fight. Grandpa said, "If you have enough time to fight, you don't have enough to do" so he put them to work helping to support the family. Dad and his brothers were put to work in the woods at the end of crosscut saws and they stayed in that line of work until they retired.

Dad never resented his father for working him and his brothers like that. It was just part of the pioneer life. They also had many good times.

I remember when I was a child I was battling one of my siblings when Dad said: Why are you always fighting? My brothers and I never fought". I believed him, almost, but just in case I asked Grandma. She said, "He has a short memory".

Ed Carpenter told me a story of Grandpa. When he was a kid, Ed would ride a horse to the Black Lake School. It was about two miles from his home. About half way between his home and the school he passed Grandpa and Grandma's house. In front of their house was a gravenstein apple tree that Ed said had the biggest apples he ever saw. In September, when the apples were ripe, Ed would see Grandpa sitting beside the road with a big basket of apples. As the kids were coming home from school, he would throw an apple to each of them. Ed said he would be riding his horse home and when he got to that point he could see Grandpa, (or Uncle John as all the kids called him) he would kick the horse into a run, and as he rode by, Grandpa would throw him an apple. Ed said that they were the best apples he ever had.

ODDS AND ENDS

The first Black Lake Grocery was built by Delwyn Goldsby and Frank Goldsby in the early 1920's or thereabouts. They didn't run it themselves but their sister Elsie and their mother; Janie Goldsby did for awhile. Later on their cousin Mattie Haeger (Markham) also ran the store for a period of time. Next they sold it to their mother's cousin, Ollie (Brown) Wellman and her husband Casper (Cap) Wellman. Ollie and Cap built the second store beside the first, a two story building with gas pumps. The store was in front and living quarters were behind and upstairs. Ollie in turn sold to Malleck's and they ran the store for some years, then leased it for a year or so to the Heye brothers. Next Mallecks sold to Art and Ezelpha McMurray. Then came a large number of owners. One of them built the store that now stands on the site of the first store.

BLACK LAKE FIRE DEPT.

Before Black Lake had a fire department, the people would put out fires by the bucket brigade. After the crank telephone came to the lake, the distress call for fire was one long ring. As I understand it you would crank one long crank on the phone which would alert everyone to the emergency. Everyone would pick up and be told of the particulars. Next came the fire siren that was on the garage at the Black Lake Grocery. If you had a fire you would call the store and Art McMurray would turn on the fire alarm that could be heard all around the lake. All the volunteers would race to the store to get their instructions and go to the fire. Some time after the alarm was installed about eight to ten people got together with one hundred dollars apiece and bought a fire truck. As I remember it, Art was the first fire chief.

Sometime in the mid 1950's they made a tax levy to build the fire hall and purchase more trucks.

Furnished by: Fran (Goldsby) Dana

The following three letters were written to Docia Brown (Dr. Joseph Brown's wife) and have been copied exactly as written.

Hustonia
Feb. 28, 1890

Mrs. Docia Brown
Tumwater, Washington

My Dear Cousin

I recd a letter from you the other day enquiring in regard to the Estate of our great uncle Isac R. Lykins---I will gladly give you all the information I have in the first place. We herd of the estate from Mr. Curtis of Sacramento--- Should you write to him address Mrs. Judge Curtis & she will receive it---I do not know her no. Nor am I certain of her given name I only know that there is an estate in Philadelphia Penn. that was left by one Isac P Lykins & that the estate was escheated to the state for want of claimants and Mrs. Curtis says that he was your mothers Great-uncle that he was originally from Sweden but the records have been so poorly kept that it would be almost impossible for us to trace our relation ship back to him the eastate is said to be worth twenty million dollars & is all in Penn. I recd a letter today from one of our cousins in Ky. & she says that they are now looking after all traces of evidence & James Lykins has now gone to the family of Eli Lykins (he's now dead) to learn what he can from his heirs all will done that can to assertain the true state of the case. & should I here of anything worth writing I will write you

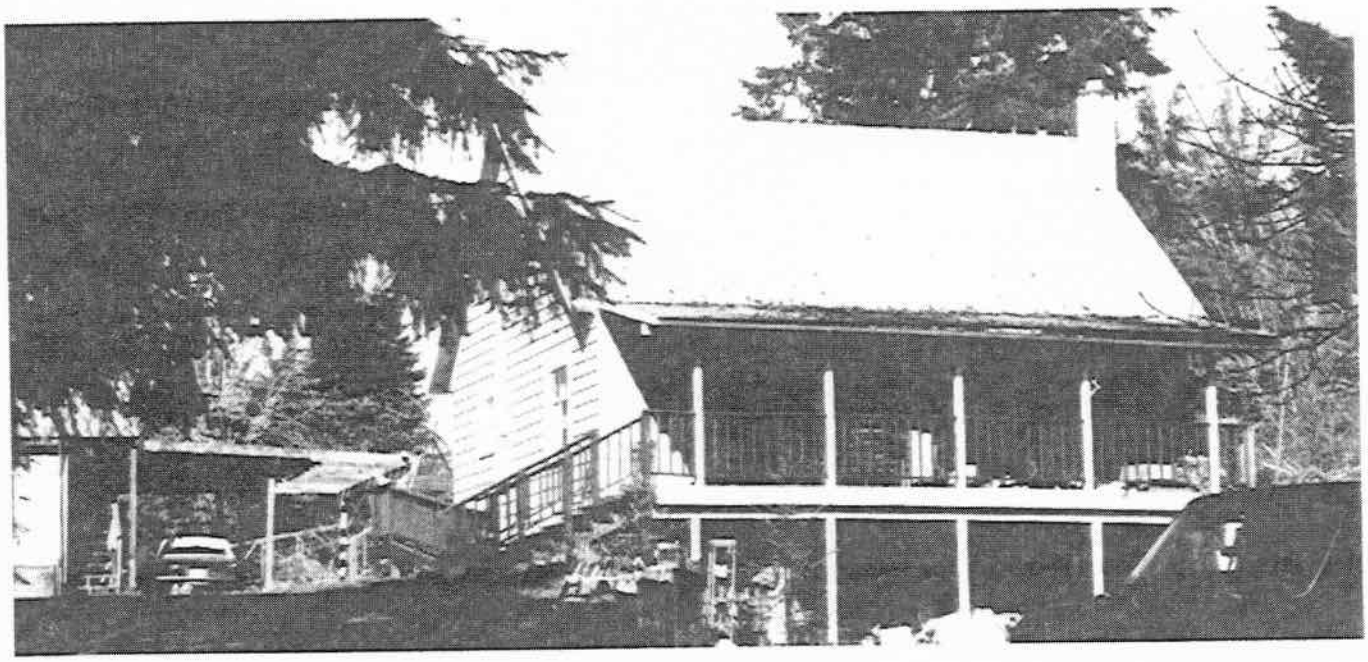
Brother William is not living he died last April in California.

I knew Dr. Ostrander and the Yantises you mentioned when I was quite young was glad to her from them give my regards to the Dr. & the others. Hoping that we may yet succeed in getting our share of the estate I am respt your cousin. J H Ferguson

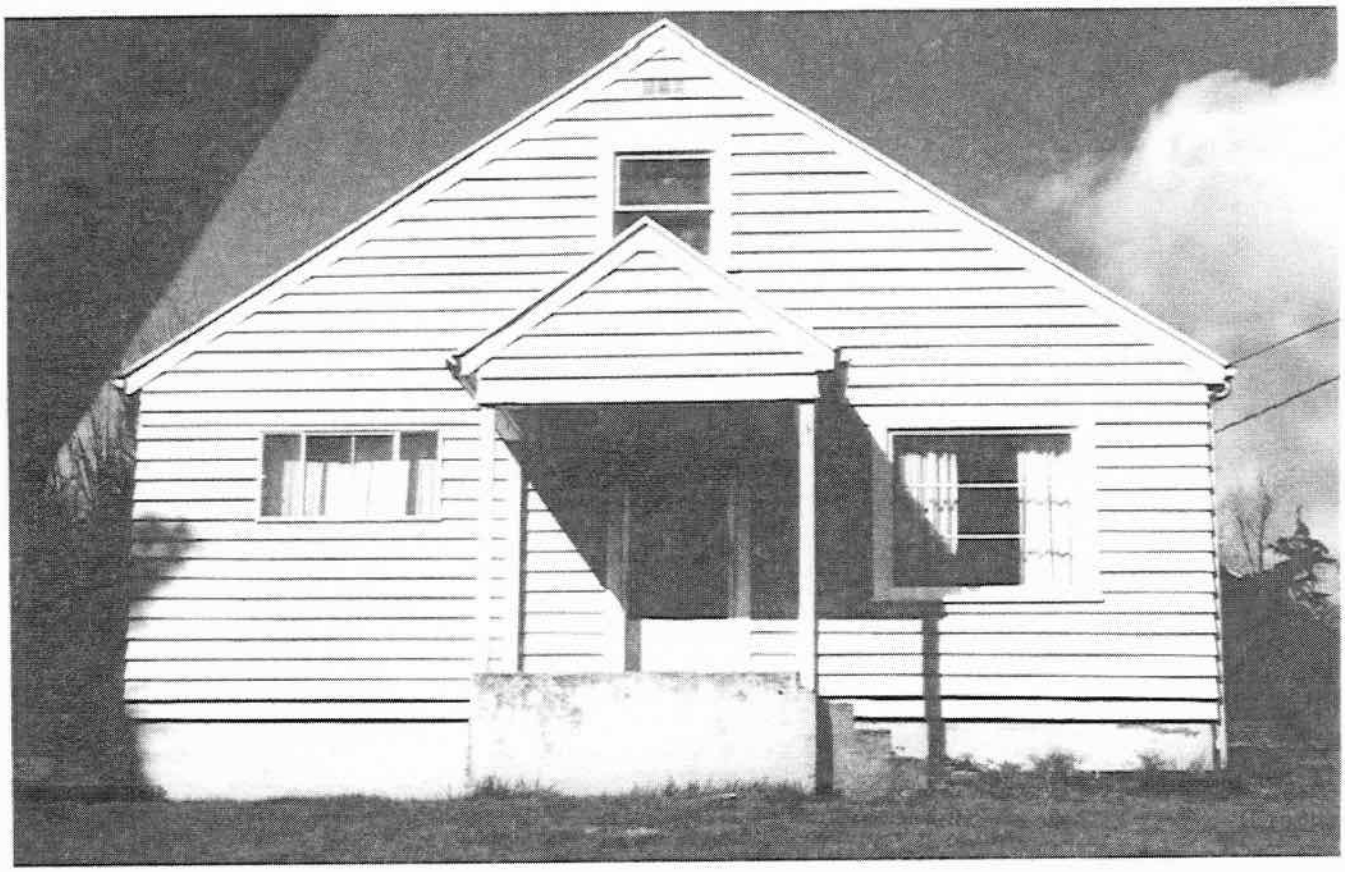
P.S. I would be glad to here from you often & from that new & rich contry send me a news paper ocasionaly my wife has a cousin living near Waverly in that state & we have thought often of going their Respt J H F

Pembina Mo May 6 1890

Dear Sister and Brother we recived your letter some months ago I should have answered it sooner but I wanted to get all the information a bout that Estate that I could first. This leaves us well as usual Eli is in poor health the Drs advised him not to work on the farm this summer so he had to hire a hand to make a crop. we have quite a backward spring the people are just getting there corn in. I think we will have plenty of fruit of all kinds if we don't have any more frost the trees are quite full now. I am trying to rais chickens turkeys guinies and Peafowels I have over a hundred chickens but no turkeys hatched out yet the guinies and peafowels are just beginning to lay it keeps me troting to keep up with everything I haven't had a letter from Margaret in relation to this Lykins estate I have written to every body that I know a bout it I wrote J. W. Lykins and W. J. Lykins J. W. Lykins sayed he had made inquiry and not found out much about it, W. J. Lykins seems to know something a bout it this is what he says a bout it I have made some inquiry a bout it and there ma be something in it but it would cost considerable to get at it seems there was some money their and it seems theire is some more but I have not thought it worth bothering a bout there is a real estate agent and attourney at law in St Jo Mo that seems to know about it. He incloses a letter to me from his lawyer to be returned to him and I coppyed the letter and this is what was in it. Dear Sir I answer at once for the reason I believe you to be the right heirs Still you ma be too remote do you remember hearing of one Andrew Lykins being killed in the streets of Lynchburg Virginia about 1790 among his children there was one under 21 years of age his uncle Marcus became his guardian you are no doubt the decendents of this Marcus So is Isac P Lykins who died in 1864 hope soon to get further informations and I will communicate to you. it seems that this lawyer is the one to write to for information it seems that he has had some thing to do with it before. this letter was written in 1888 this Lawyers name is John C Bender General Claim and information agent now I have something to write about another estate I received a letter from John Berry the other day asking me to write to you or Joseph concerning a piece of land thair it seems that the title is in him by inheritance he says this I want you to write to Joseph Brown for me concerning the title to some land it seems that him and his two uncles in an early day owned a half section of land joining the Daniel Brown land his is the land that I owned. His other uncles land was claimed to be sold to Hogs when looked up they had no title there is no title from the entry his two uncles entered the land when they first came to the country there has never bin any transfer from James Brown. no heirs his father and Sam Brown they would be the decendence of James Brown I have bin concerned in this land. Steve Adams and me went



Vina (Lehman) & Clarence Lambert



Dorothy (Clifton) & Leo Lehman

in to law with a broken chain of title stood a suit and was beat there is a hundred and 60 acres of it and it can be sold for 16 hundred dollars by getting two quit claim deeds and if you and either of the others will send a quit claim deed I will give you one thurd of what it brings us it can be sold as quick as decided we will do just what we say in the matter

---

Primbina Mo. November 29 1891

My dear sister it has ben a long time since I received your letter I intended to answer it rite a way but I got sick and by the time I got well we had all our winter vegtables to put a way, then I got one of my fingers mashed on my right hand and it is just getting well, you can see by the writing that it isent well, we are well other ways, we are having some pretty cold weather for the time of year. Some have predicted a very cold winter and it seems like it from the way it has commenced. I will keep a record of the weather and exchange in the spring. I will send you the seeds and plants you want in a few days. I haven't heard from any of our folks since I wrote to you. I had a paper from Covington KY announcing the death of Aunt Sara Lykins this fall. Elis were well the last time I heard from them he is doing well selling goods in Ozarks he has sold his farm and bought a house and lot in town he has a good house with house lot barn and garden and some fruit trees on it besides other buildings., we had good crops this year altho we had a long drouth. It came too late to injure summer crops but it hindered people from sowing wheat until it was so late it has not come up very well. we raised a fine crop of sweet potatoes we have more than we can use this winter they are very large and I wish I could send you over some. have you heard any more from Nancy Ferguson? or do you know where Lucinda lives? we are fixing for a christmas tree in the church close to us and I am on the committa of deckration and have a lot of paper flowers to make I think they mite let as old people as I am alone do you know I am fifty seven years old, but my hair is just as black as ever but rather thin on my head Eli is considerable bald on top of his head. do you remember fathers birth day? He was born Feb 18.6 either on the 4th 14 or 24 and I have forgotten which. you know the family bible was lost in time of the war. Just think Pollyann is sixty three years old how time rolls on our boat will soon land the stormy billowes will soon be ore and what a happy meeting that will be on the evergreen shore thar will be fathers mothers sisters brothers children and neighbors sometimes I think who all we will meet thair and I feel like I wanted to fly away rite now. I don't feel old but I am so flesha I am clumsy people say that has known me ever since they were little children. why you don't look a bit older than you used to I never saw the like. but I can se that I have changed a goodeal I don't like to be flesha I wish I could be leaner I weigh 160 and that is a heep of weight for my small bones how much do you weigh? Is Joseph flesha? Mr. Southwick weighs 142 well I must close I fear I cannot get this letter to the po this week it is 2 miles to the nearest po. and we have a goodeal of trouble with our mail there is talk of having free mail delivery all over the country then we can write when we get ready write soon from your sister J. Southwick

Marie (Weber) & Stanley Brown

Emma (Choat) & Clarel Brown

By: Marie (Weber) Brown

History of the Goldsby Peach
September 1996

My Grandfather, John Goldsby, was very interested in growing fruit trees of any kind. He grafted many trees and had most kinds of apples, pears, plums, prunes and cherries that would grow on his farm at Black Lake.

When my Mother, Elsie, was a small child (early 1900s), my Grandfather bought a box of peaches from somewhere. They were so good that, just for the fun, he planted the seeds, not expecting anything to come of it, but some of the seeds sprouted. He tended them and after a few years they began to bear. The peaches came "true to seed", meaning these new peaches were just like the original ones. They have been kept in the family since then.

They have some bad disadvantages. The seeds are inclined to split and the earwigs get in and eat the kernels. The fruit is still good, but not everyone takes earwigs as lightly as I do.

They do not ripen well if picked green. They are yellow freestones that ripen in September. The flavor is especially good and they are extremely juicy when fully ripe.

Leaf curl, which besets most peach trees grown in Western Washington, is not a problem. There may be a few curly leaves, but not many.

The fruit comes true to seed, if you can get them to sprout. Germination rate is about 5 %, if you manage to remember where you planted the seeds and the squirrels haven't dug them up and escaped with any viable ones. The next thing is to keep the slugs from cutting them off at ground level. Next are the rabbits, who find the young trees a very tasty treat. If you get them past the slugs and rabbits, you next have to contend with the deer.

So, it becomes a struggle, but the end results are worth it-- to go out and pick a fully ripe peach off your own tree, peel it with your fingers and eat it with the juice dripping off your elbows is about as close to heaven as most of us are likely to get.

By: Vina Mae Gertrude (Lehman) Lambert Timmerman

We Lehman Girls

We three sisters are going to meet!
The puzzle is "What shall we eat?"

Lila, can't eat nuts and things ruff!
Making goodies, for her, sort of tuff.

Vina, sweets, to her is a "NO-NO'
Oh, my, then where shall we go?

Food that is full of fat and grease,
Makes her sense of humor cease!

Norma is quite well adjusted for her age.
She don't go for all that's now all the rage.

Never'd drink coffee or tea and such.
A good cook—she was more than much!

Well, what'll we do girls, for fun today?
Lila said, "I'm not going to say."

Vina scratches her head, thinks real hard.
"Where can we eat that's not full of lard?"

Said Norma, "Sisters, dear, I care lots for you,
So let's settle for something not hard to chew!

Get your coats and hats, don't say a thing,
We'll go eat at McDonald's or Burger King!"

So off they went with a whizz and a bang,
Like old times—these three, or our special gang.

We ate, then ate and burped more and ate!
Looked at our watch—"let's get home, it's late"

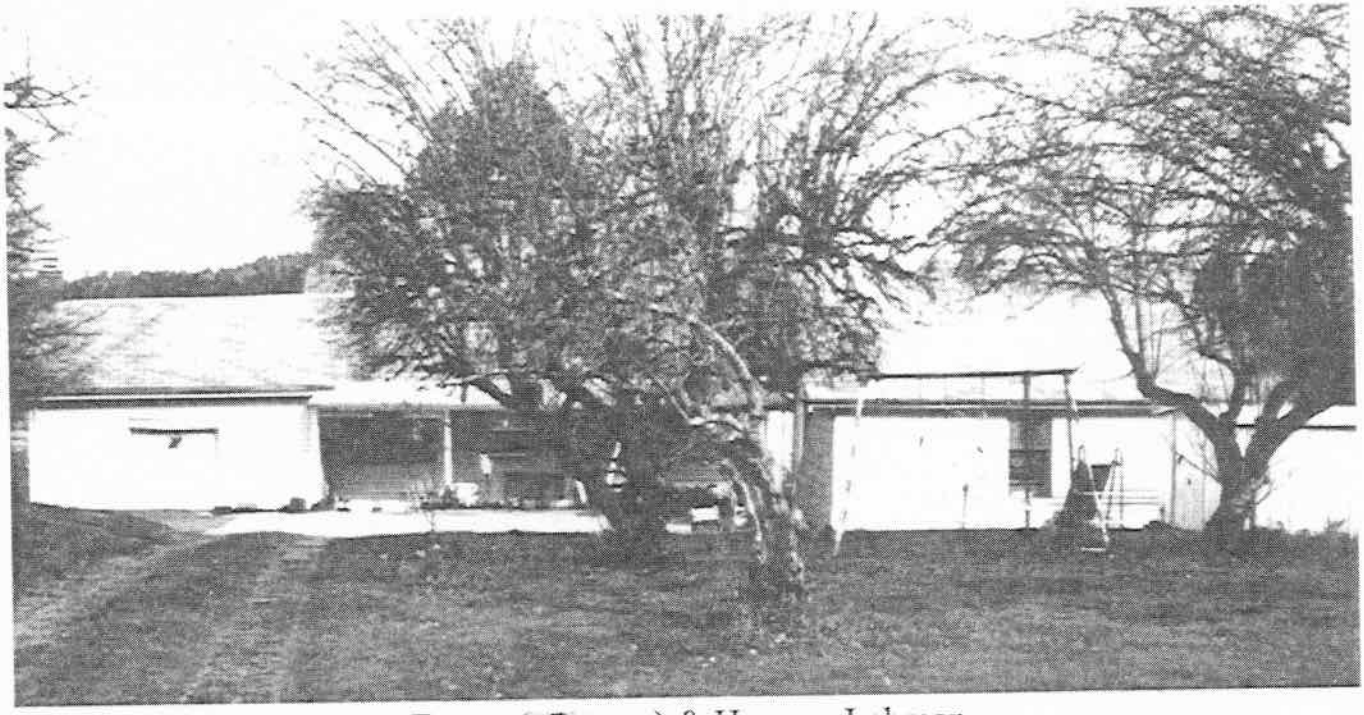
So home we went with a smile,
Burping along—mile after mile!

Well, it was good food and lots of fun.
NOW for this poem, it's over-so to bed let's run!

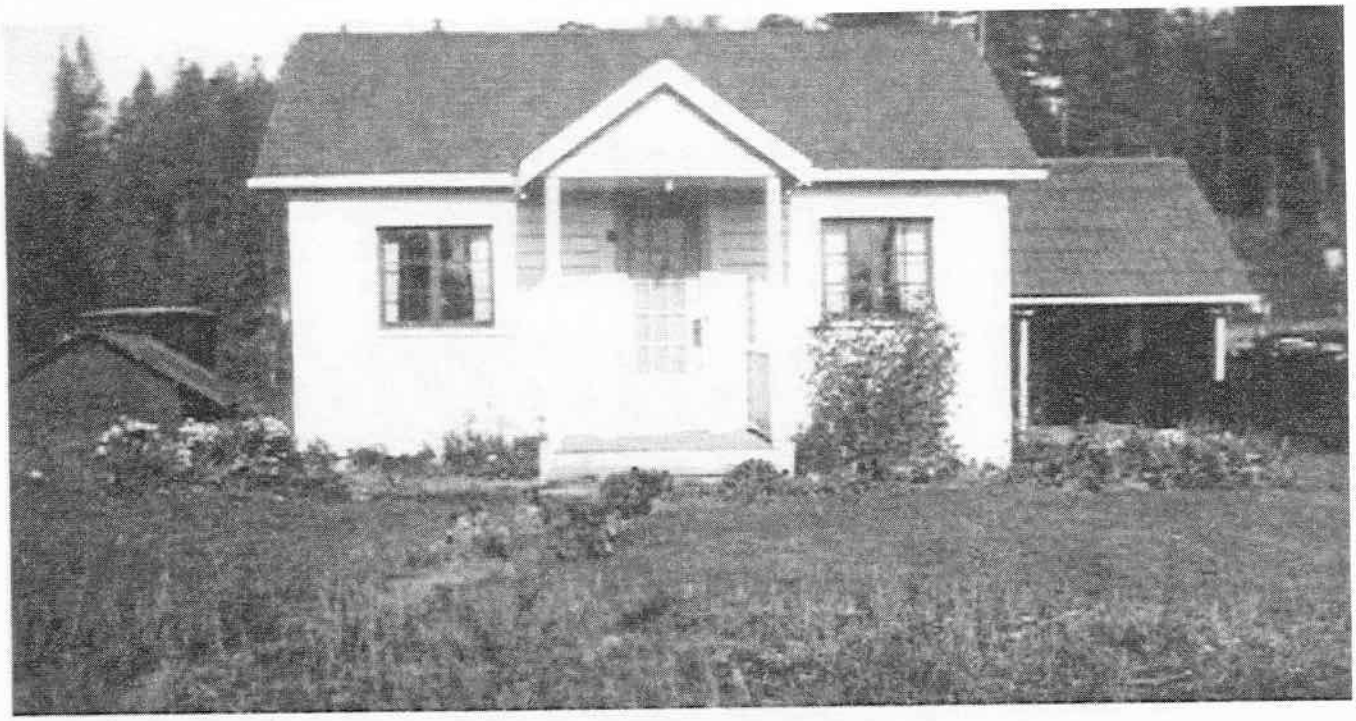
TO NORMA

Sister dear, I'll read my card to you
Maybe lotsa words, or just a few.
But memories are dear to all of us
And that we'll agree to, with no fuss

The years we slept together, we three-
You on the outside, Lila the middle and me.
You helped us learn to eat raw oatmeal-

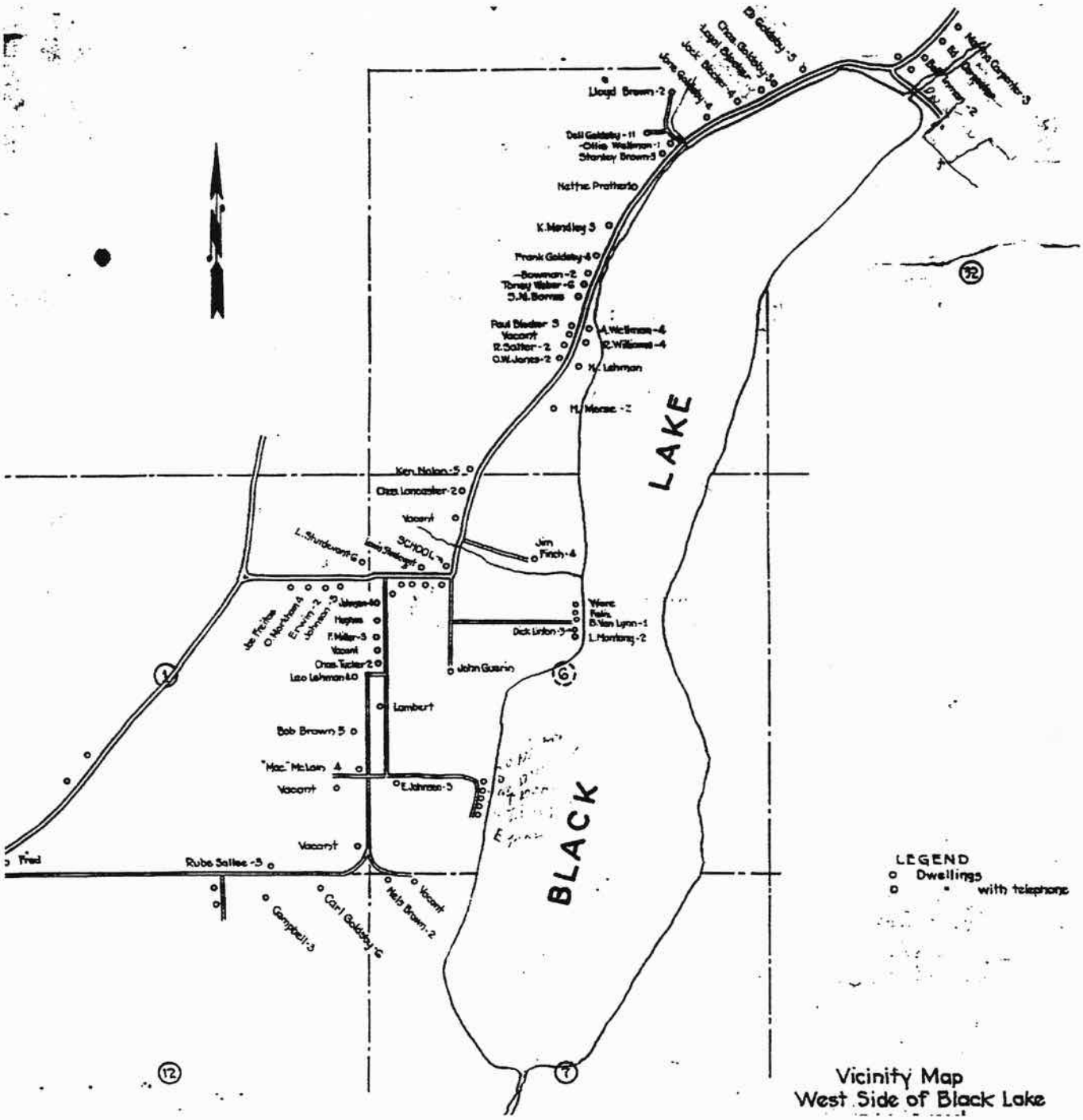


Emma (Brown) & Herman Lehman



Lila (Lehman) & Cotton Jones

Placing bell in front of Lila & Cotton Jones house. The bell was intended for notifying the community in case of an attack by the Japanese at the beginning of World War ll.



Robert (Bob) Brown drew the above map shortly after the Japanese bombed Pear Harbor, probably in December of 1941 or January of 1942. The Civil Defense office had requested each neighborhood to furnish a map showing the location of each family and the number of persons residing at each home. Also, the basement in the home of Herman and Emma Lehman had been designated as a hospital area in case the Japanese were to attack this area. For a short time, every household was required to cover all windows at night, in case the enemy was to fly over. These were called "blackouts". At our house (Markham's), we used blankets over the windows.

Harry Morse barn on left & Herman Lehman barn on right.

Henrietta ( ) & Harry Morse residence & store @ "The Maples"
Now Salmon Shores

To our appetites, it really had no appeal:

The watercress sandwiches at the orchard
To eat that way now, we'd feel tortured.
The seven mile walk for my tooth extraction-
Then seven miles home-now drives me to distraction.

You were there for the birth of my two kids-
All this now would make us flip our lids!
That was all life, in its way---
But nows the time to stop and say
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

The following stories have been copied from a book written by Vina several years ago.

Would U Like 2 No?

February 21, 1984

Four days more and it will be 75 years ago as Herman Theodore and Emma Elsie (Brown) Lehman lived at Black Lake at the foot of "the sand hill" (*the hill by Joe & Sally Brown)* in a little shack where their third child was born. Already in their home, having been born in a home near a shingle mill on the Mud Bay Road (*Delphi Rd.)* about two miles north of the Delphi and Black Lake road intersection, were Norma Eleanor Elsie, the first girl grandchild of the Brown's (Sidney and Rebecca -Tib and Becky) also was the first grandchild of Frederick and Loretta Lehman. Along came Earl Theadore, Norma, December 23, 1904, Earl, July 1, 1906.

Though I was there I do not know if it was night or day, as I was born with my eyes shut and kerosene lamps made little difference in daylight or dark. Mother went into labor and upon arrival of the country Doctor - one who made house calls by horse and buggy - the Doctor (I don't recall the name, though I was there) said "the baby is coming breech - feet first." After much toil and pain, Vina Mae Gertrude was born into the family at 9 lbs. and dark hair. The other children were blondes. I was the heaviest of all the other children born to my parents - named for Mother's two youngest sisters (Mae and Mattie Gertrude). Recollections are scarce until we lived up on the old Brown place (*up the Alpine Hills Road*) seventy-two years ago - later known as the Vetter place. It was while living here that Lila Lavaughn was born. I recall many coming to see the "new baby". When Aunts, Mattie and Mae (Mothers two youngest sisters) came I said, "everybody likes the baby." They were quick to assure me they liked me too.

Our dining table was handmade by our father, and mother kept a bright oilcloth on it. After a few months of use the oilcloth became tattered from hard use - then a new one was purchased, and my, how it brightened up the kitchen. We had handmade benches to sit around the table - no dining room, just kitchen, pantry (a pantry was a must for food

storage) living room and one bedroom then an upstairs. To get upstairs the ladder was built along the sidewall and we climbed it, to bed down up there.

The night Lila was born it snowed (November 4, 1911) also my father's mother passed away. Her passing left about five young boys without a home. The four youngest, Fred, Bill, George and Victor lived with us for a time. After they got their bearings from having a mother gone, they in turn went their ways. They slept upstairs and I recall them up there changing their clothes for they (like my father) worked in the logging woods for Mark Draham - or better known as the Mud Bay Logging Company. Earl was upstairs with the Uncles when they were dressing, and as I went up also, Mother called me to come down. I answered her "well-l-l-l, they got there underwear on," but Mother's insistence brought me back down. I probably knew if I didn't come down, I'd be sure and get a dose of "hazel switch tea" - that's what my father called whipping us with a limber limb from a hazelnut bush.

The old Brown place was where my mother's parents lived before moving to the Demsey place - south of Delphi on the Littlerock road *(Delphi Road)*. There was a good road from the Riley prairie *(Kinney Road area)* through the firtrees on over to the Demsey place.

My father always said "a wife and mother needs a good cook stove, sewing machine and washing machine", and he saw to it Mother had them. Also he bought her a new, lovely organ (pumped by our feet) - she was born into a family of musicians. Grandpa Brown *(Tib)* played the violin, as did his sons, Nels who majored on the bull fiddle (bass fiddle), Ross and Dick both played violins, Dick more the guitar and organ or piano. In those days the pianist or organist seconded (they called it) with just chording. Mattie also played violin as well as my mother - their violin playing was much above mine. My violin playing sounded more like they had forgotten to kill the old cat before they used his gut for the violin strings. Yeowww Yeow!

Most of the babies in these days were breast fed, but if they had to have a bottle it was a large vanilla extract bottle. They bought the large bottles of Watkins vanilla when the peddler came around. On these bottles they fitted a long nipple. It was always a must to turn those nipples inside out to wash them and if any milk curdled in the vanilla bottle, sand or small gravel was the best to put in the bottle with sudsy water and shake it till the curds were gone. After a few processes like that the mother remembered to wash the bottle and nipple immediately after use. To get the holes the right size in the nipple a hatpin was heated and poked through the nipple - being careful to not make the hole or holes too big so a tiny baby would strangle with milk coming too fast. The bigger babies made it OK until they got teeth and then they'd bite on the nipple and pull the bottle and of course milk spilled all over. At that it was easier on the mother than when she'd be breast feeding them and they'd try their new teeth out on her - it was a severe pain to the mother and a lesson the baby soon learned "not to bite the breast that's feeding you".

While living at the Brown place where Lila was born there was a huge alder tree grove across the field from our house. It was very cloudy and ugly looking in the sky - soon we heard the clatter of hail on the leaves of those alder trees. Mother hustled the turkeys and chickens under cover before it reached them. That old gobbler was always furious toward

women so if company came and they had to go to the toilet, they always carried a stick to scare him away.

I recall not wanting to eat all the food on my plate - so to get on the good side of my dad I said, "If I can't eat all my food, then I'll wink at you and you can eat it". It was at that home when a salesman (they used to come around the neighborhood by horse and buggy) came while several of our relatives were there and Aunt Mae was peeking through the keyhole of the kitchen door to see him and the other folks in the front room. Aunt Laura quietly pushed the door open and it left Aunt Mae standing stooped over in the doorway. They all got a good laugh out of it.

The first automobile ride I recall was while living here. On the fourth of July, Dad hired Uncle Orville Markham (Aunt Mattie's future husband) to come drive us down to Black Lake. There we all sat big eyed in a touring car with the top down and breezing along to the big picnic. The picnics were usually held in the grove at old Mr. Thompson's (now the John Guerin home). Sometimes Uncles would race their horses and that was sure exciting - that race took place by the Black Lake schoolhouse.

Moving from the old Brown place we moved to a home near the Delphi school. We were fortunate at the Brown place to have a bubbling spring downhill from the house from which we (probably not me) but the family carried water for washing and cooking. We always had a rain barrel, which caught lots of water from the eves of the house. At our new location by the schoolhouse, we used the water from a creek near our house - always water buckets needed to be filled - no faucets in those days. While living here Father, Earl and I came down with typhoid fever. Doctor said it was from the logging camp being upstream and filth in it got to us in the form of typhoid fever. Father and Earl had to go to the hospital in Olympia but Mother kept me home. I don't know how long they were in the hospital nor how long I was ill at home. It seemed like weeks. I could eat only soft foods or liquids. Mother made tapioca pudding using the large tapioca, but she figured I should eat only the juice from it - that made me mad. Aunt Grace and Uncle Lloyd Brown lived near the Dempsey place and she came over often to help Mother give me enemas - a great ordeal for all three of us. When the Doctor (Kenneth Partlow Jr.) came to see me, I'd wonder if he had a baby in the bag he carried along - that's where I was told babies came from - later in life when we'd see a stump bears had pawed upon, looking for ants, we were told that was where someone had been looking for a baby! Mrs. Pete Wickstrom, bless her, came to help and visit, she brought many postcards which I still have - it gave me a yearning to keep postcards which I received.

The Watkins man, upon making his regular calls on his customers, would sit down at Mother's organ and play and sing "We Shall See The King Some Day" - it always seemed to bring an uplift and comfort into our home when he'd come and sing. To this day I do believe he was praying for us and learned in later years that Grandpa Brown was Sunday School Superintendent in the neighborhood for a year - I'm sure there was prayer going up from him and doubtless many others who knew us.

It was always a fun time, after I became stronger, to ride with Grandpa to their house and visit - probably a relief to Mother also. I was left very weak from the fever so had to learn to walk again at about four years of age. At Grandpa's I'd stick my fingers in

knotholes of the stairway to learn to walk. I also broke thirteen eggs in the washpan there!!

Grandma and Grandpa Brown moved to the old Scott Orchard (Columbus Park). It was from there we all took the journey by covered wagon into central Oregon and back to Olympia at Black Lake. We then settled up on Waddell Creek - us by the John and Mary Provo place (he was Aunt Laura's 'brother). Grandma and Grandpa settled nearby on the Hendershot place and Aunt Ollie and Uncle Cap Wellman were already settled in that area with their family. Father again worked in the logging woods. The winter we were back from Oregon, Grandpa took ill from pneumonia and passed away. His body lay there at home for a few days before the funeral.

Mother let us go down and see Grandpa's body. I recall he looked as if he were asleep. Aunt Ollie said "Grandpa has gone to be with God". We accepted her explanation as best we could in our child like belief. From then on I had something inside me that felt empty - I never could explain it, nor did I try to ask. It seemed every time our folks took us to neighbor's home and they'd play music on the old time cylinder records on their phonograph I'd cry. My parents couldn't understand and I didn't know why it affected me like that, so they'd have to take us home then I'd not cry. I do believe God started dealing with me at that early age of about five years - but no one thought to pray with me and perhaps they didn't realize it was God moving upon my young heart.

Toward spring we moved to Black Lake, rented the Claude Weeks' place. I'd lay on an old log that stretched out into the lake and saw the reflection of the sky and think "is God way-y-y up there and where is he really at?" It was about every summer, people from Olympia or even the Marsland family would have Sunday School or some preaching at the old dance hall (it was the original old Black Lake school house). Mother saw to it that we went to these services - even if she couldn't go also. Dad had to work away from home all week, so he spent Sunday half soling shoes for us or doing some other needed task. He, I learned in later years, was baptized in the Baptist Church, which he attended in Olympia as a boy.

While attending Black Lake school, Grandpa Hopkins, who was the stepfather to Uncle Lewis Sturdevant (Aunt Dora's husband) used to come out and talk to the children and have prayer for us - he was a dear white hair and whiskered man - retired preacher. He was always well received by the school children.

All this time after we moved down to Black Lake to the Weeks' place, I started trying to play Mother's organ. It seemed natural for me to find and figure out the chords. I know it must of been very trying to the family to hear me play the same thing - Earl called it "bom bardon, bom-bardon"! (I guess that's how it sounded to him). The folks managed, when I was about eight years old, to give me nine lessons of half an hour each from the schoolteacher at Delphi. That gave me the hang of reading music. At eight years of age I prayed for the first time in my life. My prayer was, as I kneeled down on my way to school one A.M., "Dear God, give me Victor Cook for a husband and some children". Well, I did learn to pray by going to those summer church and Sunday School services, but God never answered that prayer. I don't know what I'd done at eight years of age,

with a husband and some children! But it did not discourage me from attending those summer services.

While we were living at the Weeks' place, Leo Frederick (May 20, 1917 came into our home. We older kids got into the hang of things, for every time we'd be sent out to visit Aunt Dora Sturdevant or to see Aunt Mary Lehman - we'd know for sure when we got home it would be either a new baby in the home or the pig or calf had been butchered. One time we were being hustled off to Aunt Dora's and we heard the old pig squeal - our eyes got big and we felt sick like, but as we remembered the fun we'd have blowing up the pig bladder and kicking it around our sadness turned to relief.

At about eight years of age I started playing for dances. Uncle Ross Brown or Cousin Henry Wellman played the fiddle and I'd second on the old beat up piano. I didn't have the hang of which chord to play next - they'd tell me "G" or "D" etc. and I'd hit that chord - I knew the chords which went with those notes but to follow the tune I didn't have the knack. They'd tell me (if the tune was in "G" chord) "G"-"D"-"G"-"C"-"D"-"G". I'd wham away at those chords. Sometimes I'd get fifty cents for playing the night. Then I got the hang of playing the melody of a tune with my right hand and beating out the chord with my left hand. Then it came to me to fill in an octave with my right hand and the chord in that octave then beat out the chord with my left hand. Then I could play better for dances on Saturday nights. Come Sunday when I was a teenager I started playing for the Sunday School services we were privileged to have at Black Lake. The leaders were Auntie Eva Goldsby (actually a cousin but we called her Aunt), Aunt Grace Brown and Mother.

While living at the Weeks' place we walked about 5 miles up to the logged off land near where Lila was born to visit Aunt Maude and Uncle Harry Lehman and their family. We picked few berries, but the adults picked wild blackberries to can for winter use. The most the kids did was climb on logs and get bee stings. While climbing on a log, I slipped and snagged the inside of my right thigh! Nothing to do but go home! My dear Dad and Uncle Harry carried me all those miles home. Mother doctored me up. No infection! Today I have a 1 ½ inch scar to remind me don't climb on logs in the berry patch. My lesson was short lived for on the trail up to Ol' Jim Talbot's we found it fun to climb small alder trees! This time I took a chunk out of my shin (the same leg). That was the last climbing for me. Mother doctored it and only a 1 by ½ inch scar remains.

When I was in High School, staying in town all week, batching at Mr. and Mrs. Lightbody's, with my cousins Eneid and Nina Sturdevant, Mother was expecting. She became very ill from Uremic poisoning; she had to go to the hospital, which was in view of my high school. The day after she went to the hospital I cried so much that morning I couldn't eat or go to school, so Mrs. Lightbody came up to our room after the girls had gone to school, she cried too and had me come down and eat breakfast with her and her husband. Then I went to school that afternoon; my cooking class was on the same side as the hospital. I'd look out the window at the hospital and think of her so ill and wonder if she would live. I cried in class. It helped to go see her after school and talk with her. She lost the baby boy, he was born dead, but she recovered from the severe illness. Praise God.

When we lived at the Weeks' place our Dad cut shingle bolts to help our finances. Shingle bolts are from cedar trees. The huge trees had to be cut down then sawed into blocks about 5 or 6 feet long. If the tree was too big it made a job of splitting the blocks with a wedge and sledge hammer - likely cutting the block into 2 to 4 pieces - depending upon the size of the block. Then a roadway had to be built into where the cut blocks were located so as to haul them to the lake then tow the "boom" of them to the other end of the lake to Mr. John Dent's shingle mill. A "boom" is poles the size of telephone poles fastened together, forming an enclosure to keep the shingle bolts from drifting all over Black Lake! Grandpa Alfred Bailey (Aunt Maude Lehman's father) had a launch. He towed the boom to the mill usually.

The building of the road to haul the bolts from the woods was a big project in itself. Brush had to be cut and cleared away, plus any small trees. Often a "puncheon" bridge had to be built across a stream. To build that bridge, made it necessary to cut big fir trees and put two of them across the stream. Horse power was used in those days. After the big fir logs were in place, smaller logs were laid across them so as to fit tight enough that the horses wouldn't fall through any holes and maybe break a leg. Uncle John Goldsby was the owner of Ide and Ade, his black mares - he called them Ide and Ade - they were huge. A sled had to be built to put the shingle bolts (we called them) on so as to haul them out of the woods. To make the hauling of the bolts easier more small firs had to be cut and placed on the ground at 4-6 feet intervals. An 8 inch space was chopped in each of them, on each end for the sled to ride upon. That made a job for any young man, willing to be known as a "skid greaser" - it was his job to keep grease on those chopped out places. That made it easier for the horses to pull the sled as it was loaded.

Every home had a pantry. That is where the spices, kettles and anything for cooking was kept. Usually in the pantry, if not in the kitchen was a "kitchen Queen" - it had a flour and sugar bin and rack for the spices. Without electricity or even an ice box, my parents were always fortunate to live close to a spring of water bubbling out of the ground or else a small year round stream of water near by. A "milk house" was a must also - for it kept the milk and perishable foods during the summer. The "milk house" was built so the fresh cool water ran through it making it a lot cooler - the building itself was cement. If a thunder storm would come up it often caused the milk to sour very quickly. That's why a "milk house" was so good - then too if we had a dug well, like Clarence and I did, we would hang the milk down in the well in covered buckets. We had a cooler outside our kitchen window - it was on the north side of the house. It was screened in and helped keep our milk for a bit longer than if we would have kept it in the house. The fresh cream off the milk we kept in a jar to make butter.

When living at the Weeks' place where Leo was born, we carried water a couple of blocks from a stream. We were happy when Uncle Lewis Sturdevant and some other men helped pound a piece of pipe into the ground at our back porch. From then on we had water handy. If people were fortunate enough to live by a stream they often used a "ram". This was a little contraption, which forced the water up into a tank - it would go "kah chug, kah chug" as a round ball dropped into the pipe. That helped us when living at the

Orchard (Columbus Park) to be relieved of carrying water about half a block up a little hill.

The old 5 gal. water bucket and long handled dipper were a must for any home, also at our school house, in the cloak room (where we hung coats, hats and boots).

Fall of the year was a fun time, for apple cider was a treat to us, plus donuts (homemade) and apple cider made Halloween more fun. Vinegar was a result of the cider getting too old to drink. Some did drink it and get drunk.

Clarence and I always fell heir to my folk's old piece of linoleum - it was well worn, but better than rough slivery board.

The children who had to carry lunch to school used 5 lb. lard buckets for our lunch and our Dad's used 10 lb. lard buckets. School always opened in the morning with the flag salute. After the flag salute our teacher read us a morning story. We had to walk from the Black Lake school house (2 ½ miles) to Delphi school house for our 8th grade school exams.

Some of the games were "anti over" and " pump, pump, pull away". We had ball games with the McLane and Delphi school - always walked to those school houses. One day playing ball at our school I was hit in my left eye by the thrown ball! A last day of school picnic was always a must and fun time.

Dad measured our feet and bought shoes for us. One pair I had when seven years old hurt so bad, but I didn't complain cause I was so glad to get new shoes. We'd pick wild flowers coming and going from home to school. When mother was a girl they'd pick blue prairie violets and tie a bunch to a string - making a long string of bunches of violets. Mother made tamoshanters (tams) for Norma and me - they were too tight and our teacher (Mabel Spencer) helped us struggle and pull them onto our heads when leaving school for home. We used 50 lb. flour sacks to make our under pants and 100 lb. sugar sacks to make bed sheets. We always had an eve trough on the roof of the house and a rain barrel under it - the soft rain water was good for washing our hair and saved carrying water from a creek or a spring near by - plus when the house caught on fire three times it was a fast water supply - we always had to watch that the little kids didn't climb up and fall into the barrel and drown - that did happen to some children.

An herb garden was always needed for our own herbs and seasonings. We'd make our own bread from a yeast starter of fermented potato water - after boiling the potatoes we'd pour the cooled liquid into the yeast jar. We canned our beef and pork - put the sausage in big crocks after frying it and cover it with rendered lard - doing the same with hamburger using rendered beef tallow and lard. When we'd use that meat we'd just dig out the amount we needed from the grease and heat the patties on the skillet. We peeled cascara trees and sold the bark after drying it on the roof of the houses and woodshed - it was good used as a cathartic. Most usually we had one or two guinea hens among the chickens - they always made a loud noise "pot rock, pot rock" if coyotes or hawks came around. We never bought corn starch - always used flour for thickening gravy or pudding. A very good mix for pneumonia or chest cold was equal parts of turpentine, cool oil, lard and camphor - for the children we'd put in more lard so as not to burn their tender skin.

Having moved to the Weeks' place at Black Lake, where Leo was born, one of our delights was to paddle and push around in an old Indian dugout canoe. The Indians had made it from a log, that is why it was called an Indian dug-out" - they dug out the inside of the log and shaped it like a canoe.

We could always tell who had new shoes at school - for some reason they were real squeaky. A poem I recited when about 3 years old, at the Delphi school where Norma and Earl started school: "Don't think, dear friends, That I'm too small, To fill a place like this, I'm big enough to love you all, And throw you each a kiss" - then I threw a kiss.

It was the style to have the ladies with long hair, puffy on the top and sides - they used "rats" to do it. The "rat" was a big gob of hair all matted together in various sized gobs. Put it behind the hair being combed and pull that hair over the "rat" and pin it in a bun at the back on the head. Back combs and side combs were usually a must for the neat lady - they helped keep the straggly locks in place.

When we drove old Doll (our white crippled mare) to town - it was a must to be sure and stop by a water trough for her to get a drink for the trip home. The watering troughs were conveniently placed by the livery or blacksmith shops.

The boys all wore "knickers" and long socks till late teens then long trousers - the "knickers" came down below the knee and were gathered onto a band that buttoned below the knee and the socks came up under that band. "Whistle britches" my brothers called them.

All homes had copper wash boilers - boiled our clothes in them on the wood stove, rinsed them and rubbed out the still dirty spots on a wash board. "Irish piano", they called it, then run the clothes through a hand turned wringer. We always made our own soap of lye and lard - sometimes tallow.

Girls in High School gym classes had to wear white blouses (cut navy style) and black full sateen "bloomers".

The fancy quilts were made of scraps of silk material sewed onto a piece of plain white material like sugar or flour sack, no square pieces of silk - but odd shapes. Then fancy stitches with embroidery thread was put around all those odd shaped pieces.

Green apples were always a temptation but ended in a "belly ache".

Saturdays was always the day to fill the lamps with kerosene and trim the wick, then clean the chimney. If the chimney wasn't real black from the flame being too high, necessitating soap and water, then we'd just polish the globe with old newspaper or catalogue sheets.

A spring tonic to "clean our blood and system" was sassafras tea.

When the Model T Fords came in, and the motor was real cold we'd jack up one hind wheel and crank the motor by turning the wheel.

A must for the man of the house was a straight blade razor, a hone, a strop to whet the razor on, shaving soap and shaving brush.

All baby's had to wear "belly bands" for several weeks - a piece if white outing flannel about 5" X 15" - it was supposed to keep their belly warm and help the belly button to not pooch out.

Screen doors were expensive or unheard of so we used sticky fly paper and it lay here and there through the kitchen and dining room - many times we'd accidentally lay things on it and such a mess resulted! Finally strips of fly paper we'd hang from the ceiling but had to be careful and not get our hair tangled in them.

All kids had playhouses - not useable in rain - they were among the trees and bushes.

If we didn't have enough cream for the big five gal. churn, we'd pour the cream in a two qt. Jar and keep shaking it until it turned to butter.

Toys and teething rings like babies have now were not heard of so we strung empty thread spool (no plastic ones then - all were wooden) on a cord and let baby play with it - usually put it around baby's neck.

Mother and Dad had $2,000 in savings at a Tacoma bank, bought "The Old Scott Orchard *(Later named Columbus Park)* for $8,000 from Dr. Longacre. We made a summer resort of it. Had boats to rent (Earl usually tended that as well as drove the Model T Ford into town on Saturday to get ice cream, pop, candy etc. Then he'd take the deposit to the bank on Monday) Norma and I tended the "stand" we called it - selling the goodies. When Sidney was born, June 17, 1921, Norma took care of him and Mother and cooked and I did the wash, churn butter and baked bread. We'd dance around with him if he was fussy and he liked that.

We children caught crawdads (like shrimp) in the creek by our home, built a fire and cooked them in a tin can and ate them. Earl and I fished at the mouth of one creek and caught 21 trout, next A.M. we caught 9 - they were on my hook so fast Earl didn't get to put a worm on his hook for quite a time. In one creek we'd catch salmon by hand as they came up to spawn. Mother shot a pheasant by the house one day - food, especially meat was scarce so all this was good. In the spring we were happy to gather watercress from the creek - no fresh vegetables during the winter, like in the stores now.

All six of us kids went through grade school and were never late of an A.M. We always had a "summer kitchen" - an old cookstove and cupboard and table - we ate all meals in the fresh air and moved our beds outside for the summer months.

We kids watched for the first star of the evening then made a wish and say "Star light, Star bright, first star I see tonight, Wish I may, wish I might, give me the wish I wish tonight". Our wish would be that Old Jim Talbot, a bachelor neighbor, would come down. Soon we'd see his lighted lantern coming down the trail through the trees - he'd tell us cougar and bear stories and we'd get so scared.

I washed clothes, after Clarence and I were married, on the "washboard" using a hand wringer, carry the water from the pump. Of course we did that when I was a kid but we had to carry the water from the creek for Mother, before going to school.

Wilma went from our home by "Tuckers to Norma's, I hunted her and had a switch in my hand, I never hit her, but she cried all the way home, Uncle Nels came along and said "I bet she can feel that on her legs."

Merton always liked his new winter long underwear, he'd put them on and run all around the room grinning. In Bremerton he shot a pigeon in a tree by us, I cooked it and the neighbor lady came to visit and said "your meat cooking sure smells good". I never told her it was a pigeon - it was unlawful to kill them! When he started school he rode the

handle bars of Sidney's bike, fell off, cut his forehead on a rock, infection set in, he was out of his head and thought he was being carried away over Black Lake, we took him to the hospital. I stayed with him all night. Doctor had nurses put hot Epsom salts packs on and the swelling went down, his eyes had been swollen shut. During the depression I didn't eat all my food so Merton could have it and not be hungry.

When Merton was under the teen years, he always sat with his legs crossed (like Mahatma Gandhi). Merton's dark, French complexion, plus suntan and wearing swim trunks in the summer, his Uncles gave him the nickname "Gandhi" - so he was called that for years - 'cause they loved him. Wilma was in the age of a comic strip in which one of the characters was named Foozey. Wilma's hair was in the habit of being messed up, especially in the back - giving the look of a little more than "wind blown". So in her preteen years she was nicknamed by her uncles "Foozey" - for the character in the comic strip, whose hair stuck out like fine pieces of wire stuck into his skull. They loved her too so they nicknamed her.

Merton and Wilma often dried the dishes for me so we could get to the Lake to swim. It was his favorite trick to see which could dry the most dishes. He would poke along slowly at drying one dish, while Wilma hurried to dry more. Before long she caught on to the fact he was standing behind her and grinning as he slowly dried on the one dish. That usually made opportunity for him to get his shins kicked by her bare feet.

By: Lila (Lehman) Jones

LIFE AT DELPHI & BLACK LAKE

I was born Nov. 4, 1911, the day after my Grandmother, Luetta Lehman died. Grandma Lehman was a widow raising ten sons and at one time they lived in the house where Meyer's Dairy was located. My Father, Herman Lehman was one of these 10 sons and he married my Mother, Emma Brown in March 1904. My mother was one of 13 children born to Sidney (Tib) Hampton. and Rebecca Brown. The house in which I was born belonged to my "Brown" grandparents. My Aunt Mattie (Brown) Markham and cousin Tom Brown were also born in that log house. A well house was built over a stream that ran by the house and it was used to keep milk, butter & cream cool. No refrigerators or ice boxes in those days. The house was located just west of the present Delphi Country Club. In later years, before the Country Club, the log house was owned by the Vetter family.

I remember when the Mud Bay Logging Company ran through this Delphi area. I had cousins living in the area and when we visited them it was fun to put straight pins on the railroad track so they would be mashed together and look like little scissors. It was fun to watch the train & logs go by and we'd wave at the crew.

From the log house we moved down by the Delphi School. My older sister, Norma & brother Earl attended school there. One time I was with them at the school pump and put my finger where it got the end mashed off as they pumped! I imagine they felt the little

sister shouldn't have been there anyway. While we lived at Delphi, my sister Vina, became very ill with typhoid fever and her recovery took a long time.

Around this time (1914) our family joined Grandpa & Grandma Brown, their son Dick, daughters Mae & Mattie, My Uncle Lloyd Brown and his wife Grace (Wellman) and their son Bob along with Uncle Lewis Sturdevant who was Aunt Dora Brown's husband, on a trip to Sisters, Oregon. They traveled by wagon & driving a herd of cattle—expecting to settle there, but it wasn't what they had hoped to find and were disappointed. They headed back "Home" to Delphi & Black Lake.

My first car ride came about this time when Uncle Orville Markham took people for rides in his Stanley Steamer, what a thrill!

My folks moved to the Weeks' place (now Evergreen Shores) at Black Lake where my brother Leo was born in 1917. It was at Black Lake I started school. I think Mable L. Spencer was my first teacher. We walked to school, usually through the Guerin's field and of course had to stop at the cedar stump for a drink of water (known as "Black Lake Thompson's Spring"). Coming home from school I'd often stop at Guerin's home to visit Grandma Hicklin, she was Mrs. Guerin's Mother, because she always had candy for me.

In winter when it was snowy, our Dad would always wrap gunnysack material around our shoes to keep our feet dry. Of course if we got wet, there was always the big wood stove to dry our clothing by or warm up lunch. The pail of drinking water with a dipper usually sat in the cloakroom, where all coats and hats were put.

Don't tell me a dead bee wont sting. Cousin, Donald Sturdevant sat behind me and one time he found a dead bee and thought he would surprise me by tickling my neck with the dead bee. It was a surprise when it stung me!

We had a lot of programs at school. Every holiday we celebrated with songs, plays & recitations. We used to take field trips and one was made to the Meyer's Dairy so we could watch them make butter. The whole school would go. Another time we walked to the north end of the lake to see the ditch being dug. We didn't have busses to take us, so we all walked.

The whole school looked forward to a visit from Grandpa Hopkins, a preacher who used to walk from Tumwater at least once a year to visit and talk to our school.

The teacher lived in a cottage built just west of the school. After the cottage was gone, teachers lived with families in the neighborhood. I finished grade school in seven years. Having all eight grades in one room didn't seem to hold any of us back in learning. We had a Victrola that played the music for us to march by. We saluted the flag and sang.

Everyone played outdoors at recess and lunchtime . We played pump, pump, pull away, anti over the woodshed and a good thrower could throw the ball over the schoolhouse. Fox & Geese was played in the snow, crack the whip was fun as long as you weren't on the end of the whip! There was a bar between two big firtrees at the edge of the school ground and I remember what fun it was to get onto that bar to "chin" yourself or hook a leg over & turn over & over.

We always had a picnic the last day of school. Usually at the schoolyard or at "The Orchard" (now Columbus Park). All the neighbors turned out for this last day of school picnic. I especially remember the whipped cream cake that Mrs. Guerin always brought.

After I was married, I served on the school board at Black Lake.

Back to the Weeks' place. We had a cellar just in back of the house where we kept fruits & vegetables. I had a pet toad that lived in that cellar. I remember how I used to love feeding the chickens and hearing them singing as the food was thrown to them.

The Goldsby boys were logging in that area using horses and plank roads to haul the logs on.

My sister and I were always making mud pies and we'd give them to the Goldsby boys as they'd go by and they would pretend how delicious they were .

The logs were dumped into the lake from a roll-way that was built at the lake edge. The logs then were towed to the mill at the north end of the lake. We used to get a ride on the tow boats once in awhile. My Lehman cousin's Grandfather Bailey was one of the tug boat operators and he would give us a ride.

Mother used to take us by row boat across the lake to catch the train to Olympia. There was a depot at Belmore. Mother would wave a towel or something to "flag" the train to stop. We would ride to Olympia, shop, then back in the train, to the boat, and home again. It must have been a very special occasion when all of my family along with many of our relatives would board the train at Belmore Station for a day long ride to Moclips Beach. I remember getting a coal cinder in my eye and it really hurt but I'm sure the excitement and anticipation of getting to "go to the ocean" lessened the pain in my eyes.

We churned butter by putting cream in a glass jar and shaking it till butter formed. The buttermilk was drained off, the butter "washed" with cold water, then salted and molded (in a wooded box) into brick shape. We had a barrel churn, then to another type of churn. It was a big earthen jar and a "dasher" (long handle with cross pieces on one end) was used to move up and down in the cream till the cream formed the butter. Later we used a glass jar with little paddles that were attached to the lid of the jar. The handle turned the paddles and the butter was ready for the next process. This was the easiest way of churning. It was like making home made ice cream. The results were worth the effort. When we would get home from school Mother always had a slice of homemade bread cut and spread with real cream and had sprinkled brown sugar on top of the cream ready to ease the hunger pains till supper time. What a delicious, tasty welcome home.

My sister Norma, started high school while we lived at the Weeks' place. She stayed with a family in Olympia during the week. When the lake would freeze over, my Dad would walk with Norma across the lake so she could catch the train back to town Sunday nite. He always carried a long pole for safety in case the ice would break, using it to reach solid ice.

My Dad worked for Mud Bay Logging Co. and usually was gone all week long, so when he came home on the week end, we always found a treat in his lunch pail.

He used to re-sole our shoes using leather from logger's old shoes.

My folks had a horse & buggy to go to town for groceries. They used to bring back big cartons of corn flakes. One time when they left on a shopping trip, we four kids wanted to do something we thought the folks wouldn't approve. We mixed up rolled oats & sprinkled them with peppermint, then tried to eat them - not too tasty.

We used to pick wild blackberries and Dad would take them to town where he would sell them for 50 cents a gallon. What a surprise the year he would get $1.00 a gallon. Our whole family would go picking. Mother would take slices of bread & butter, sugar and cream and for lunch we had that along with some fresh berries.

The Sturdevant family and we used to spend Christmas together. We had a big tree decorated with home made decorations and real candles that were clipped to the branches and the candles were lit. A beautiful sight and we never had a fire. Sometimes Santa (played by Jim Talbot) would visit and give us bags of candy and always an orange.

Jim Talbot was a neighbor of ours who lived near (now the corner of Kinney Road & Greenridge). He had a honeysuckle bush on a woodshed that had the sweetest fragrance. Whenever I smell a honeysuckle now, I think of Jim Talbot. He was a bachelor and would visit us often. He always had candy for us kids. He would come to our place about meal time and he would say "I thought I'd come at this time to catch you all here" and Mother always had him eat with us. He had a horse and buggy. He would go to town and likely stop at the saloon, cause we could hear him singing as the horse was bringing him home. He would stop by our place on a Sat. Night and of course that was bath night for all us kids. Jim told someone that at Lehman's it was "bath, bath, bath every Sat. nite". The old metal bath tub by the kitchen stove and we never complained, just knew Sat. nite was bath nite for everyone.

Neighbors used to gather at Guerin's grove for a get together, some were called Socialist Picnics. They would have a big barbecue with lots of food, games, races and music. People came by wagon, bicycle & foot, usually a big 4th of July celebration with fireworks.

My cousins, Donald & Dorothy Sturdevant & I used to go on a picnic on Easter Sunday. Mother packed lunches for us and Aunt Dora always made hot cross buns for our special Easter picnic. I never see hot cross buns but what I think of Aunt Dora. We would go to the park and one time to the Weeks place where I used to live. We had a trail thru the woods there we called our Fairy Trail. It crossed a creek that ran thru the area. Our Sturdevant & Lehman kids did a lot of growing up together. When one Mother had a baby, the kids of that family was sent to the other family till after the stork delivered the baby then when it was time for the other family to have a baby the plan reversed. George (Cal) Sturdevant was the last baby in our two families and maybe that was why we all felt he belonged to all of us.

Donald & Dorothy Sturdevant and I were contestants in a dance marathon at Schneider's Prairie. I lasted about a day & a nite, but the twins kept going for several days. I spent a lot of time giving them moral support as did a lot of the neighbors.

Aunt Mary (Brown) Lehman lived in the school teachers cottage by the Black Lake School. Grandma Brown had suffered a stroke. She had lived with different members of her family, but it was while she was with Aunt Mary that she died. Grandma Browns funeral service was held at the Black Lake Hall (formerly the first schoolhouse) and as I remember that was the first funeral I ever attended. This hall became the meeting place for neighborhood gatherings, entertainment and dances. I think the whole neighborhood would turn out to see the magic & slight of hand shows put on by a Mr. Slover. There

would be boxes of goodies to buy and always a prize in every box! While living with Aunt Mary, Grandma heard Vern (Mary's son) yell and she asked Aunt Mary "What is the matter with Vernie" and Aunt Mary told her he had just got a hot bite. She didn't tell Grandma little Vernie had got a swat for something he had done.

When Aunt Laura & Uncle Nels lived on the Provoe place up Waddell Creek way, we always loved going to their place to stay over. Aunt Laura would take us by wagon and as the road got steeper she would get out and walk to make it easier for the horse. However, I didn't remember any of us kids getting out. We would pass Rooster Rock. The story went, that if you would stop by that rock and listen, you could hear a rooster crow!

At the corner of Delphi & Waddell Creek roads, my sister Norma and her husband John Weber had a Standard Oil gas station and store where they lived. While John worked with Guy Winstanley and John's brother Tony in the hills where now Alpine Hills development is located. When the mill closed, John, Norma & their daughter Janice moved to the corner of Nels Brown & Sturdevant Hill (62nd Ave.) Road where they set up a mill until they moved to Palmer to continue working a mill. I remember the huge pile of sawdust at the mill on Nels Road.

We had a lot of dances at the "Hall". Dad was the caller and "floor manager". Dad, being the floor manager was to keep any trouble makers out of the hall. A young man who had been drinking a lot really objected to being sent out of the hall so put up quite a fight, however he was ejected but not before Dad ended up with a bloody nose. That really scared all of us kids to see "our protector" with a bloody nose. The dance went on after a short delay. Kids were put to sleep on the benches. The coffee boiler was ready for midnight lunch. Women brought cakes and sandwiches. One group who held dances there always had a hall of enthusiastic dancers who weren't ready to quit, so Newt Cannon, whose wife was one of the musicians would call out "Who wants to dance another hour", then he would pass a hat and collect money to pay for another hour of dance. It was at one of these dances I met Cotton Jones who became my husband in 1932.

During World War 2 the grange held dances for service men and we had a few marriages as a result of those dances.

We moved from the Weeks' place to Scott Orchard in the early twenties where I think my "Brown" grandparents lived when we made the trip to Oregon in 1914. We named the park "The Orchard". My brother Sidney was born there in 1921. My Niece, Janice Weber, also was born while we lived at "The Orchard". We had a lot of people from Olympia, Tacoma & Grays Harbor area that came to picnic and camp. Tents were used a lot then.

When we moved to the park, we lived in a house made by placing two bunkhouses together. The bunkhouses were brought in from Mud Bay Logging Co. There were fruit trees growing in the park, no doubt planted by the Scott family when they lived there. Scott Creek ran thru the park and we used to catch salmon there. Herring came up the creek too. We used the creek to keep milk, butter & cream cool. One time Mother saw a pheasant down by the creek. She got the gun and shot it, so we had pheasant for supper. Scott Creek used to be much wider and at times neighbors would bring their wagons to soak up water in the wooden wheels so they wouldn't dry up and fall apart.

Our next door neighbors were the Marsland's, husband, wife and two daughters. They were English. Their house was just across the creek and south of the park. We used their barn to keep our cow in. Marsland's had some turkeys and whenever we went to visit, Mrs. Marsland would get a broom and scare the old gobbler away and as we would get to the door she would say "wipe off your feet, wipe off your feet". They were really great neighbors. Gertrude Marsland, a daughter, lived with her parents and in the spring she would take a basket and pick mushrooms in the park. There was a deep hole in the park where we dumped garbage, then filled it in with dirt. Likely many old bottles & jars in the spot.

I remember the bridge over Scott Creek on the Black Lake Road. We used to walk along there and pick salmon berries that leaned over the bridge and picking water cress from the creek. And whoever grew up around here and didn't get urged to taste skunk cabbage!! About the only thing that would ease that burning was pure cream, the kind that would raise to the top of a pan of milk.

The happiest days of my childhood were while living a "The Orchard", swimming every day, a short walk to school and on the weekends a refreshment stand was set up around a maple tree where ice cream, pop & candy was sold. A specialty was a mint candy that if you got one with a pink center you would get a free one. We got pretty good at picking pink ones! Soda pop was delivered by truck, glass bottles in wooden cases. Then, if the ice cream didn't all sell, our family had no trouble taking care of that!

My folks bought a couple of little goats for our pets and they loved it when campers or picnickers came to the park. The goats would climb right up on the tables . The goats finally had to go.

My folks bought Shetland ponies for my brothers Leo & Sidney. Maybe that's where they started their liking for horses & ranching.

We had kerosene lights when we first moved to the park, then we got a carbide light system which almost made you feel you were really living in town. I remember the Carpenter family had carbide lights and we went to see how they worked and decided to have them too. No more lamps to fill or globes to wash!

In the mid twenties my folks sold "The Orchard" to the Knights of Columbus. We had a house built on property the folks bought from Dr. Longaker's family. Mr. Farrow built the house and while it was being built we set up a camp below the hill. We had tents & tarps so we were protected from weather and it was fall time before we moved into the house.

Before we got electricity in we pumped water from a spring up the hill to a big tank. At least we had water for cooking & washing. Mother had a beautiful wood stove so when electricity came out our way you either had to buy a stove or hot water tank, but Mother persuaded them to put a 2 burner extension on her wood stove and we got electricity. Early on wood stoves had a reservoir attached and that was how water was heated.

This house was next door to "The Maples" resort, owned by Harry & Henrietta Morse. The Maples is now called "Salmon Shores". Morse's owned property across Black Lake Road from the park. On this property they built a big red barn and had fields where he kept pigs and cows. One time one of the pigs got out of the pen and as Mr. Morse was

chasing it back into the pen he said, "I swear pigs have heads on both ends, they are so hard to herd".

Cotton and I bought some of this property from Morse's and my brother Leo and his wife Dorothy bought the rest. We also bought property from my folks and the house that was on our property was originally the garage for the first high school bus Black Lake had, and my sister Vina drove the bus. Students from Delphi and Black Lake rode the bus to Olympia High School. Ruth & Jack Adams, who lived off the Delphi McLane Road, used to walk thru the plank road to ride the bus. The plank road was built years before to haul logs from a mill on Delphi McLane Road to Black Lake. The road came out just across from Columbus Park. Maurice Van Mechelen later was bus driver & janitor for Black Lake School.

We tore down the old red barn, then towed the barn my Dad had built back to the foot of the hill where it still stands.

There was a ballpark between the Maples and Columbus Park where the grange ball team played. At the ball field we had a carnival with a bingo game to raise money for the fire department. Our fire department started after the Linton home burned. Many hours of volunteer work went into our fire department. I remember getting a call about a fire, I had so many people to call in my area, and others did the same in their area. We had dinners, dances & carnivals to raise money for the fire department.

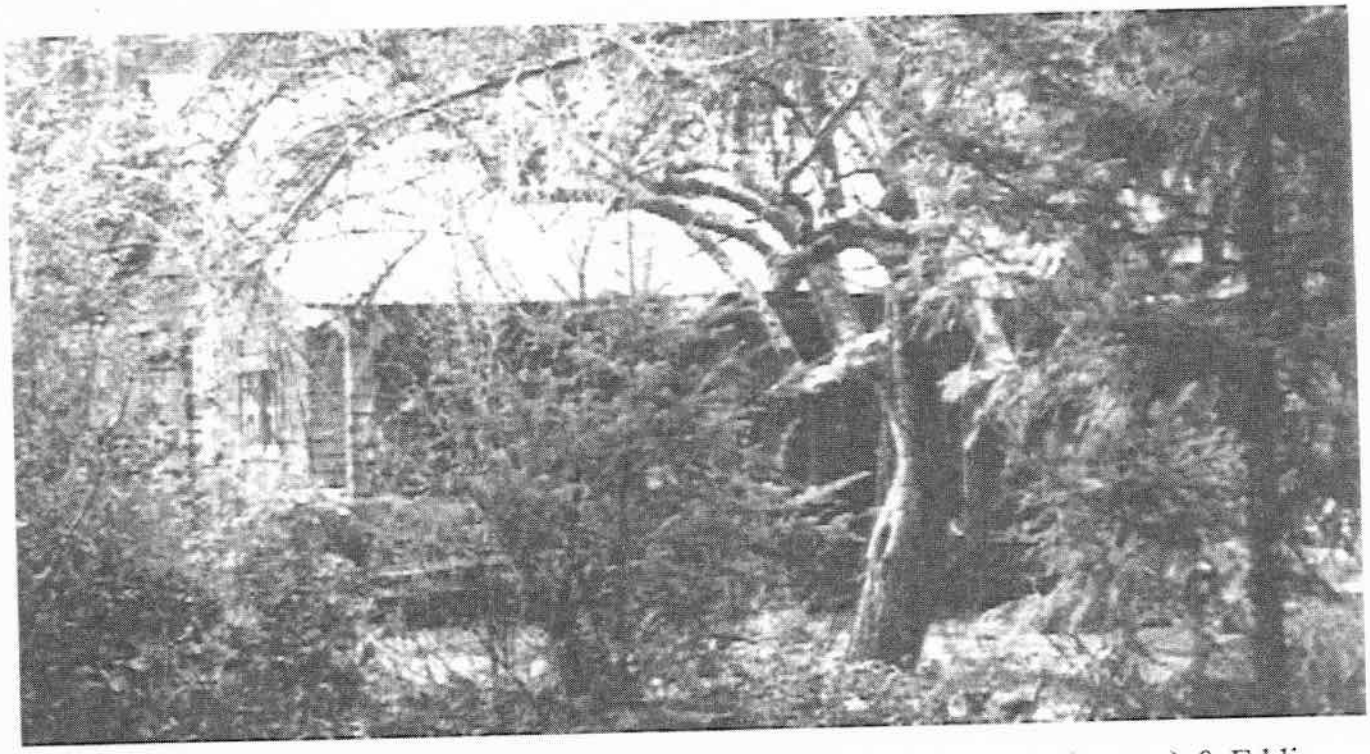
John Guerin, Joe Brown and my Dad (Herman Lehman) worked to get a phone line into our area. My brother Earl helped set up lines, as did many of the neighbors. It was great when we got the phone system working, first a party line where you could hear the bells ring into the neighbors--sort of keeping everyone informed on what was going on. It really was a help getting volunteer firemen alerted to a fire in the neighborhood.

The Lancaster's lived across from the ballpark where Maggie & Fred had a bakery. They would walk the neighborhood with a basket of bread & goodies. I'll never forget how good those maple bars were. Charlie Lancaster (Fred's Father) was a carpenter and did work for many of us. He and his wife, Denda, were good card playing partners of my parents.

Part of our property was open field and the rest was forested and among those trees were stumps of old tree that had been felled years before. Many of the stumps were 6'–8'high and had cuts 3'-4' high where the loggers put springboards to stand on while cutting down the tree.

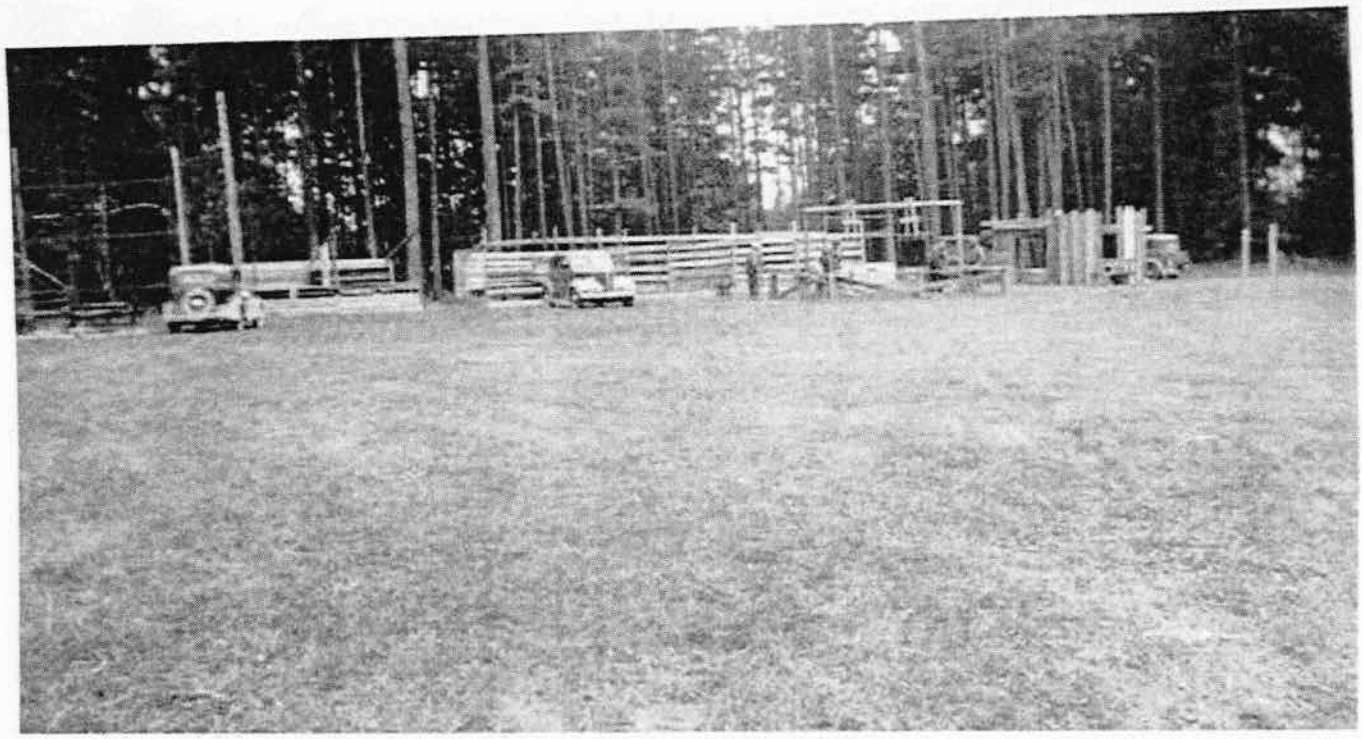
During World War ll. When Civil Defense was practiced there were two long poles set up in our yard. There was a bell on top that was to be rung in case of an attack, so Civil Defense people could be alerted. My folk's basement was designated to be used as a hospital if needed. Everyone was so careful to not let lights be shown at nite. Windows would be covered.

There was lots of skating on the lake and ponds during the 30's & 40's. Ponds up off the Delphi Road near where Alpine Drive takes off Delphi. The Kampmanns, who lived on what we called Nelson Prairie, (later became the property of Orville and Mattie Markham) had a strawberry field at the corner of Delphi & Alpine. Dorothy Kampmann

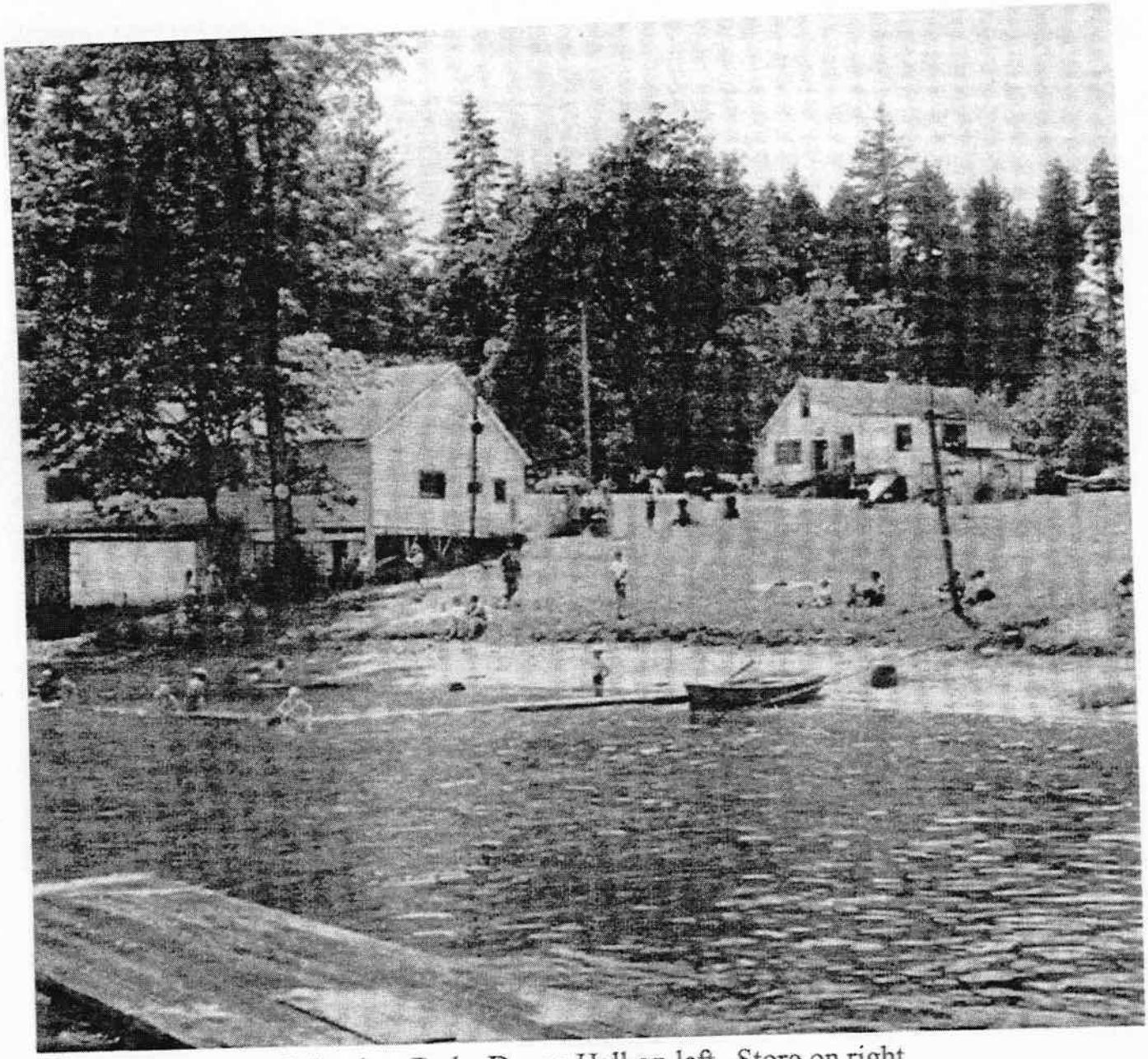


Bea ( ) & Ken Nolan / Myrt (Lass) & Sidney Lehman / Jean ( ) & Eddie Carpenter / Ruth Brown

Dendra ( ) & Charles Lancaster

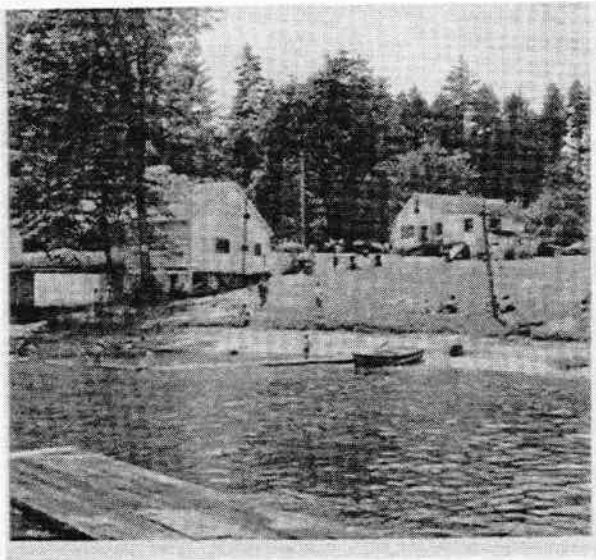


Baseball field at Maples Park. Carnival for fund raising to benefit Black Lake Fire Department held here in late 1930's



Columbus Park--Dance Hall on left--Store on right

Columbus Park parking area. Store on extreme left.



DESCRIPTION

This beautiful park, re-named **COLUMBUS PARK,** comprises 155 acres with 1100 feet frontage on Black Lake. Four miles south of Olympia off the Pacific Highway. The park is heavily timbered giving abundant shade, and has delightful semi-open spaces for cottages, tents, etc. There is a stream of the purest spring water — deep, clear well water is piped throughout the picnic grounds. The natural beauty of **Columbus Park** and the advantages of the lake for boating, bathing and fishing make it a very enjoyable recreation center, and it is being well patronized.

Modern Cabins . . .

All electric cabins with hot water, showers, refrigerator ranges. Plan a week with your family. Nestled under tall fir trees away from the sounds of beach play and boats, the cottages are a welcome retreat from city heat. Sleep soundly on good beds. Enjoy luxury of cool evening breeze even on hottest days. Inviting lawn and shade with plenty of tables and benches for outdoor meals if you desire.

IT'S . . . RESTFUL

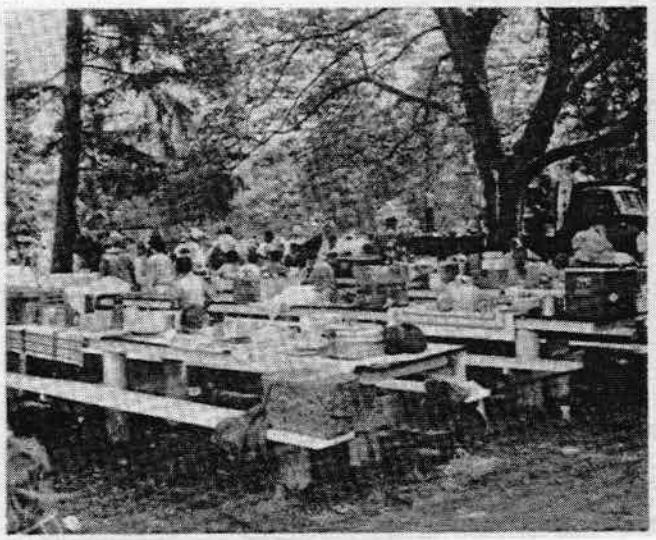
Rates . . .

CABIN	BOATS
By Day $ 6.00	50¢ First Hour
By Week $35.00	$1.00 for 4 Hours
Special Season Rates	$2.00 All Day

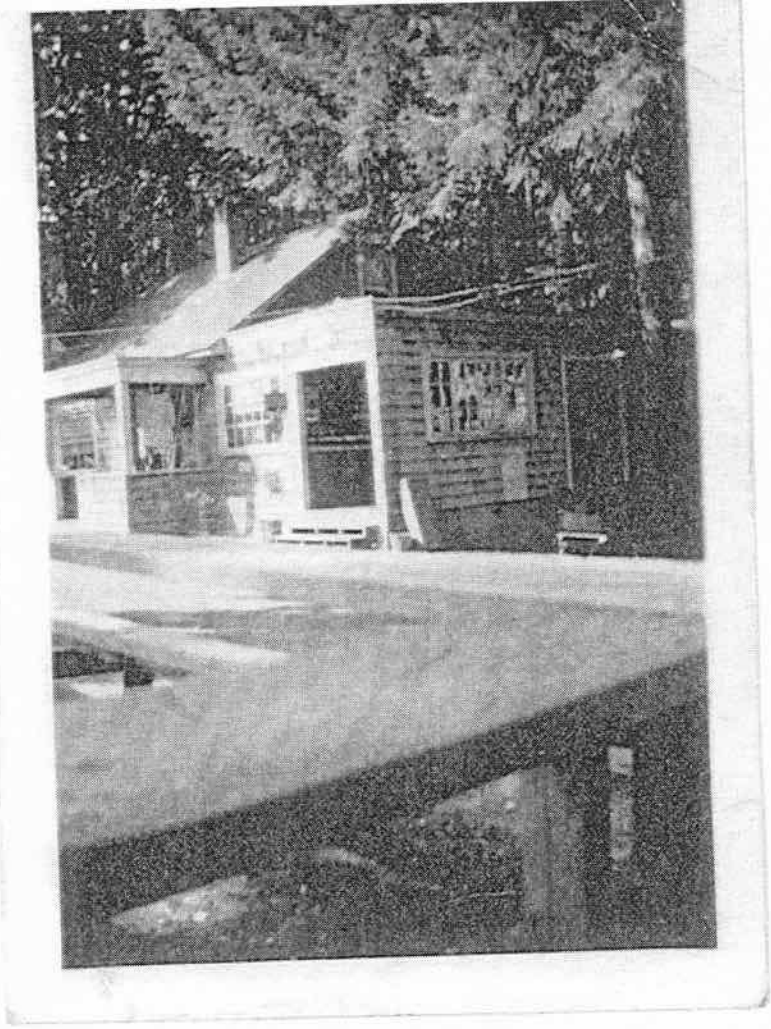
MAKE RESERVATIONS EARLY!

Write: **COLUMBUS PARK**
Route 8, Box 317
Olympia, Washington

Phone **FLeetwood ~~7-2838~~ 7-3829**



Brochure advertising Columbus Park



Store, Office & Caretakers residence at Columbus Park

Log bucking demonstration at Columbus Park in 1936

Tree falling demonstration at Columbus Park in 1936
The fallers are standing on "springboards"

Tree climbing demonstration at Columbus Park in 1936

Logging cable splicing demonstration at Columbus Park in 1936

& I were going to make our fortune picking strawberries, but ambitious thoughts didn't go far compared to the hard work involved!

While living at "The Orchard" Mother wanted my brother Earl to take violin lessons from Mr. Pearson, who lived across the lake. I'd sometimes go with Earl, row across the lake then to Mr. Pearson's for the lesson. It took Earl a long time to "tune" the violin and soon the lesson time was over and we'd row home again. His musical talent is like min.

When we lived at the Weeks place we used to have plenty of honey to eat. Dad would find a "bee tree", usually an old snag (a dead tree) that he could see honey bees swarming around. He would fell the tree then collect the honey. Some of it would be in regular combs, some oozing out of the rotted tree. That was pure honey, usually fireweed or clover.

By: Sidney Lehman

Looking Back

Looking back into the 1920's I remember the old wooden bridge over the creek that runs into Black Lake. The creek is located between John & Janie Goldsby's old place & Aunt Ollie & Uncle Cap Wellman's Shell gas station & grocery store. The store is still in operation on the West Side of Black Lake. I remember seeing that creek full of herring at spawning time.

I remember the old Grange Hall & the horse barn next to it. The horse barn is where the people would park their horses & buggies when they had dances & get togethers, before the cars came along. The hall & barn was located just north of the Black Lake Schoolhouse, which is now, in the 90's, the Black Lake Grange Hall. They used to have dances in the old Black Lake Hall in the 1920's & early 1930's. Uncle Nels Brown played his base fiddle, Uncle Ross Brown, the fiddle, Uncle Dick Brown, the guitar or piano, Abb Goldsby, the fiddle & Daisy Goldsby the piano. I remember a boy was dancing past Uncle Nels Brown's base fiddle & reached out & flicked the strings. The next time the boy came dancing by, he reached out to flick the base strings again & Uncle Nels Brown kicked at him but missed. He said, "all that saved you, you little bas---d is that my leg wasn't long enough." When the musicians played a two step, Clif Reif & his mom, & Aunt Laura Brown & my mom Emma Lehman would be the first two couples out on the floor. My dad, Herman Lehman did most of the square dance callin. The dance floor was always filled with couples. Fred Haeger was usually the brew master. He had a copper boiler tub that he made the coffee in for the midnight meal. Fred would fill the old boiler with water, put it on the old pot bellied wood stove about 11:00 P.M., put a cloth sack full of coffee grounds into the boiling water. I still think of it & and then when I smell coffee cookin.

Uncle Bill Lehman made up a poem about the dances; it was "Come one come all, To the Black Lake Hall. Bring your kids, & let them ball." The whole family would show up at any of the functions held there.

In the middle 30's, Uncle Lloyd & Aunt Grace Brown had a big chicken house & raised chickens & sold eggs. They were located just west of the Black Lake Store. In the spring

Uncle Nels Brown would drive his old horse Dan, hitched to a single horse wagon, down to Uncle Lloyds & haul a few loads of fertilizer for his garden. I used to tie my saddle horse on behind Uncle Nels' wagon & ride up the road with him. He would have a hell of a time drivin a horse & wagon up the Black Lake Road now, with all the traffic.

In the 1930" a family by the name of Lancaster had a bakery just across the road from the old Grange Baseball grounds, that was between The Maples, which is now Salmon Shores, & Columbus Park. I was really impressed my Maggie Lancaster. She was the first woman I ever saw blow cigarette smoke out of her nose.

Once there was what was called, "The Old Plank Road". It came out and crossed the Black Lake Road close to the entrance of Columbus Park. On the other end, it came out close to the Johnie Adams old place, to the Delphi-Mud Bay Road. Way back when it was used to skid logs by oxen & horses to Black Lake. Then the logs were rafted & towed to the North end of Black Lake where John Dent had a sawmill. The piling are still visible from the road that goes across the end of the lake from the Black Lake Road to Tumwater. In the 1940's I rode a saddle horse from Black Lake over to the other end of the "Old Plank Road", tied my horse to a tree, then caught a ride with Henry Haeger down to Mud Bay where we got on a railroad "Speeder" & rode it to our jobs at Mud Bay Logging Co. that was logging on what was called Larch Mt., but is renamed Capital Peak. I punked whistles with a jerk-wire on an old swing steam donkey there,

Four Cousins Horseback Adventure.

This is about the trip on horseback the four of us boys, (then) Eugene Goldsby, Pard-Robert Sturdevant, Freckles-Stanley Brown and me Sid Lehman. We went from Black Lake to somewhere between Toppenish & White Swan, back in July 1939, I think. This was before White Pass was constructed. It was a 5 or 6 day ride from Black Lake, 5 miles Southwest of Olympia, to Toppenish Washington. Our horses were named as follows: Eugene was on "Flash", Pard was on "Bonnie" and also had the packhorse named "Buck", Freckles was on Wanuka & my horse was "Rocket".

Now I'm writin this trip as I remember it. I am 77 years old now in 1998. Just think, in 23 more years I'll be 100. I still ride horses & team rope in rodeos. I've got a trap on me like a steel mind & my memory is about as sharp as a pound of wet leather, so here goes.

We cooked over an open fire. For breakfast, it was hotcakes, eggs & bacon till the eggs & bacon ran out & we got to where they sold stuff again. Freckles said that Pard could get the hotcakes the blackest on the outside & the rawest on the inside & Pard beat any cook Freckles ever saw. At noon it seemed peanutbutter & jam sandwiches happened most of the time. Then for supper, it was fried spuds, beans & etc. Most of the time, not much etcetera.

We left Black Lake all ridein a saddle horse & we had the one packhorse. We all had a sleepin bag with a blanket in it tied on behind our saddles. The packhorse carried the groceries, ax, shovel, extra horseshoes, shoein tools & a 22 rifle.

We went on roads from Black Lake to Longmire. There we got a map from the Ranger Station that showed trails goin over to Rimrock Dam. We rode from Longmire to Packwood on a trail. I remember, we stayed overnight at a farm just before we got into

Packwood. The old farmer had his hay all shocked up & ready to haul in out of his field. He charged us boys 10 cents an armload for hay. About dark, his son came out and talked to us & said his Dad had gone to bed & for us to help ourselves to all the hay we needed.

We left Packwood on a trail over the summit to Rimrock Dam. Trails were pretty well marked with blazes on the trees. It was a good thing because we run into snow & snow drifts not too far out of Packwood. We took turns breakin a trail in the snow. It was pretty slow goin & it got dark on us & was drizzlin a little rain when we finally reached what we supposed was the top. The horses were pretty tired & we couldn't see the blazes on the trees, so we stopped for the night. We tied the horses in a grove of trees, left them saddled, took the blankets out of our sleepin bags & put them on the horses. And without supper, we crawled into our sleepin bags with our wet clothes on. We were wet and cold. Colder than a well diggers lunch bucket. Anyway, when it got light enough the next morning, so we could see the blazes on the trees that marked the trail, we were goin again. About noon we got down into sunshine & open country & stopped & ate & the horses had plenty of grass to eat. We stayed there the rest of the day & dried out our stuff. We killed a rattlesnake there a little before dark. Probably slept with one eye that night. The next day we came out on the trail close to Rimrock Dam. They were still workin on the dam.

Then it was gravel road on into Naches. A day or so later we ended up at an old veterinarians place somewhere between Toppenish & White Swan. He was a retired veterinarian from the cavalry. We stayed there 4 or 5 days. One night the horses got to runnin in the pasture & my horse got cut pretty good on his right front shoulder, on the barbwire. The old Vet. Put some medicine on it & it healed up in a little while. We camped in the old Vet's pasture next to a Japanese squash patch. We thought they were watermelons & we stole one, one night, cut it open & it was a squash

One day we met Emma & Flutt Brown & Jean & Charlie Weber (neither couple were married yet) at the Park in Toppenish for a couple of hours. They came over for a ride. Don't recall how we all come to get together. Another unsolved mystery.

We were goin to help trail some buckin horses over the pass, but would have had to stay there at Toppenish for another week or so. We decided to head back for home. Eugene had drank too much alkali water & with no gas station handy we would just have to stop along the road while he answered the call of nature. It was a good thing there wasn't hardly any traffic. A couple or so times a car passed & waved or honked their horn at him, all squatted down. Anyway, comedy is tragedy plus time.

We stayed all night in a pasture; we didn't know whose, right at the gap between Yakima & the lower valley. The mosquitoes were plenty thick & hungry; the horses got to runnin in the night & broke the wire gate down. We didn't know they were out till daylight. Lucky they ran into a rancher's barnyard, about a mile or so up the road & didn't run out into the open sagebrush.

In Union Gap, we stopped at a horse traders place & he had some horses pastured up near Naches. He wanted to trade Freckles a horse for Freckles saddle. Well, we climbed in the horse-traders truck & went up toward Naches. Freckles picked out a horse & they traded. Freckles rode all the way home, bareback.

We were ridein back through Naches & stopped to get some groceries. Pard wanted some cornflakes for breakfast, so we bought a bunch of it & canned milk, along with some other groceries. Well, the canned milk run out before the cornflakes did so we ate cornflakes with water on them a few times.

After we left Naches we got about where the "Y" to Chinook Pass & White Pass is we decided to let the horses eat & we had something to eat too. We were stopped right by the water ditch there & decided to take a bath. We just got out of the water & had our clothes back on about ten minutes before the ditch rider came by & told us not to go swimmin in the ditch because it was the water supply for Yakima.

We decided we had enough of the trails & snow so we would go back home over the Chinook Pass. We went for a few miles on the highway & on a sharp corner a pickup comin too fast, probably 25 or 30 M.P.H., hit the horse that didn't have anything on it, in the side & I guess the door handle ripped a hole in his hide. We looked at our trail map & found a trail to go on up to the summit & Lake Tipso. We were on the trail & it started gettin dark about 5 or 6 miles from the top. The packhorse started gettin balky; we would take turns whippin on his rump. Eugene got tired of tryin to drag the packhorse & started fishin around through his pockets lookin for a 22 shell. He said "I'll fix this stubborn #$%!. Luckily for the horse, he couldn't find a 22 shell. We made it to the top, in the dark.

Somewhere between the summit & Enumclaw, we came to a three "C" (CCC) camp. We asked one of the boys there, where the nearest town was from there. He had an Eastern accent & pointed toward Yakima & said "Yakimapa is in that direction", & he pointed toward Enumclaw & said, "Enamaclaw is in that direction". In Enumclaw, Eugene's horse "Flash" got down & he called a Veterinarian & the horse had sleepin sickness, so he had to shoot him. With all the flies that time of year we were lucky none of the other horses or us boys got it too.

When I got home the first thing I did was get into the bathtub. About a half-hour later I still felt dirty, so I took another bath. Those irrigation ditches & rivers just didn't do it.

I sure wouldn't want to try a trip like that in this day & age, "1998", with all the traffic in the towns & on the highways. I'm sure it would take an extra packhorse to carry all of the permits we would have to have to use the trails & highways in this "Land Of The Freeloaders".

By: Janice (Weber) Nantz

Delphi & Black Lake

It must have been when I was two that memories started staying in my mind. That was when we lived at the service station in Delphi. It was on a **Y** in the road. One side went to Bordeaux, surely a mythical place because I don't ever remember going there. The other side of the **Y** went past Harlow's farm to the WORLD; whatever that was. I once took my three year old self to visit Mrs. Harlow. I remember she was very nice to me but insisted Mom should be told where I was.

Norma (Lehman) & John Weber residence, store and gas station
Located at intersection of Waddell Creek Road and Delphi Road

Rosie ( ) & Clarence Harlow

Nellie ( ) & Mike Neylon

Down the road going to Black Lake was Meyer's farm, impressive with all the big white buildings. In awe Eddie Meyer convinced me to stick my finger in an empty light socket while he pulled the chain. No fog surrounds that memory!

While we lived in the service station it was also a work in progress. At one point Dad put felt paper on the interior walls. It made a wonderful canvas for my stick figure murals.

One day when Dad was at work in the woods, a band of gypsies stopped at the station. Mom and I were alone. The gypsies "borrowed" gas money and food. As they were leaving, one woman pointed to the doll I was holding. She wanted it for her little girl. I could feel Mom's fear so I didn't complain when my doll went out the door.

Our next home was just South of Uncle Tony and Aunt Elsie Weber's by the lake. The strongest memory I have of that was the fire on the roof. I ran out into the yard and stood there screaming. It felt like the end of the world.

The sawmill stood at the intersection of the Brown Road and Black Lake Road on the Southeast corner. There were two acres and the back half was uncleared. Dad cleared an acre to build the house just behind the mill. One evening we walked there from the house by the lake. Danny Van Mechelen was playing in their yard. He stopped, came out by the road and asked "Where are you going?" Mom replied "to build fires," Danny thought a while, then asked, "Who's Bell Fiers?"

I don't remember too much about moving into the house. The outhouse was some distance behind it. Somewhere between the two was my climbing tree, a yew. It had a branch that was perfect for hanging by my knees. Summer mornings we were wakened by a bird that sang "Drink free beer". Can anyone please identify it?

Dad built a garage by the Brown Road side of the property. They bought an old Packard touring sedan to use the motor in the mill. It was parked in the garage and until they needed the motor we went for rides. I remember the smooth sound of the motor and the little flower vases by the back windows.

The sawdust hopper at the mill was built so that a truck could be backed under it below a trap door. I was warned not to play on top of the hopper—so I did. Everything was fine until the trap door gave way and I fell on a soft pile of sawdust, but it was quite a ride while it lasted. I was warned about playing on the loading deck. So I climbed up to see why. I teetered on a pile of 2 by 4's on the edge and fell to the ground, followed by a half dozen 2 by 4's. They landed across my hip.

A huge maple tree stood at the corner where the two roads meet. Merton Lambert and I were playing catch with his baseball. One would throw it into the tree branches and the other would catch it as it fell. It was my turn to catch. I didn't see it coming. It landed on my nose. The bloody scene before him caused Merton to cry. I think he thought he'd killed me. It broke my nose and I had a huge shiner.

The year that everyone around there had whooping cough was memorable. Mornings were worst. People could be heard all over the area. Dad and I joined the chorus.

It was a depression year when I was nine. As my cousins and I left school, I invited everyone to my house for my birthday party. This was a surprise for Mom. I'm sure we didn't have a lot of food in the cupboard, but she just smiled, invited everyone in and

served cocoa and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. I thought it was a great party and Mom was up to the challenge.

Writing brings on a stream of memories:

--- The fun we had sliding down the hill by the mill when it snowed.
--- Square dances at the school with Grandpa Lehman calling.
--- The plays the North and the South put on for each other, also at the school.
--- Picnics at Columbus Park.
--- The trip we took to California with Aunt Lila and Uncle Cotton when Dad got his $900.00 veterans bonus and bought a new 1936 Ford sedan.
---Hunting for arrowheads at the lake.
--- Picking wild violets in a field across the road from Aunt Mattie's

What a childhood!

By: Lila, Tom, Vina, Mary, Ray and John

Delphi History

Excerpts from a video taken Nov. 12, 1990 titled "Delphi History" at Lila Jones home. Those present were Tom Brown, Mary Brown, Vina Timmerman, Lila Jones, Ray Rossow and John Markham.

(Vina) "When us kids used to go get the mail at Meyer's, they had a little grocery store there at the post office. We used to get candy at the store and that is where we first learned about candy called "slicks". That was our treat for having to go get the mail. The post office was right in where the store was. It was operated by Meyer's and Olmstead. The mail was delivered once or twice a week by stage coach."

(Lila) "Let's go back to the first ride in the car that Tom was talking about."

(Tom) " I remember several first. We lived in a company house there at Delphi where the golf course is now. One of the vivid memories I have when we lived there is that I got my pants warmed pretty good. The train had stopped for something and they caught me riding on the cowcatcher. I haven't forgot yet about getting my pants warmed."

(Vina) "That was where Frank Gazda had the honey bees there. He would pour the honey into a container and then lick his fingers. Real sanitary."

(Tom) " Back to the automobile. That first automobile I ever saw or rode in was owned by Uncle Orville. The road was mostly plank and puncheon, I don't think there was any ballast on it at all."

(Lila) "And it was a Stanley Steamer."

(Vina) "He took us down to what is now the Guerin place. We sat in the back seat and the top was down and our hair was blowing."

(Lila) "Probably ten miles an hour."

(Tom) "My next memory was about Clarence Harlow's old Model T Ford. We lived on the old Provoe place and he was taking us home. We got to what we called the summit and Clarence got out, opened the headlights and lit them with a match."

(Lila) "That summit reminds me of when we used to go up to your folks place in the wagon and your Mother would get out and walk so the horses didn't have to work so hard going up the hill."

(Vina) "There was a big rock called "Rooster Rock" and when we would go by there or folks would tell us to be quiet or the rock would crow. We were probably making so much noise, they just wanted us to be quiet."

(Tom) "Do you know what ever happened to that rock?"

(Vina) "No!"

(Tom) "When Bordeaux put the railroad through there, they blew that rock all to smithereens. There are still fragment of it there now."

(Vina) "And it never crowed again"

(Tom) " The rock was just past where you turned to go down to the old Provoe place. It was what we called the canyon. You can still see traces of the old wagon road on the other side of the canyon as you go through that little draw."

(Ray) "That was the same place where Hart Robinson lived, back by that little pond?"

(Tom) "Ya."

(John) "I have a question. Tib and Rebecca Brown lived on the Dempsey place. What do any of you know about the Dempsey place?"

(Mary) "The Dempsey's were from Seattle. My parents leased that place when we moved here. They had three or four children. They had a place in the woods where they would come and spend the summer. So, My sister and I got to know the Dempsey's girls quite well. There was Patty, Kathleen, Bob and one other son. This was in about 1932 and the depression was on and the milk prices got so low, my Father had to sell the cattle and we moved away after about two years."

(Lila) "I didn't go to school at Delphi, but Norma and Earl did and I was over there with them when they were pumping water and I got the end of my finger smashed in the pump. That was at the new school house."

(Vina) "Also, when we lived there by the Delphi Schoolhouse and Lila was little, she went across the road with our dog "Jack". There was lots of woods there and pretty soon they came back. Lila said she wanted to go on but Jack pulled on her dress and made her come back. I believe that my Mother and Dad went to the Delphi School and the teacher's name was T. N. Henry. Dad's folks had a homestead, I think it was north and west of the school, not too far from the post office at Olmstead's. Then, later they built a house up where Meyer's Dairy was. My Mothers folks lived up beyond the post office in the old log house where Mattie, Lila and Tom were born."

(John) "Up at Meyer's dairy where the Markham's lived and then the Lehman's, there is a big tree out in front of the house. My Dad told me years ago, that his Mother planted the tree. That would have been in the early 1890's."

(Ray) "That was a walnut tree. When we moved here in 1939 and I worked at Meyer's, we had to go out there and pick up the nuts and put them in bags for them."

(Vina) "I was just going to tell you about some of the wild fruit we used to enjoy. There was red and blue huckleberries, salmon berries, thimbleberries and blackberries. We also

had watercress from the creek and wild greens. There was dandelion, indian lettuce and nettle greens. You had to pour hot water on the nettles to get the sting out of them."

This next section of this video was taken at the home of Norma Weber at Las Vegas NV on Jan. 19, 1991. Those present were Norma Weber, Vina Timmerman, Lila Jones, Sidney Lehman, Ray Rossow and John Markham.

(Norma) "When I was real small, one of the first things I remember was going to Grandma and Grandpa's house when they lived on the Dempsey ranch. They rented the house from the Dempsey's. There were always so many uncles. Uncle Tom took care of the chickens and the ducks. We grandchildren always loved to go there and play and look at the animals, eat the cherries and have such a good family fun time.

When we would go to my Grandma Lehman's house, she had 9 boys, and when we would go there she seemed to always be making bread. She would give us thick slices of hot bread with heavy cream on top. We didn't know anything about cholesterol in those days. So we had the heavy cream with sugar on top of that and then cinnamon on top of that. That was so good, we just loved it.

We were living up on what they later called the Vetter place. It was the place where Aunt Mattie was born, Lila was born there and Tom was born there. It was an old log cabin and we had a lot of fun there. We used to get old grocery boxes and get in them and slide down the hill in the box. I'm sure Mother had a lot of bathing to do and washing clothes when we got through with that."

(Vina) "We climbed the fir tress and would slide down them and got pitch all over us."

(Norma) "Something that was so much fun for me was that they would have dances in the houses. They had dances there in the old log house and the Grandfathers and the Grandmothers, the young married people, the old married people, the children and the babies would come. They would put the babies to sleep on the benches along the wall and everybody would dance square dances. The women would bring sandwiches and cakes and at midnight they would stop and make coffee and then everybody would stop and have lunch. Then after lunch the musicians, usually Uncle Ross, Uncle Nels. Uncle Nels played a big bass fiddle. Also Uncle Dick, and we just had a lot of fun. Our Dad was always the caller for the square dances. A lot of loggers lived up the road from us and some of them would come to the dances. If they wanted to dance, no girl would dance until she had been properly introduced to him. So, my Dad would find some young fellow who wanted to dance and then he would find a girl who wanted to dance. He would ask the girl if she would accept an introduction to the young man, then my Dad would go get the young man, make the introduction, and then they would dance. It was all very proper. That was a lot of fun"

(Vina) "After they danced to about midnight and had their lunch, then somebody would say, "Who wants to dance another hour?"

(Norma) "And most everybody would want to dance another hour. The social part of this was so nice.

When Meyer's bought my Grandmothers house, they went into chicken ranching. A lot of people around the neighborhood went into chicken ranching because it was a pretty good business then. When they built a new chicken house they would have a dance there and that was a lot of fun. One time we went to a dance where they had cleaned the chickens out and had whitewashed the walls and it was clean and beautiful in there. They invited everybody to come to the dance and we danced and we danced. It got warm in there with all the warm bodies dancing and pretty soon everybody started scratching and scratching and itching. We found out the chicken lice were still alive in the building and they crawled out onto everybody. We all went home scratching and laughing. The lice didn't live, I guess they didn't like human blood, just chicken blood."

(Ray) "You could say they were the "Lice of the party".

(Sidney) "You were talkin about the Dempsey place. I was too young to remember, but I heard people talking about when Uncle Dick Brown and Uncle Louis Sturdevant made a "go devil". It was on the forth of July and they were having a picnic there. They put it on the side of the barn and touched it off. It got to whirlin and set the barn on fire. I can remember in the wintertime how bad the roads would get. We were going up to Norma and John's store in Earls "Star" after a freeze and you couldn't get off the road cause there were ruts to travel in. I remember the Christmas programs at the Delphi and Black Lake schools. We would go up there and sit and giggle at them and then they would come down and sit and giggle at us."

(John) "Norma, did you say that you were only at the gas station a couple years and it was a "Standard" station?"

(Norma) Yes, we were only there a couple years and it was a "Standard" station. I remember when we moved there at the gas station there was no water. John dug a well and the well was left open for quite awhile. One day when I was drinking water, it tasted kinda funny, I looked in the bottom of the well and there was a dead rat. Afterwards, John built a concrete form over it and was also a cellar where we kept the food cool."

By: Ed Lehman

First Years Around Black Lake

I spent the first eight years of my life around Black Lake. Following are some of the things I remember from the 1940's before we moved to California in 1948.

The time, Jimmy Williams, my brother Dennis and myself climbed the cherry tree at Grandpa Herman Lehman's house. We started out eating the ripe cherries, and then as we started finding some rotten cherries we had to find a use for them. It was probably Jimmy or Denny (surely not me) who decided that it would be great fun to peg those rotten cherries at the occasional passing car. It was great fun, until one kind of mean and snarly individual stopped, after being blasted with rotten cherries and explained to the three of us, in no uncertain terms, that in his opinion our act was not funny at all. After Denny and Jimmy cleaned the fellows' windshield we went on our way. That fellow scared the hell out of three local kids.

I remember the summers around the lake when the organizations from town would come to Columbus Park for their summer picnics. Jimmy Williams, Nancy Williams, my brother Dennis and myself would always attend these picnics and enjoy all the food, sack races and what ever fun things they had planned. No one ever noticed we did not belong, because of all the city kids running around.

One of the groups held watermelon races for kids. They floated melons in the lake and lined kids up according to age and let them swim out to claim a watermelon. Needless to say the four of us all claimed a watermelon that day. We spent all summer swimming; those poor city kids did not stand a chance of beating us in a swimming contest. We had four melons to share. Fun times.

Fall around Black Lake was a good time. All the fellows hunted deer when they could. I still have the antlers of a real nice buck my Dad (Leo Lehman) shot somewhere in the Bald Hills. One time my Dad and Uncle Sid (Sidney Lehman) brought home a huge black bear, that Uncle Sid had shot, several times with his old hex barrel 25-35, before he finally killed the critter. We took the bear down to Aunt Lila and Uncle Cotton's place and propped it up in the driveway, so when the Jones came home from work that night it would scare the hell out of them. Dad and Uncle Sid thought it was a real funny trick and needless to say all of us kids enjoyed it to.

Our group of four spent a bit of time on Scott Creek (across from Columbus Park) chasing salmon up and down the creek. I doubt if the salmon had much fun, but we sure did.

Occasionally we would get enough snow to sled at Browns or wherever we could. One day in order to enjoy a fresh snow, we hid from the school bus. After it had left for Tumwater, we came out of hiding and went home to tell our story about how we missed the bus. I don't think my Mom (Dorothy Lehman) bought our fib, but we played all day in the snow.

Other activities we enjoyed growing up.

Making stilts and walking down Black Lake Road from our house across from the Maples to Aunt Lila's house. Try that today on Black Lake Blvd. and you would spend a lot of time picking slivers out of your butt.

Peeling and drying cascara bark, a lot of fun and we even gathered up a little spending money.

Parties at the Black Lake Grange Hall. Always enjoyed Gramp Lehman's costumes. All the Lehman kids enjoyed Granpa's closet full of clothes he wore for skits at the hall. I still have one of his swallow tail coats that he used to wear.

Bobbing for apples at Lindstrom's on Halloween and trick or treating around the area, fun times. Older boys tipped over outhouses. I never got involved in that game, to the best of my recollection.

Going with Grandpa Lehman, my Dad, Uncle Earl and Uncle Sid to repair telephone lines.

Dragging Christmas trees and eating soup Mom made in a pot hanging from a tripod over the fire.

Gladys ( ) & Russell Salter / Vera ( ) & Ray Williams

Winnie (Salter) & Paul Blocher

Gladys (West) & Russell Salter

Watching an older fellow, probably a teenager (John Markham) riding his bicycle backwards while sitting on the handlebars. Never mastered the trick, tried a lot and crashed a lot. Older people should not teach kids to do crazy stunts. I probably still have scars, all caused by John and my inability to perform his feat.

I hear a lot of stories about my language as a young man. Seems my Father took several scoldings from Granma Lehman (Emma Brown) concerning the unsuitable language that her young son used. Did not do any good. Still use colorful adjectives in everyday communication.

Riding on Great Uncle Lloyd Brown's work horses, logging or plowing garden spots around the lake.

Spent many wonderful times at Aunt Lila's and Uncle Cotton's, at Uncle Lloyd's and Aunt Grace's, and up at Palmer to visit Uncle John Weber and Aunt Norma.

Helping Dad and Mom build our new house on the hill above Uncle Clarence Lambert and Aunt Vina's house. Big help I'll bet, I was about four but still remember the place.

Later moved down by Aunt Lila's and built new house and barn. The barn was a fun place. Hay to jump in, cows to milk. All good stuff for a young fellow growing up.

Growing up around Black Lake in the 40's was great fun. Its too bad things are not simple as they were then. Kids always had something to do. I don't think anyone had a lot of money, but we all had family and friends.

By: Nancy Williams

1940-1945

The Williams family, Ray, Vera, Jim & Nancy, moved from Central Street on the east side of Black lake in 1940. Ray found the house and had to borrow sixty dollars from his cousin to make the down payment to Russ Salter. The total cost of the house was three thousand dollars. I'm not sure that Vera was in favor of the move to the country because she didn't drive and Ray worked away during the week on the highways. After running into the cherry tree Vera eventually learned how to drive. I learned how to drive when I was eleven. My driving instructor was Cotton Jones and my first vehicle that I learned to drive was his dump truck. Cotton would take movies of me driving the truck in his yard and then he would show them to my parents. I spent most of my time at Lila & Cottons eating carrots from the garden pretending that I was Bugs Bunny. I could always smell Lila's home made bread too.

Some of my favorite memories include the following:

Fishing with my brother Jim and the day his huge cat pushed him into the lake trying to get the fish off his hook. Riding our bicycles down the middle of the road, walking down the road on our home made stilts, peeling cascara bark and selling it to Barnes, Playing with our friends, Eddie and Denny Lehman, Ronnie Brown and the Glassey boys.

Our dog Tippy, was our constant companion. I remember the time he brought home someone's frying pan and shoes. Most people knew where to look for their lost items.

In 1942 we had black out's where our windows were covered with black shades and the P-38's flew quite low over the lake. Gas, nylons, shoes, butter, were just a few of the items that were rationed during the war. We wore bracelets with numbers on them in case we were captured by the enemy.

Each summer Jim and I would enter all the events, races, etc. at Columbus Park.

For many years our house never had a lock on the front door, let alone a key. In those days it was not necessary to lock up things. Our main source of heat during this period was coal. Meyer's dairy delivered our milk and the bread truck came to the house.

The folks had lots of friends who would come nearly every week-end to enjoy the lake and mother's cooking. I was gone for several years and now I am back where I grew up. My how things have changed.

By: Mary (Pieren) Brown

MEMORIES OF THE DEMPSEY RANCH

I was seventeen when my parents moved from Port Orchard to the Dempsey Ranch. I stayed with my sister in Port Orchard so that I could finish the school year. Then, in 1933, I moved there, too, and graduated from Olympia Highschool.

All the students rode to Olympia Highschool in Edgar Reif's bus and Eltina Calderhead Haeger was the teacher at Delphi. This was during the depression. My Dad leased the ranch.

The Dempsey Ranch was quite large and the house was old, but very nice and had four bedrooms and a modern indoor bathroom. The living room had a nice fireplace and there was a nice dining room, but since the kitchen was large enough, we usually ate in the kitchen. It had a wood stove, which was cozy in winter.

There was a large barn and my Dad kept lots of cattle and horses, too. When it was milking time, the cows would all come in and find their own stalls all by themselves. That always impressed me. A man came for cream, too.

I remember there was a little creek and I would go fishing there with my brothers. I was always interested in outdoor things and did a lot with my brothers.

The Dempsey's lived in Seattle, but they had a little house up in the woods and they would come and spend the summers. The daughter's names were Kathleen and Patricia and when I asked them if there were any eligible men around to date, they both told me there was only one and his name was - Tom Brown.

I, later, met Tom Brown at a ball game, then again at a dance. Two years later, we were married.

The Dempsey Ranch was a nice place and we were really happy there.

By: Juanita (Van Mechelen) Clark

THE THIRD WINDOW AND OUTHOUSE SEATS

This is a tribute to my dad, Maurice (Shorty) Van Mechelen, whom you all knew so well.

Our first family home was a tiny, wonderful 2-room house on what is now labeled the Kinney Road. I don't know if it had a name then.

One room was for the kitchen stove and the round oak table that my typewriter is sitting on as I write this.

The larger room was divided by a curtain into bedroom and living room areas. In the "Living Room" there were three windows. My dad had installed two of them side by side at what could be considered "Normal" height for adults. Just below the left one he had installed a third at "Kid" height for Dan and me.

Every outhouse he ever built for us was a two holer, the second hole always kid size and the boards carefully rounded to be kind to little bottoms.

It was during the depression and it was Christmas. Dad disappeared mysteriously to the room upstairs at Grandma's where she kept her sewing machine. My mother's present from him that year was a large drawstring bag he had sewn himself. She used it for years to store our socks. The "Gift of the Magi" always makes me think of this.

PETE MARIE

We moved to our new little "House on the prairie " just three weeks before Don was born. The morning of Feb. 19, 1934 Dan and I knew something was different about this day. Aunt Rachel was at our house and it was early! Even more unusual, Dan who was only 5 ½ , was to go with me to school that day! We didn't have to go far because the one room school was just across the road.

Sometime during the day we saw Dr. Sachs in his little Model "T" drive in our yard. Someone told us not to go home for lunch but to go to Aunt Dora's. That was O.K. with us because we loved her so. Another short walk. She cooked hamburger patties for us. I don't remember the rest of the meal, just those wonderful patties.

When we got home that afternoon we found we had the cutest baby brother any sister could wish for.

Our Dad told us the baby's name was "Pete Marie". Not realizing we were being teased, one of us told the teacher, Miss Granacki who stormed to our house to see what our parents were thinking of! She was told "His name is Donald David Van Mechelen"

CATSUP and COW DABS

Eventually our dad fenced in a huge pasture area that enclosed fields and woods that I still visit in my dreams. The fence did a fair job of keeping in the cows but was worthless for keeping out kids so we roamed, my brothers and I. We owned a huge world, we thought.

Then we found that the corner by Guerin's lane wasn't ours! How could that be? We knew every tree and hazelnut bush and someone was building a house there!

Helen (Brown) & Maurice Van Mechelen
Son, Donald David was born in this house Feb. 19, 1934 & married here Feb. 14, 1958.
Daughter, Juanita was married here May 17, 1947.
Grandson, Mike was married here also July 21, 1973
Maurice died here Feb. 7, 1994

Venting our childish spleen my brothers and I threw every cow dab that was dry enough to pick up out of our pasture and into the "Interloper's".

Then conscience took over. We crawled under the fence and threw them all back!

Later we learned to love our new neighbors, Clyde, Sue and Jack Goldsby and they were welcome to live in "Our" woods!

Our new house was built of lumber from the Weber sawmill, two doors away, up the hill. It was bigger and sturdier than the "Old Place" and the nucleus of the house still standing where our parents lived out their lives.

The first few years we were in kind of one big room divided into areas by curtains and furniture placement and a pantry. In that pantry Mom had stored her bottles of homemade catsup. Fortunately, the pantry had a door because one day there was an explosion in the pantry, then another, then another. Our parents did a very prudent thing. They counted the explosions and opened the door only after the last bottle blew!

BLACK LAKE SCHOOL

Do you remember the bell rope in the one room school that the skinny little boys loved to be asked to pull? They'd get a free "Ride", feet dangling in the air.

Do you remember when we all had to wash soaped windows on the schoolhouse the day after Halloween? Did you know that was my dad's idea? Mom was so mad at him because we hadn't been allowed to soap but had to wash anyway. The next Halloween she handed all of us scraps of soap and told us to "Go to it".

Do you remember when the neighborhood turned out to put the finishing touches on the new schoolhouse? The district must have run out of money. Everyone was there oiling floors, painting, whatever had to be done.

They were all hard at work when the current caretaker from Columbus Park came up and told the men there was a half keg of beer at the park that someone had left. The men left in force leaving the women and kids working and grumbling.

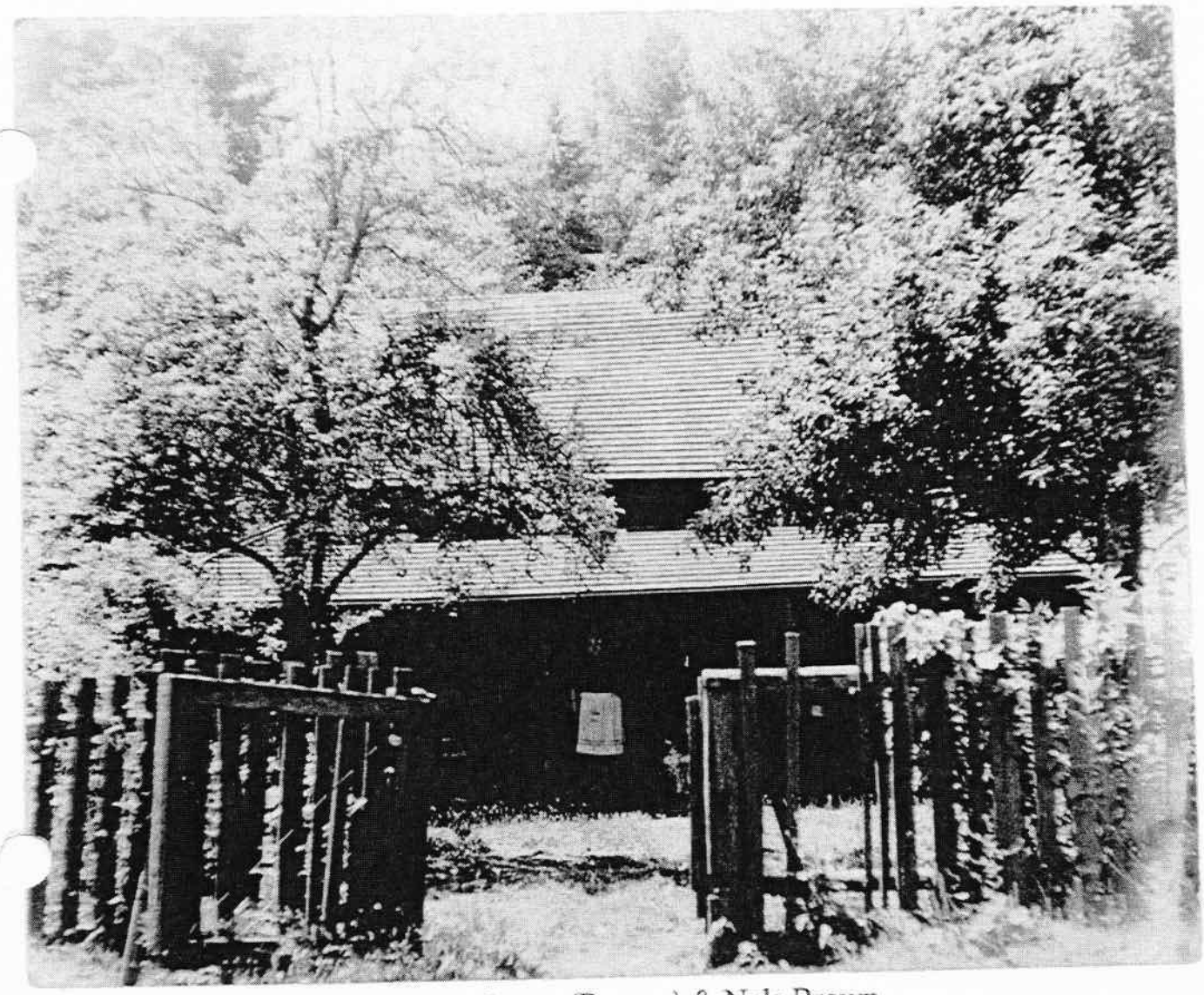
I'll never forget that night. All night long my dad was making use of the under-bed-crockery and moaning pitifully, "But I only had ONE glass!" and Mom's unsympathetic retort, "Yes, but how many times did you fill it?". Poor Pop, as for Mom, I'm sure she felt the devil had gotten his due.

By: Dan Van Mechelen

THE HOUSE THAT NELS BROWN (RE) BUILT

Nels Brown built a house for his family on the West Side of Black Lake next to what is today the northern boundary of Evergreen Shores.

The driveway entered from Kinney road and ran about 200 feet to the house, then past the orchard, pasture and barn to the shore of Black Lake, about one-quarter mile distant. This made it very handy to get to the lake where many family reunions and picnics were held at the old "landing" where cedar bolts and logs had been floated into the lake at an earlier time.



Laura (Provoe) & Nels Brown

Two steam tugboats at southwest end of Black Lake

Old name restored to historic street

By N. Lamm
For The Olympian

THURSTON COUNTY — Pay attention the next time you drive along Nels Street Southwest, out by Black Lake. You may notice something new.

Actually, not so much new as restored. Nels Street Southwest now sports a brown sign bearing the name "Nels Brown Road," a name that reflects the history of the area.

"In the 1970s, a lot of road names were changed in an effort to become more efficient," said Shanna Stevenson, Thurston County's senior planner. "Now we're working on restoring those historic names."

The road is the fourth in unincorporated Thurston County to have its historic name restored. The road name is not actually being changed, and all addresses will stay the same, but a historic sign has been added below the regular road sign.

Nels Brown Road was built in 1924 by — you guessed it — Nels Brown. Brown was a member of a large pioneering family that moved to the area in 1885.

Brown's full name was Thomas Nelson Brown, but because there were already two older family members named Tom, he went by "Nels," pronounced with an "s" sound at the end, not a "z."

Born in Riley, Kan., Brown's family came to Tumwater in a covered wagon when he was 11. They lived in a tiny log cabin on 2.4 acres, near the current location of the Tumwater MegaFoods.

"We have a picture of that cabin, with the family all standing around it," said Dan Van Mechelen, one of Brown's four grandchildren.

Brown's family later moved to the Waddle Creek area in the Capital Forest. In 1903, he married Lara May Provoe. In 1920, he bought a house from his younger brother, Ross. He dismantled the entire house and hauled it, by horse and wagon, down near Black Lake, where he reassembled it on 17.5 acres.

Nels Brown Road was built four years later when his neighbors petitioned the county to have Brown build a road to his house.

The family maintains strong ties to the area, and every August, a Brown family reunion is held at the Black Lake Grange. It was at one of these reunions that Van Mechelen's wife, Bernice, passed around a petition to restore the road's historic name.

Van Mechelen said that Brown's only living son, 89-year-old Thomas Jefferson Brown, is thrilled about the new sign. "He is so excited about having his dad's name put back up there," he said. "We think an awful lot of our elders in this family. ... We like to see history preserved."

N. Lamm is a correspondent for The Olympian. 11-6-98

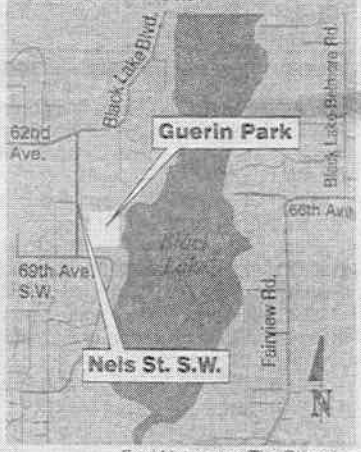
AT A GLANCE

How to learn more

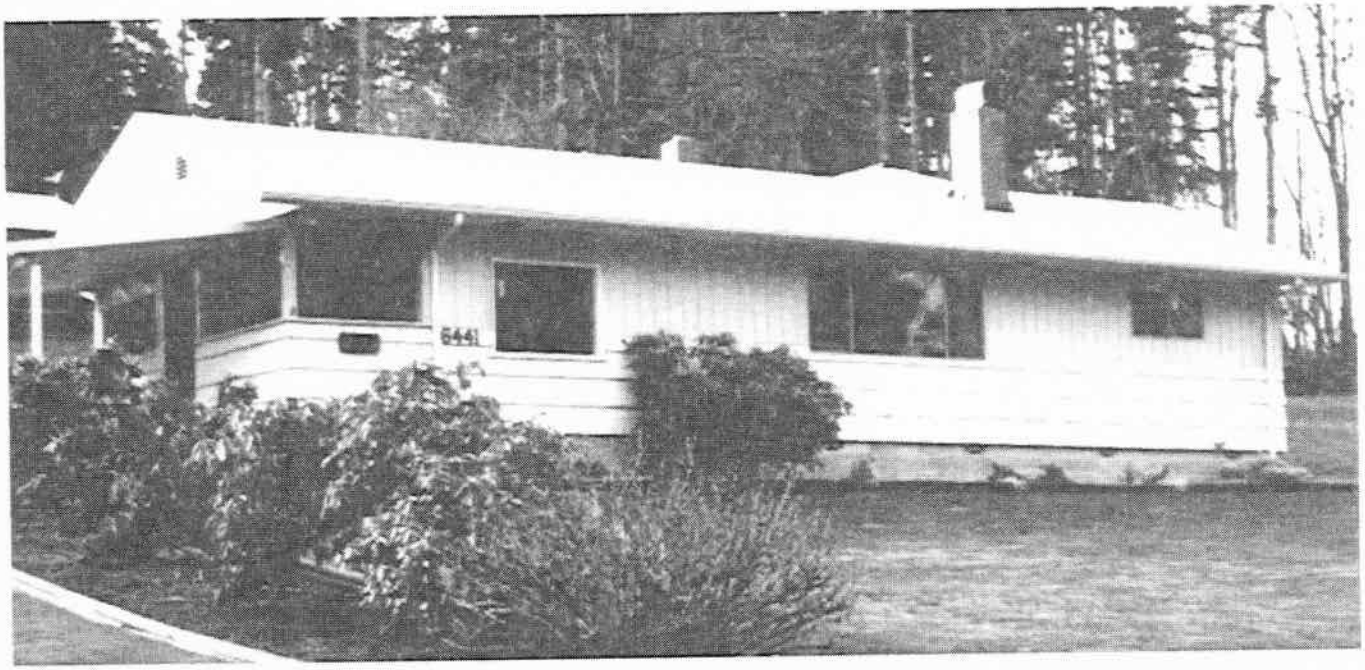
The Thurston County Historic Commission has a program to restore historic road names in unincorporated Thurston County. For more information, call 786-5222.

HISTORIC STREET

Nels Street Southwest now is marked by a brown sign bearing its newly-restored historic name, Nels Brown Road.



Fred Matamoros/The Olympian



Marie (Lage) & Fred Miller

( ) & Charles Tucker.

What made the house of special interest is where the lumber came from and how it got there.

You see, the house originally belonged to Nels' younger brother Ross Brown and was located on the East Side of Waddell Creek, not too far from the North Star School House.

Nels bought the house from Brother Ross, dismantled it and hauled the lumber by horse and wagon down to the location at Black Lake. There with help from neighbor Rube Sallee, Nels re-built the house. He probably straightened out the old nails and re-used them, too.

The family moved into the house on 17 ½ acres (or so) in 1920. There was no electricity or telephone there and wood stoves for heat and cooking and an "outhouse" were necessities of the day. The house was two stories with a sloping roofed area on the south end, which contained a large dining area and ranch-sized kitchen.

A well under the kitchen provided water for an in-door pitcher pump and sink. An attached woodshed and a continuous porch on three sides, with a nearby stone-masonry milk house, made it a very impressive residence. The milk house, cool in summer and protected in winter was also used for storing home canned fruits, meat and vegetables.

The house was surrounded on front and sides by a picket fence, which enclosed a flower garden that was a delight to behold when in bloom.

A large fruit orchard and garden outside the picket fence provided a handy and essential source of food.

Along about 1941, electricity and telephone service came into the area as a community project, with cedar poles and manual labor donated by many of the locals.

The house then had a crank telephone on a party line (phone number 48F13), an electric well pump and a flush toilet.

The property was sold about 1950 and the house was eventually torn down by new owners.

Maurice and Helen's house.

Maurice Van Mechelen built this house for his growing family. The house, begun in 1933, was made entirely of sawmill lumber, sat on cedar logs and had a homemade hand split shake roof. The floor was at ground level so that Helen would not have to step up to enter. The family moved in just about New Years Day of 1934, having moved from "The Old Place" on Kinney Road. Juanita had walked to school from the "Old Place" from Sept. 1933 until the family moved here. She was often accompanied by "Granny" Laura Brown on her walks to school.

The house was built in two halves of about equal size with the second half and porches and smaller additions added later on. There was no electricity available then and water was obtained by hand pump from a shallow well. An outhouse only about 40 feet from the well was doubtless the unrecognized source of many stomach problems. Wood stoves were used for heating and cooking as was common at the time. The kitchen could be miserably hot during summer canning time.

Youngest child Donald was born here on Feb. 19, 1934 only seven weeks after the family moved in. At that time it was not unusual for younger children to accompany their

elder siblings to school for even entire days. On the day that Donald was born brother Dan went to school with sister Juanita then they had hamburgers for lunch at Aunt Dora Sturdevant's house. Donald was delivered by Dr. Sachs (Socks) and Juanita and Dan believed that the Dr. brought Don in the trunk of his car.

As time went by electricity came to the area with all it's benefits. The house was raised up and a proper foundation installed, fireplace added, and other modern improvements made.

Three marriages have taken place here. Juanita to Al, Don to Rose, and Grandson Mike to Nancy.

Maurice Van Mechelen died here in Feb. 1994 and Helen lived here until entering St. Peter Hospital and Mother Joseph Nursing Home where she followed Maurice 5 weeks later on his journey. They had lived together in this house for 60 years.

Don's son Tim Van Mechelen now owns the house and it appears that it will remain in the family for many more years.

By Shirley (Wellman) Rossow

As I remember

I am the daughter of Alvin & Eleanor Wellman, Granddaughter of Ollie (Brown) Wellman & Casper (Cap) Wellman.

So her I go to tell you what I remember about the Shell Service Station at Black Lake. It was the second grocery that was built. As I hear some of the Goldsby's had the first. My Granny (Ollie) & Cap built the Shell Station in the late 1920's or early 1930's. Bob Brown (son of Lloyd & Grace (Wellman) Brown) told me a funny story about the first store, which Mattie (Brown) Haeger/Markham was running. Anyway, she had to leave for a short while & left Bob in charge. She told him to help himself to the pop & cookies. When Mattie returned she offered him some, but he had eaten so much while she was gone - no way!

To me, Granny's store (because Cap died in 1936) was what I would call a "Cracker Barrel" type store. It had a wood heater in the main part of the store for heat, a wood floor, a candy display with glass, a cigarette display on top of this, shelves behind on two sides, and a small counter with a money drawer. There was a long counter with storage under it by the big window that faced the road. Also a small refrigerator unit on the back wall. There was living quarters in the back consisting of a small room off the entrance of the store with kitchen, wood stove, dining area, utility room and bathroom. Then upstairs was three bedrooms and a small sitting room. I can still remember during bad weather that the store was a gathering place for the locals. They would visit or sometimes play cards. There were a couple of rocking chairs by the heater and when the floor got dirty, Granny brought out an oil mop and "cleaned".

I can still see her talking on the wall oak crank phone, standing on one leg with the other tucked behind. There was the old "party" phone line and each customer had their own special ring, such as one long ring and two short ones.

_____ ( ) & Jake Henney / Eleanor (Hetland) & Alvin Wellman

If the young crowd in the neighborhood decided to help themselves to a "loose" chicken or two, Granny was the one asked to cook it for them. She would fire up the old wood cook stove and everyone would enjoy a chicken dinner.

My biggest delight was to spend time with Granny, especially over nite. There was the long flannel gown to wear. Flannel sheets and tons of blankets, winter or summer, you were always toasty.

One time, my brother Lee, Dean & Don West (Granny's daughter Bertha's sons) decided to have some boyish fun with a neighbor behind the store. The family lived down on the road by the hill behind the store. The boys were on the hill throwing rocks on their roof. The man didn't care for this so he took out after the boys. Dean and Don could run fast and headed for safety. Lee was slower and Granny went outside to see what was going on and she heard Lee say "Lord help me pick them up and put them down faster" All ended okay.

Once in awhile at Christmas time the family would gather and a big table was set up in what was a cabin next to the store and we had dinner there. It was funny to see the men make so many trips to the store for "fresh" coffee. There was an Aunt who didn't believe in holiday cheer but the men found a way in a coffeepot.

I had spent the nite with Granny and we were awakened the next morning to hear Annie Goldsby calling out for us not to get up as she would get what she needed and "jot" it down in her book. Granny had forgotten to lock the store door. Lots of people used to charge what they needed until payday.

The gas pump that was there would definitely be an antique now. It had a glass top with the number of gallons marked on the side. It had a handle on the side so you could pump the gas up into the glass and pump as many gallons as you needed.

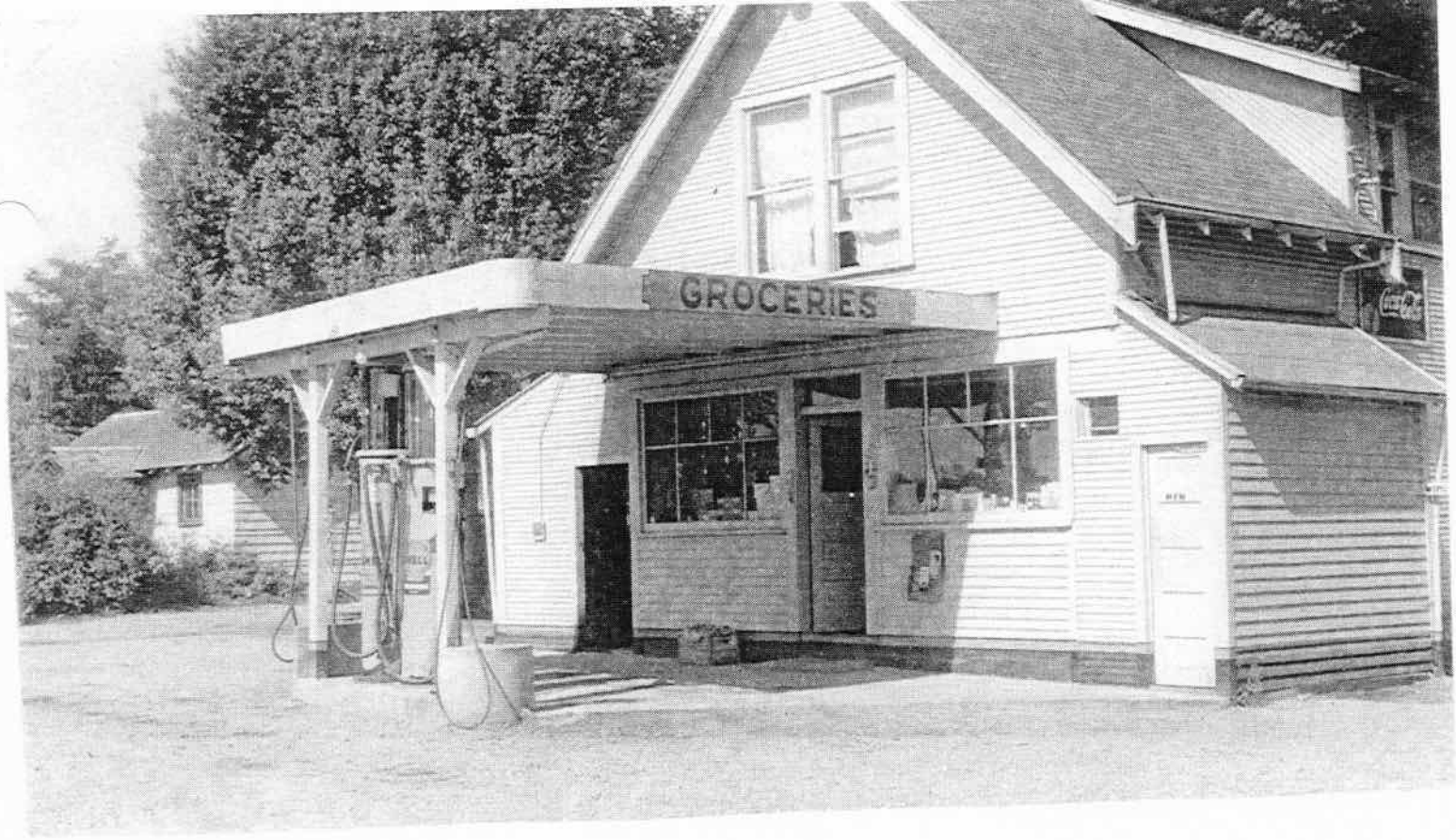
These are just a few things I remember about the store. They were pleasant memories and I am so glad to have been a part of it.

Memories of my childhood on Black Lake are very precious to me. We lived (Alvin & Eleanor Wellman, Lee & I) at the foot of "Sturdevant Hill" for about ten years, which is now the Daryl Wells property. It was close to the two-room schoolhouse where Lee graduated from the eighth grade and I went thru the sixth grade before they consolidated with Tumwater.

When I was about seven years old we moved down on the lake in the Jake Henny place. Frank and Margaret Weber live next to it now. That was really something, a bigger house, swimming in the lake, close to what was then Maples Park & Columbus Park. We had very good neighbors, like the Salter's, Barnes, Tony & Elsie Weber, Vera & Ray Williams, Lehman's, Lila & Cotton Jones & Joe & Sally Brown. We used to play a lot with the Brown kids, Larry, Margaret & Ronnie. Margaret & I rode bikes a lot. I don't remember who owned a bike or what, but Lee would rent us his bike if we needed for 10 cents a time. Margaret & I were riding double, me on the cross bar, & went to turn into our yard, missed the path thru the gate, wound up in the ditch with the two of us sprawled out. We started laughing so hard that Mom thought we were hurt and came running outside.

Ollie (Brown) & Cap Wellman residence, store & gas station. The small building on the left was the first Black Lake Grocery built by Del & Frank Goldsby

Ollie & Cap Wellman residence, store & gas station.



Jesse (McCool) & Paul Malleck residence, store & gas station c.1945

I was such a popular "little" playmate that once in awhile the others would tire of me and lock me in the outside "privy" on the side road to Margaret's house. Oh well, such was life.

There used to be a big field between Maples Park & Columbus Park where a lot of baseball games were played and a carnival was held to raise money for a community project. My Mom & Dad and Margaret's Mom & Dad ran the hamburger stand. Such fun

After our parents divorced, Dad sold the house and we moved to the store with Granny for awhile. Granny decided to quit the store business so she traded it for a house with about 120 acres that Buster and Jessie Malleck had. Granny was once again a country gal, which she dearly loved and Malleck's were storekeepers.

When Granny became ill and could no longer stay in her home it was sold. Today it is called Arnesen Lane, next to alpine Hills. Time marches on!

My husband Ray & I have lived back here where our roots started years ago. We've lived here on our hill for thirty-six years and have seen many changes. It has been a great place to raise our family and I am really happy to have lived here most of my life among my super relatives and neighbors.

By: Ray Rossow

Life at Delphi

My name is Ray Rossow and I was born in Raleigh N.D. in 1926. I have a twin brother Roy, a brother Leo, and 5 sisters. I only have 2 sisters still living. Our mother passed away in 1928, so that left my Dad and my older sisters to raise us all.

We moved to Washington in 1935 and landed on the old Tweeton place, which is now Martin Sand & Gravel on 113th Ave SW & Case Rd.

In 1939, my Dad bought 40 acres at Delphi, where Ted and Glenna Brown now live. He paid $3.75 an acre from Mud Bay Logging Co. Our house still stands inside the house that is there now.

Irene, Betty, Roy and I went to school at Delphi till it consolidated with Littlerock in 1941. In the summer of 1939 I went to work at the Meyer Chicken and Dairy Farm, weeding carrots and kale for 10 cents a row. Sometimes we got 5 or 6 rows a day.

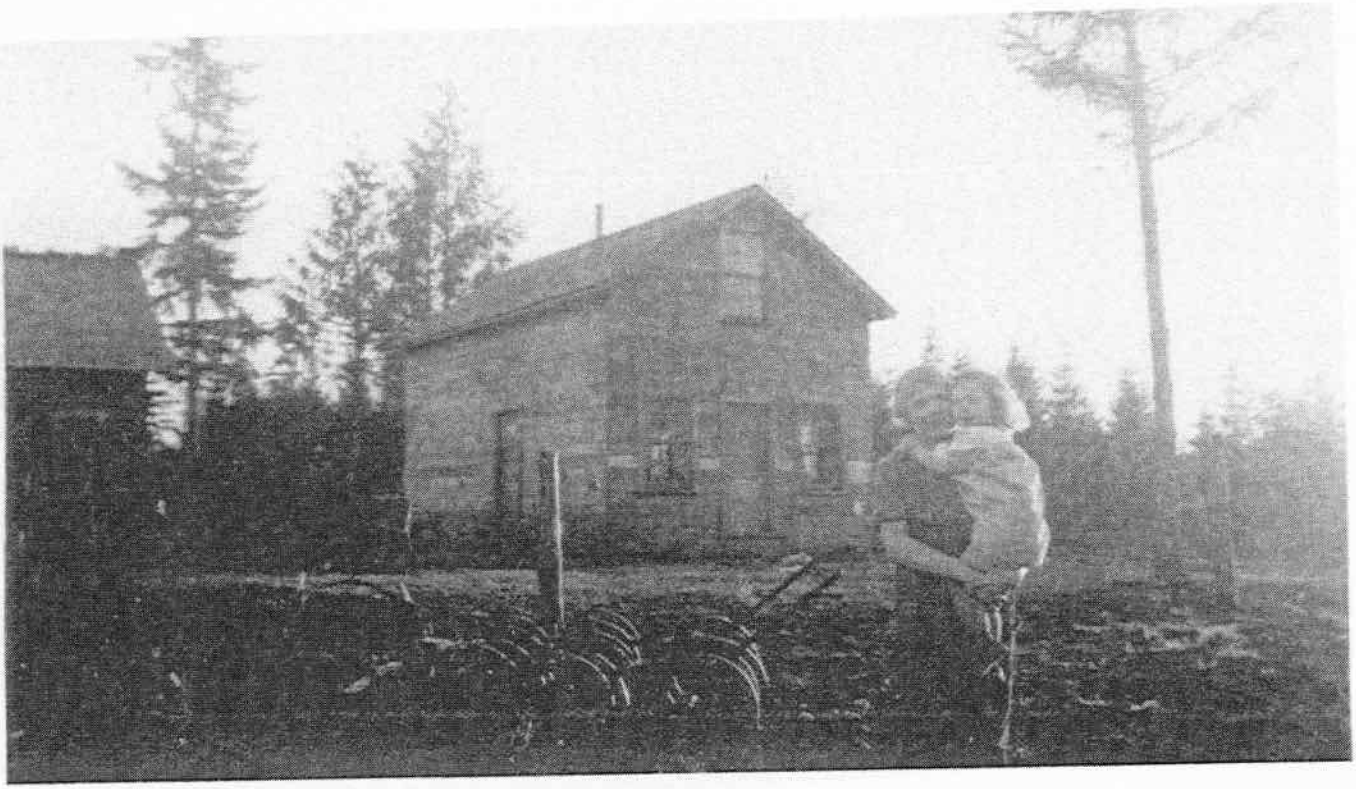
Then I worked in the Chicken Battery House cleaning and gathering eggs. The chickens were in individual cages and we had to mark on a card every egg that was laid. Then I had to clean all the eggs in a machine and put them in crates and cartons for the milk route. Sam Meyer was in charge of the poultry. Frank and Henry were in charge of the dairy. Lawrence was the cook. There were several men working on the ranch. In Nov. 1940, Lawrence married Marguerite Lorang and they later had four children.

When school started, I moved down to the ranch and ran the milking machines for 72 head of cows, morning and night. We got up at 5:00 A.M. and our day ended about 5:30 or 6:00 P.M. I got $12.00 a month, room and board while I was in school. In the summertime I got $90.00 a month.

Rinholt Rossow team
This building was built & used by the WPA near the Rossow home

Rinholt Rossow

This was the first house for the Rossows at Delphi in 1939. It had shavings on the dirt floor and later was used as their garage.



Rinholt Rossow
2nd house built 1941

Art Shaw

Sam and I went to Tacoma to the dentist. I had seven fillings and teeth cleaned for $11.00. Pretty cheap huh! All of the people at the Meyer Bros. Golden Guernsey Dairy, I have to say were the nicest people I ever worked for. They treated me like family.

I worked there until 1944, then went to work in The Olympia Veneer Plant. I worked there till they drafted me into the army.

I put 17 months in the service, most of which was in Germany. It was a good experience. I didn't regret a minute of it.

When I came home, I went to work for H & H Logging Co. (Haeger & Hallmeyer). They were logging Vego Hanson turkey farm. It was on the Case Road. When we got done there, Frank Hallmeyer asked me what I was going to do. I said, "I don't know". He said, " why don't you come to learn to lay brick". I said, "OK I've tried everything else". So, I've been a brick mason the rest of my life.

In 1950 I married Shirley Wellman, the best thing that ever happened to me. We had 6 children, Tracee, Brad, Cindy, Joleen, Sandy & Alvin (Ab) and we are very proud by them all. They all live close around here.

We lived in town for a while & then swapped places with Paul Huber, straight across. Then I started building our new house; the one we live in now (1998). It took me 2½ yrs. to build it, spare time, nights and weekends. We moved in Feb. 1964 and have had a lot of happy years in the new home. I retired in 1982 & enjoy it very much. I do some woodworking as a hobby & some traveling as well as hunting and fishing.

By: Roy Rossow

Life at home and sea

We moved from North Dakota in 1935 to the Tweeton Place on the old Case Rd. Down by Littlerock. We went to that school about 3 ½ years. We lived there for about 3 years and then moved to the Jake Wheeler Place about a mile from the Tweeton Place. From there I drove a team of horses with a wagon, slip and plow to different places where Dad was working on W. P. A.

In 1938 and 1939 Dad had Chester Littlejohn come up and cleared land to build the house on. He cleared the land for 2 colts in trade.

We built the garage first with nothing but a sawdust floor, which we lived in until we built the house. Dad bought the lumber to build the house and garage for $150.00 from the port of Olympia. We moved into the new house about the middle or latter part of 1939.

In about 1940 or 41 I started to work at Meyer's Dairy, weeding kale and carrots for ten cents a row. They were about 125 to 150 feet long. I was there for about a month when I was promoted to gathering, cleaning and candling the eggs. I worked there the summer months and the weekends.

In about 1941 I went to work at the Washington Veneer Plant #1 and then the Olympia Veneer Plant about 1942.

Ray and I were working there the winter of the big snow on graveyard shift. We stayed in town, so that we could drive back and forth. When we got off work at 7:00 A.M. we

would go play pool till about 10:00 or 11:00 A.M., then go to the hotel down by the railroad track. They started switching cars about 3:00 P.M. till 5:00 or 6:00 P.M. By then we were wide-awake, so we just stayed up, then went to work at 11:00 till 7:00
Toward the end of the week I was getting pretty sleepy and at coffee break at about 3:00 A.M. I crawled behind the table on the bench and went to sleep. About two hours later, the night foreman found me and told me to get to hell to work. The next day when I went to work, he told me he didn't need me anymore. I guess I wasn't fired, he just said he didn't need me any more.

In Aug. 1943, I wanted to join the Navy. Ray Rossow, Donald Wick, Jimmy Bird, Bill Malleck and, it seems to me like there were 6 or 7 of us were going to enlist, but when it came to the signing on the dotted line, I was the only one that went. I went to Farragut Idaho Boot Camp. I was there about 4 weeks when I got what they called "Cat Fever". They said I had a fever of 104 and I was in sickbay for a week, so I got set back from Company 892 to 947, so I missed all the friends I had made behind. About 2 weeks later we were sent to Port Townsend to get aboard the aircraft carrier "USS Sargent Bay", built in Tacoma at Kaiser Ship Yard. They (the Navy) called her "Kaisers Coffin". We made what they call a shake down cruise. We loaded the carrier with planes (fighter and torpedo) and left for Pearl Harbor, unloaded them and were to return to San Pedro Calif.

The weather was so bad; (I was seasick for 14 days) we wound up 3 miles below the Mexican Boarder, and cracked a 38-ft. seam from the flight deck to the water line. We were in port about 3 days, then left for Pearl Harbor again.

We left Pear Harbor loaded with bombs, ammunition and food supplies for the South Pacific, Saipan, Tinian and Eniwetak. We pulled through the gates at about 6:00 P.M. There was a Japanese Mini Sub followed us in underneath us. We just got in when the gates were closed. We pulled in about 6 or 7 hundred yards and dropped anchor for the night. At about 5:00 A.M. the sub blew up a tanker that was fully loaded with aviation fuel and fuel oil. Then the sub got under one of the hospital ships and lay there for about 10 hours. When finally it moved out from under it just long enough for a Destroyer to drop a depth charge. Just after that a Japanese Sailor popped out of the water like a cork. The Tanker sank and lost most of the crew. Most of them were still in their beds.

We were there for 3 or 4 days unloading cargo and keeping care of a squadron of fighter and torpedo planes that went out to fight.

We were in the biggest typhoon in the South Pacific. We lost one man overboard. The waves swept him away from his friend as they were standing on one of the sponsons. They were just standing there talking. After that they closed all the outside hatches. It was so rough, we had to stand watch in the crow's nest, which was 178 ft. above the water line, and still getting wet. That went on for 7 days. We made a 38 degree list and a big wave knocked us back up or we could have went on over. We lost one Destroyer Escort. A big wave just sucked it under and it never came back up.

The waves were so big that it folded the front end of the flight deck back up over itself.

There were 7 of us Carriers alike in the convoy, with about 75 other ships. A lot of the time we would be the only ship in sight, up on top of a big wave.

At the end of the war we started for Johnson Island for Japan, when we got word to head back to Pearl Harbor and then the war was coming to an end. We ended up in Bremerton waiting for discharge on points. After about 2 months there, I was discharged in Sept. 1945.

Between 1946 and 1950 I drove logging truck for Lester Sturdevant. Went to Calif. with the Haeger's to help build Henry and Rescue's houses. I was down there about 2 months, then came home and started to drive for Mark Adams

I believe, in the middle of 1949, John Markham & I decided to go to Keels on his motorcycle to look for work at one of the mills. We got there approximately 7:30 A.M. so we went to the restaurant for breakfast. I don't think we had finished eating yet when John said let's go to Jean & Charlie's (Weber) in Calif., so he called home and told his Mom where we were going, so off we went. The motorcycle speedometer had a reading of 135 M.P.H. In Southern Oregon, John had the pedal to the medal (so to speak). We had to be going at least 150. I was setting behind John and I turned around to see a dot behind us. I said to John, "I think there is a car trying to catch us". He said, "that's all I got, taint no more" and about that time a 1949 despot went by us like we were stopped. When we got into California where the roads had lots of curves, we caught him and passed. From then on the race was on. John's cycle had a chrome cover over the muffler held onto the muffler with two bolts on the bottom. We wore heads off the bolts of the cover by leaning over on the side going around curves. We made it down there, I think it was 9 hrs. With the car it was approximately 13 or 14 hours.

In Southern Oregon on a long straightaway, my red hunting hat flew off and by the time we got stopped it looked like a little red ant setting there thumbing a ride. It took about 5 min to go back and get my hat. Then we were off again and I do mean gone again.

In July 1950, I got married to Pat Morrow and we've been married for 48 years.

By: Stanley Goldsby

Aunt Miram's fish story

My Dad (Frank Goldsby) told me this fish story.

Aunt Miram Goldsby was traveling with dad and mom, heading for the southwest. Somewhere on the Columbia River they stopped to view the fish. There was one very large sturgeon, maybe ten feet long. When Aunt Miram saw this large fish, she became very excited and exclaimed, "That's it, that's the kind of fish I saw in Black Lake." Then she went on to say that as a girl, fishing on the lake, she had seen this huge fish, which was nearly as long as the boat. She had never before told anyone because she was sure no one would believe her. At the time of the trip, Aunt Miram must have been about ninety years old and my parents in their seventies.

Before the beavers changed everything, Black Lake drained south through Black River. Black River drains into the Chehalis River, which flows west into Grays Harbor. The Chehalis used to have a large sturgeon run.

1949 earthquake in front of the Charles Goldsby home

By: Lee Johnson

Water over the road

I remember when we had a lot of rain in the winter and every time we would go across the end of Black Lake, Dad would stop and take the fan belt off the pulleys so the engine wouldn't get drowned out with the flying water.

Also, one day during the war, everyone on the lake heard a loud boom and thought the Japanese had bombed us. It was Dad topping a spar tree with dynamite. He had set a 30-min. fuse and was on the ground and had smoked three cigarettes before it went off. He just knew it would go off before he got down from the tree.

By: Eric Johnson

Get out of the bathroom!

My folks, Les and Goldine Johnson, moved to Aberdeen from Black Lake sometime before I was born in October 1946. I grew up with constant stories about "The Lake" and frequent trips to Black Lake to visit various relatives and family friends.

Whenever my dad would come home, he would head for the bathroom. I'm not too sure what all he did in there but he certainly spent a lot of time in there. I remember that if my mom was not going to be home, and she wanted to leave a note for Dad, she would pin a note to the roll of toilet paper to make sure he would get it. He never missed a note.

Apparently the place they were living in Black Lake shortly before moving to Aberdeen had the little house out back. Even then, Dad spent many restful hours there. I guess that while he was in the outhouse, he didn't have to do the various chores around the house that my mom had for him to do. At least, not until she could find a way to get him out.

My mom could be pretty resourceful herself. She was every bit as good at getting Dad off his butt and putting him to work as he was good at getting out of doing some work around the house. It was sort of like the irresistible force meeting the immovable object.

One day Mom needed Dad for some chore around the house, but of course, he wasn't available. First she asked him to come out to do whatever it was that needed doing. It didn't work. Then she told him to get his butt out of the outhouse right now, but that didn't do any good either. Then she yelled at him to come out, but no way, he wouldn't come out. Then Mom had one of her occasional flashes of genius. After several minutes of silence, she came running out all excited, yelling that the house was on fire. As Dad came out of the outhouse in somewhat of a hurry, he was handed the tools he would need to do that job Mom had waiting for him.

Now my Dad could be pretty lazy, but he was far from stupid. Quite some time later, when he was sitting on his throne staying out of work's way, my Mom came out to ask him to do some disagreeable task around the house. When he didn't come out, right away, Mom came outside again and told Dad that she needed that job done right now. After several minutes, Mom came out all excited yelling that the house was on fire and for him to come out of that outhouse right now. Well, Dad wasn't about to fall for that one again. "Let her burn," was the only response that came out of the outhouse

Lil (Brown) & Charles Wellman

Phyllis (Snyder) & Kenneth Wellman (Zig Wellman)

He finally came out when he heard the fire trucks pull into the yard.

By: Edna (Robinett) Wilkins

Our time at Black Lake

It was the 16th of April in 1943 that Steve and Edna Wilkins and 2 daughters, Goldie & Shirley moved to this 26-acre area on the West Side of Black Lake. The house the Sturdevant's lived in was the only building except a small hog shed and chicken house that was obliterated with blackberry vines. There was also a sort of a tool shed and an old stone house that was used for a cellar, as I understand it.

Steve began trying to get these out so we could have a garden in 1943. His friend, Lee Brinman, helped him put down a spring well which has really never been dry. Lee and Dad worked at the Olympia Brewery and were very good friends. The 2 families knitted a life long friendship those days.

He built a small chicken house and we raised chickens. Also from babies to hens & roosters. We ate the roosters and saved the hens to lay eggs to help with the groceries.

With 6 stanchions for milk cows and one stall for our horse, "Old Dick".

We became friends with Lloyd and Grace Brown and he had a white horse (I've forgotten his name) and they worked together beautifully on many of our projects. Lloyd and Grace were the best neighbors one could have and ever ask for. They would come and do our chores on a weekend so we could go to Yakima to see my Mother & Dad, Grandma and Aunt Eva.

Also, Mr. Guerin stopped to make his acquaintance very soon after we got here and he said "There is one thing I would want to tell you--everybody is related here, so be careful what you say". Ha, well we did very well--I hope.

We even cut our own wood off the hillside right close here and carried it down to a pile closer to the house. Another neighbor had a band saw that he loaned and Dad and I sawed the wood: our first sawing.

We had our own cows, hogs, chix & rabbits. We sold many dressed chix & rabbits, also cream & butter to a few folks. That was during the War when the govt. handed you coupon books--even for gas. Those days found us with only 1 car. I would take Steve to work, load the produce and deliver, buy our groceries such as we needed, for I did our bread baking and any other from scratch, not boxed as we do today so much. Then I would have to be over at the brewery to pick Steve up at quitting time. We would get home to chores and thank goodness we did have electricity in the barn (of course I may be remembering winter at this time.) Ha!

This is where Jim & Ruth Carr bought. Ruth is still there.

As time went on Steve had the 16 Acres (front of the place) graded down about 3 feet. Then he built our house that we moved into: that was June 1947

This, as you know was bought after Dec. 1969, when the house on the hill was ready for us.

In the meantime again, Steve tore the "Old House" down and built the square White House on a lot out of it. We had moved a "Chicken House" and made a good "Cabin"

here next to the store, where I live now. (to go into that) Guy Osborn, my grandson helped tear the cabin and the house down and this is where my doublewide sits now, since 1980

Well, I could go on and on, but as anyone who knows the area does know that Dad built 6 houses on the lakefront and 1 upon the hill. It was hard to leave that one, it was really nice.

I will close by saying we were here at the lake and had 28 years together when he was hurt in a truck accident.

By: Hazel (Pier) Carnahan

Remembering

Excerpts from a video taken April 15th, 1991 at Hazel (Pier) Carnahan's apartment in Lebanon OR titled "Hazel Carnahan". Those present were Lila Jones, Marie Brown, Eugene Goldsby and John Markham.

(John) "What do you remember about Dr. Brown?"

(Hazel) "Well, we didn't get to see him very often, but when we did, they would take us over to Black Lake, he was blind you know, but not totally at that time. He would take us kids that he hadn't seen, to the door where there was light, and tip our face up and look at us to see what we looked like. I can remember him distinctly saying to my Mother, (he always called my Mother "Dade") "well, this one looks just like you Dade."

(John) "How about Tib and Rebecca, my grandfather and grandmother?"

(Hazel) "Yes, Uncle Tib, he used liked to tease me. I guess he liked to tease everybody."

(Lila) "He was a quiet person wasn't he?"

(Hazel) "Yes, he was quiet but he was fun."

(Gene) "Do you remember the other brother, Uncle Tom? He would have been your Mom's uncle."

(Hazel) "Yes, he was a nice old man. He took care of bees and he provided the honey. I remember one of our trips to Black Lake in the wagon. That was the first time I ever remember tasting a banana and I thought that was about the best thing in the world. My Dad went into the store and brought out the banana. I had never seen one before."

(John) "Do you remember your Grandpa Brown's house at Delphi?"

(Hazel) "Not at Delphi. The one that I remember was there by Aunt Lil's at the lake. It was between Aunt Lil's and the store. And that would have been before the store was built."

Article from Olympian, spring of 1946, furnished By: Gem (Calderhead) Misenar

Delphi News

Mrs. Henry Haeger and Mrs. Roscoe Haeger entertained recently with a dancing party at the Delphi School House honoring the birthdays of Henry and Roscoe Haeger.

Those attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Joe Freitas, Jerilee and Joe; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Welch, June and Evelyn; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Adams and Gail; Mr. and Mrs. William Weiks; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Weiks; Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Sarvis and Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gard; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dooley; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Brown; Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Reif; Mr. Charles James and Ona Lee; Joy and Jack Walters; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lass; Mr. Lawrence Meyer's; Mr. Sidney Brown; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snell; Mr. and Mrs. Clarel Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and children; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown; Mr. and Mrs. Lester Goldsby; Mr. and Mrs. Sid Bayne; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Haeger and Jimmy.

Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson; Mr. Fred Haeger; Mr. Ross Brown; Bernard Brown; Loren Hildebrand; Gem Sleeth; Pete Jensen; Lloyd Dooley; Evelyn Goldsby; Ralph Young; John Markham; George and Pard Sturdevant; Eugene Goldsby; Darlene, Dolores and Marilyn Haeger.

Music was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Black Lake.

This next story has been copied from a book by: Howard Lougheed Sr. The book itself is titled "LIFE IN THE WOODS" and is a story about Howard's many experiences. I was given permission from Howard's daughter Twila, to copy the section of the book pertaining to "THE BLACK HILLS"

THE BLACK HILLS

In 1930 I went to work for Mason County Logging Company. The camp was located on Waddell Creek and was called camp #4. I liked this country the first day I went to work. It seemed so nice – the timber being not over grown but nice to log. I wish I could tell what I saw and enjoyed for eleven years. The Good Lord surely smiled on that part of Washington when he made it. The land is rough but not mountainous. By that I mean it is not rock bluffs. The valleys are something to see. The streams going down all sides of those hills ended up in Puget Sound on one side and the Chehalis River on the other. Some of the names are Cedar Creek, Gibson Creek, Porter Creek, Mox Chehalis, Waddell Creek, Perry Creek and Hell Creek. The timber was red fir, noble fir or larch and hemlock, cedar and old growth fir. Game was plentiful and many a morning going to the logging operation we would see twenty, thirty and as high as forty deer from the speeders we were riding on. During hunting season many people enjoyed hunting for deer and birds. I have seen men work all day and at quitting time at night, take their rifles and

hunt until dark. They would then eat, camp out all night and get up in the morning and hunt until time to go to work.

Since I am retired, I go back up in those hills many times each year just to see the new growth of timber and stop and try to think back on what happened each half mile of road or each logging setting that we logged in those days. Some nice memories come to my mind and I also think of the ones that were killed in the logging of those hills. It is a sobering thought when you think of men you worked with and went to their funerals, also.

The trip up this mountain to the summit was a surprise each morning as the weather was different on each side of the mountain. The weather on the side facing Olympia was a sight to see. The Camp would be fogged in and half way up the mountain we would run out of the fog into sunshine and the tops of the hills in the lowlands would look like islands of all descriptions. Sometimes it would be so wonderful to see that you would almost want to stop and just look. Mt. Rainier would loom up in the distance and to the south, Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Adams were beautiful to look at. I have seen many men look and shake their heads at such a wonderful scene, which changed all the way to work.

Going out on the speeder, when we would go over the summit if the weather were clear, we could see many miles toward Aberdeen. From certain places on a clear day we could see Aberdeen and smoke from the mills. It was easy to see the Elma area and farmlands. Other times the weather would be reversed. It would be clear at Camp and the mountain would have a cap on it, which would cover everything, and we would have fog to work in.

Spring of the year was a treat for anyone to see, as all shades of green would be breaking out from the different plants and trees. I never knew there were so many shades of green as we could see. The deer would be fawning and they seemed to like to stay near the railroad for protection. I don't know why but they could be seen early morning and evenings all along the railroad.

Summer would change the deer's habits as they would seem to be more nervous and would move to higher ground or into the canyons for water and feed. Nature has a set of plans to take care of all the different tree, plants and animals and birds. Many people do not know that a deer has no scent when young. I have seen them lay so close to the ground or foliage that they were hard to see. I have seen mother bird's actions when anyone got too close to her brood. She would fly like she had a broken wing and drop to the ground to try and draw the intruder away from the little ones. When the danger was passed, she would start rounding up her brood. Nature has a way all of its own.

When fall and winter came to this area, the leaves on the trees would change from green to red and yellow mixed. In logging we always cursed the vine maples for growing, as they have been the cause of many accidents and deaths. When the change came in the fall, I could not help but sit down and just look the hills over. The deer would use the vine maple thickets for hiding. The vine maple in the fall is a treat to see. From green to red and yellow mixed is a change hard to describe but is beautiful to see. Many a hunter has walked close to a deer and never knew it. When the first frosts hit the woods, the leaves would start to drop and change to washed out yellow and red color. I have spent

many winters in the woods and there were many things to see that were wonderful. The snows would start in the last of November and by January we would be snowed out of the high ground. Sometimes we would shut down the middle of December. I have helped plough the railroad with snowploughs many times. It takes a lot of power when you have to have two locomotives to shove the plough. Nature would tell the deer to go to the lower ground as we could see many deer trails which looked like someone had drug a canoe down the mountainside.

I have been up on this mountain of a night and to be able to see the lights of Chehalis, Centralia, Tenino, Tumwater and part of Olympia was a sight. The different towns that had airfields also had beacons at that time and along the airway you could see beacons flashing. I have taken people up there in the evening and they sure enjoyed the trip. On the Grays Harbor side, the lights of the different towns would also show up. These may be strange sights to see and enjoy but I think if people would quit looking at the ground and dirt and look up and also to the distance, they would see many wonderful things. Nature has filled my cup of enjoyment many times. A verse from the Bible just popped into my head. I think it fits very well here. In Psalms 121, verse 1, "I lift up my eyes to the hills, from whence does my help come. Strength" .

I would like to tell of what it was like when the families living in the camp saw the ambulance drive into the parking lot at the end of the road where the speeder would meet the ambulance. The minute the wives saw the ambulance, the whole Camp would know someone was hurt in a very few minutes. The wives could not help but worry if it was their husbands on that speeder. My daughter Twila, said that I missed something very important. Here is what it is: The first to see the ambulance, however, were the children in a one-room schoolhouse – from 13 to 17 in all eight grades. A silence would fall over the class as each wondered who would be leaving in that ambulance. If, when the speeder came to the spot the ambulance was waiting, the wives and children could see the man's face, if it wasn't so bad. If, however, his face was covered, they knew he was dead and no idea who or whose family he was part of. We always would tell some of the women who it was and the extent of the accident.

When an accident would happen, it was time to stop everything and take care of the injured man. It also made you feel good to know that you had taken Industrial First aid Training. The only reason I mention these accidents is to show what men can do after they have had this training.

I remember one loader that was stuck by a log that fell out of a tong and knocked him down between two cars. Something told me not to move him as his back was injured. I told this man that I didn't think we should move him until we had a broken back splint. He said, "You do what you think best." We called for the ambulance, speeder and a broken back splint. The cars were moved and we made him as comfortable as possible. We tied him to the splint and stayed with him until he was in the elevator at the hospital. We were right on the hunch as his pelvis was fractured bad and when he was opened up, his bladder was not ruptured. We did what we were trained to do and it paid off well as this man was back in the woods again.

I could mention other accidents that the training paid off well. Industrial First Aid should be compulsory in high school as many of these young men do not go on to college and the training is good in industry or home.

A COMPLIMENT TO LOGGERS

I have mentioned the care that loggers had for one another but I would like to mention one incident that I cannot forget. It was late in the afternoon and I was at the landing waiting to see that certain things were done, as it was the day of the Christmas shutdown. A faller came running down the railroad track and asked me to come up to the watchman's shack as a man was bleeding badly. I ran the half mile with caulk shoes on and when we reached him, the injured man had lost quite a bit of blood. It was a severed artery in the face. All I could do was grab hold of the cut and squeeze and hold on, as I could not talk. I was out of wind from running that half-mile. We called for the ambulance and the speeder was close by. What I want to tell is we left immediately and that meant the crew would be pretty late getting out of Camp that night. Not one man complained. The logging show was many miles from Camp.

I have seen incidents like this many times. The crew could have been there in fifteen minutes but we did what we were trained to do. When this man reached the hospital, the Doctor said he had lost too much blood. That fifteen minutes was the difference between living and not. He was in the hospital a month. We did not have blood to replace his loss of blood and it was not so simple as today.

Another accident with arterial bleeding I can recall was the injured man come to the Camp Office for bandages. I asked what was the matter. He said he had cut his leg with a saw. I said, "Let me bandage it up for you." He refused. I walked to where he was standing and told him to let me at least look at it. I took hold of him and sat him down in a chair. On pulling off his shoe, I found the shoe full of blood. A bandana handkerchief was tied around his leg and when I released it, the blood started to spurt. I put a tourniquet on his leg and asked the Timekeeper to call an ambulance. The man refused to go to the hospital but we finally talked him into going. He growled and said it was a bunch of foolishness. When he arrived at the hospital, the Doctor said he had lost too much blood. H e also was in the hospital a month and if he had not come to the Office for a bandage, I think we would have had a sad situation on our hands. We again did what we were trained to do.

Another example I want to note is when I moved to Camp #4, my children were 8, 10, 13 and 15 years old. Eight and one-half years later I want to say that even though we lived 400 feet from Camp (where the bunkhouses, cookhouse, etc. Were) and one-quarter mile from the end of the road where the family houses were, my children – the three oldest were daughters – were never once treated by the many men working there in any way but with the highest of respect. My children had to ride 17miles to high school each way. They would be getting home about the time the crews were leaving for their homes, so it was a daily occurrence meeting them. I can't believe that anyone living in a city

could have the feeling of confidence for their safety as I had for my daughters and my son.

The reason I have tried to describe the good qualities of the loggers is that we also had some ornery ones in the woods. The bad ones could be heard of and seen much easier than the good ones, as people always notice the spectacular happenings much quicker than the good. We call them "characters" today and we called them that then. We could have gotten along without them very easily. Some had nicknames like "Swift Water Bill", "Pootsen", "The Millionaire Logger" and many others. I think one thing for certain is they never grow up. I think it is fair to show the doings of the ones that tried to make a success of their occupation.

Loggers were known as a rough lot. Part of their reputation they earned but a lot of it they did not. The one thing they were not given credit for was the skill they required from experience. Take a Faller, for example. The tree could be 225 feet high and they could drop it with unbelievable accuracy. Rigging a tree for example – to be able to look at a fir tree and tell what it would look like fully rigged and being used took skill gained through experience. The steel spars of today make it seem like play. At times we had to raise trees so that they would be in the right place and give the right deflection or lift if we were using a slackline or skidder methods. The different terms used in logging are hard to understand if you have never been around the woods and only then, by showing you each action would it be clear to understand.

I had met many loggers up to this period of time and most of them were what a logger calls "darn nice guys". I had a Hook Tender at Bordeaux by the name of Joe Malnerich who was a man and a half. I have never met a man that had the personality that Joe had. Joe passed away and I have seen many times that I would have like to ask his advice.

I have tried to keep in touch with many of the men I worked with. Wayne Sanders worked for awhile and I have always admired this man. Delbert Roberts is another man who was always a good logger and a good friend. I see Harry Lomberg once in a while. He was a nice man and a good logger. Manny Boling is another man I worked with who was "number one". Bob Cunningham was a good friend and a good logger. Bob was not one to forget you if he ever worked with you and it is a pleasure to look back on working together. Harry Taylor was the Union Business Agent at Bordeaux for the entire operation. He did a good job that was admired by men and Company alike. I see Harry once in a while. He was a good logger before taking the Business Agent job. Frank Ollis lives in Olympia and is another retired logger who was not afraid to work.

One action I have fought all my life is anyone abusing a fellow workman. A Foreman, Hook Tender or any man with workmen under him has no right to abuse any man. When you are abusive, you are overstepping what you were hired to do. If a man won't work, then you have a right to tell him to go see the Timekeeper as he was through. Every one starting to work has to be shown what is to be done and how to do it in a safe manner. I have always felt that someone had a lot of patience with me. Sometimes it pays to take a man aside and explain what is expected of him but never bawl a man out in front of other workmen. You are not talking about the job, you are being personal and sometimes you make an enemy for life if you do.

Camp 4 cook crew and loggers

By: Geraldine (Gault) Fuller

BORDEAUX CAMP 4

Life in a logging camp in the 1930's meant hard work and long hours for both men and women. Since electricity was nonexistent, much effort was put forth in canning and preserving food for the winter months. This food was then stored in a root cellar where the food maintained a fairly even temperature all year long. Lots of venison was canned while grouse and pheasant were plentiful for fresh meat.

Wood was delivered in box cars to Camp 4 residences. Since camp houses were located close to the railroad tracks, a car would be spotted in front of your house for several days. Each family had the responsibility to throw their winter wood from the boxcar into each respective yard.

During fire season, Camp 4 would shutdown completely. Several families; Gault's, Nelson's and the Christian's would load up our boat with camping gear and head up Hood Canal to locate camp near the Hamma Hamma River for fishing, camping and fun throughout the fire season. Our motto was ....."when the tide goes out, the table is set".

Based on a letter dated July 25, 1930 to Ida Gault, Sacramento , Calif., from Zue Gault, Camp 4. It is believed this is the first year Zue and family spent in Bordeaux - - Camp 4. My third grade Report Card identified name of school as "Bordeaux - - Camp 4". In 1938 we moved to the twenty acres on Waddell Creek Road approximately one mile from the Delphi Road.

It is our belief Camp 4 was closed down in the 1938 – 1939 timeframe. My father continued to work on the railroad while the camp was disassembled and one of the last actions was transporting two company houses on flat cars to the 20 acres on Waddell Creek Road where they were skidded off and joined together for our home. Eventually, the logging company deeded back the easement for the railroad back to Zue Gault. The present house, built by Zue and completed in 1968, sits on the old railroad bed that came from Camp 4.